

THE DYNASTS
AN EPIC-DRAMA
OF THE WAR WITH NAPOLEON
PART III
THE FAMOUS TRAGEDY
OF
THE QUEEN OF CORNWALL,

BY
THOMAS HARDY

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PART THIRD

CHARACTERS

I PHANTOM INTELLIGENCES

{ THE ANCIENT SPIRIT OF THE YEARS CHORUS OF THE YEAS	{ THE SPIRIT OF RUMOUR CHORUS OF RUMOURS
{ THE SPIRIT OF THE PITIES CHORUS OF THE PITIES	THE SHADE OF THE EARTH
{ SPIRITS SINISTER AND IRONIC CHORUSES OF SINISTER AND IRONIC SPIRITS	SPIRIT MESSENGERS
	RECORDING ANGELS

II PERSONS

The names printed in italics are those of mute figures

MEN

THE PRINCE REGENT	TWO ATTACHÉS
<i>The Royal Dukes</i>	A DIPLOMATIST
THE DUKE OF RICHMOND	<i>Ambassadors, Ministers, Peers, and</i>
<i>The Duke of Beaufort</i>	<i>other persons of Quality and</i>
LIVERPOOL Prime Minister	<i>Office</i>
CASTLEREAGH, Foreign Secretary	
<i>Vansittart, Chancellor of the Ex</i>	
<i>chequer</i>	
<i>Palmerston, War Secretary</i>	
PONSONBY	WELLINGTON
BURDETT,	UXBRIDGE
WHITBREAD,	PICTON
<i>Tierney Romilly,</i>	HILL
<i>Other Members of Parliament</i>	CLINTON
	<i>Colville</i>
	COLE
	BERESFORD

Perceid Kempt

*Don g
L. v. d.*

II *Ponsonty Leno lous, Col'quhoun
Grant Maitland, Adam and
C. Hillert*

*Graham Le Michert Parnham,
and Sir Stapleton Cotton*

SIR W. DE LANCEY

FITZROY SOMERSET

COLONELS FRASER, H. HALKETT,
COLBORNE, Cameron, Hepburn,
LORD SALTOUN, C. Campbell

SIR N. L. CAMPBELL

*Sir Alexander Gordon, BRIDGEMAN,
TYLER, and other AIDES*

CAPTAIN MEACER

*Other Generals, Colonels, and Mil-
itary Officers*

Couriers

A SERGEANT OF DRAGOONS

Another SLAUGHT

A SLAUGHT of the 15th Hussars

A SENTINEL *Butcher*

AN OFFICER'S SERVANT

Other non Commissioned Officers and

*Privates of the British Army
English Forces*

SIR W. GELL, Chamberlain to the
Princess of Wales

MR. LEIGH, a Wessex Gentleman

Another GENTLEMAN

THE VICAR OF DURNOVER

*Signor Tramezzini and other Members
of the Opera Company*

M. Rosier, a dancer

LONDON CITIZENS

A RUSTIC and a YEOMAN

A MAIL GUARD

TOWNSPEOPLE, Musicians, Villagers,
etc

THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK

THE PRINCE OF ORANGE

Count Alten

*Von Ompteda Baring, Duplat, and
other Officers of the King's-
German Legion*

*Perponcher, Best, Kuelmansege,
Winck and other Hanoverian
Officers*

*Bylandt and other Officers of the
Dutch-Belgian troops*

SOME HUSSARS

*King's-German, Hanoverian, Bruns-
wick, and Dutch-Belgian Forces*

BARON VAN CAPELLEN Belgian
Secretary of State

The Dukes of Arenberg and d'Ursel

THE MAYOR OF BRUSSELS

CITIZENS AND IDLETS of Brussels

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

JOSEPH BONAPARTE

Jérôme Bonaparte

THE KING OF ROME

Eugene de Beauharnais

*Cambacérès, Arch - Chancellor - to
Napoleon*

TALLEYRAND

CAULAINCOURT

DE BAUSSET

MURAT, King of Naples

SOULT, Napoleon's Chief of Staff

NEY

DAVOUR

MARMONT

BERTHIER

BERTRAND

BESSIÈRES

AUGELEAU, MACDONALD, LAURIS-
TON, CAMBRONNE

*Oudinot, Friant Reille d'Erlon,
Drouot, Victor, Poniatowski,
Jourdan, and other Marshals,
and General and Regimental
Officers of Napoleon's Army*

RAPP, MORTIER, LARIBOISIÈRE

Kellermann and Milhaud

COLONELS FABRIER, MARBOT,

MALLET, HELMIS and others

French AIDES and COURIERS

DE CANISY, Equerry to the King of
Rome

COMMANDANT LESSARD,

Another COMMANDANT

BUSSY, an Orderly Officer

SOLDIERS of the Imperial Guard and
others
STRAGGLERS, A MAD SOLDIER
French Forces

HOREAU, BOUKDOIS, and *Ivan*,
physicians
MÉNEVAL, Private Secretary to
Napoleon
DE MONTKOND, an emissary of
Napoléon s

Other Secretaries to Napoleon
CONSTANT, Napoleon s Valet
ROUSSEAU, Napoléon s Mameluke
TWO POSTILLIONS
A TRAVELLER
CHAMBERLAINS and Attendants
SEKANS at the Tuileries
FRENCH CITIZENS and *Townspeople*

THE KING OF PRUSSIA
BLUCHER
MUFFLING Wellington s Prussian
Attaché
GNEISENAU
Zieten
Bulow
Kleist *Steinmetz*, *Thielemann*,
Falkenhause
Other Prussian General and Regi-
mental Officers
A PRUSSIAN PRISONER of the French
Prussian Forces

FRANCIS, Emperor of Austria

METTERNICH, Chancellor and
Foreign Minister
Hardenberg
NEIPECK
Schwarzenberg, *Field-Marshal*
Meerfeldt, *Kleist*, *Hesse-Homburg*,
and other Austrian Generals
Viennese Personages of rank and
fashion
Austrian Forces

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER of
Russia
Nesselrode
KUTUZOV
Bennigsen
Barclay de Tolly, *Dokhtoff*, *Bagra-*
tion, *Platoff*, *Tchuhagoff*, *Milo-*
radovitch, *and other Russian*
Generals
Rostopchin *Governor of Moscow*
SCHUVALOFF, a Commissioner
A RUSSIAN OFFICER under Kutuzof
Russian Forces
Moscow Citizens

Alava, *Wellington s Spanish Attaché*
Spanish and Portuguese Officers
Spanish and Portuguese Forces
Spanish Citizens

Minor Sovereigns and Princes of
Europe
LEIPZIG CITIZENS

WOMEN

CAROLINE PRINCESS OF WALES
The Duchess of York
THE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND
The Duchess of Beaufort
LADY H DALRYMPLE
Lady de Lancey
LADY CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL
Lady Anne Hamilton
A YOUNG LADY AND HER MOTHER
MRS DALBIAC a Colonel s wife
MRS PRESCOTT, a Captain s wife
Other English Ladies of note and
rank

Madame Grassini and other Ladies
of the Opera
Madame Angiolini, *a dancer*
VILLAGE WOMEN
SOLDIERS WIVES AND SWEET
HEARTS
A SOLDIER S DAUGHTER
THE EMPRESS MARIE LOUISE
The Empress of Austria
MARIA CAROLINA of Naples
Queen Hortense
Letitia, *Mrs Bonaparte*

The Princess Pauline

THE DUCHESS OF MONTEBELLO

THE COUNTESS OF MONTESQUIOU

THE COUNTESS OF BRIGNOLF

*Other Ladies-in-Waiting on Marie
Louise*

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE

LADIES IN WAITING on Joséphine

ANOTHER FRENCH LADY

FRENCH MARKET-WOMEN

A SPANISH LADY

*French and Spanish Women of
pleasure*

Continental Citizens Wives

Camp-followers

ACT FIRST

SCENE I

THE BANKS OF THE NIEMEN, NEAR KOWNO

The foreground is a hillock on a broken upland seen in evening twilight. On the left, further back, are the dusky forests of Wilkowsky, on the right the vague shine of a large river.

Emerging from the wood below the eminence appears a shadowy, amorphous thing in motion, the central or Imperial column of NAPOLÉON'S Grand Army for the invasion of Russia, comprising the corps of OUDINOT, NEY and DAVOUT, with the Imperial Guard. This with the right and left columns, makes up the host of nearly half a million, all starting on their march to Moscow. The EMPEROR is pausing on the hillock.

While the rearmost regiments are arriving, NAPOLÉON rides ahead with GENERAL HAXEL and one or two others to reconnoitre the river. NAPOLÉON'S horse stumbles and throws him. He picks himself up before he can be helped.

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS (to Napoleon)

*The portent is an ill one, Emperor,
An ancient Roman would retire thereat!*

NAPOLÉON

Whose voice was that, jarring upon my thought
So insolently?

HAXEL AND OTHERS

Sire, we spoke no word

NAPOLÉON

Then, whoso spake, such portents I defy!

[He remounts]

When the reconnoiters again come back to the foreground of the scene the huge array of columns is standing quite still in circles of companies, the captain of each in the middle with a paper in his hand. He reads from it a proclamation. They quiver emotionally, like leaves stirred by a wind.

NAPOLEON and his staff ascend the hillock, and his own words are repeated to the ranks round his eus, while he himself delivers the same address to those about him

NAPOLEON

Soldiers, wild war is on the board again,
The lifetime long alliance Russia swore
At Tilsit, for the English realm's undoing,
Is violate beyond refurbishment,
And she intractable and unashamed
Russia is forced on by fatality
She cries her destiny must be outwrought,
Meaning at our expense Does she then dream
We are no more the men of Austerlitz,
With nothing left of our old featfulness ?

She offers us the choice of sword or shame,
We have made that choice unhesitatingly !
Then let us forthwith stride the Niemen flood,
Let us bear war into her great gaunt land,
And spread our glory there as elsewhere,
So that a stable peace shall stultify
The evil seed-bearing that Russian wiles
Have nourished upon Europe's choked affairs
These fifty years !

The midsummer night daikens They all make their bivouacs and sleep

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

Something is tongued afar

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

*The Russian counter-proclamation rolls,
But we alone have gift to catch it here*

DISTANT VOICE IN THE WIND

The hostile hatchings of Napoléon's brain
Against our Empire, long have harassed us,
And mangled all our mild amenities
So, since the hunger for embrangement
That gnaws this man, has left us optionless,
And haled us recklessly to horrid war,
We have promptly mustered our well-hardened hosts,
And, counting on our call to the Most High,

Have forthwith set our puissance face to face
 Against Napoleon's —Ranksmen ! officers !
 You fend your lives, your land, your liberty
 I am with you Heaven frowns on the aggressor

SPIRIT IRONIC

*Ha ! "Liberty" is quaint, and pleases me,
 Sounding from such a soul !*

Midsummer-day breaks, and the sun rises on the night, revealing the position clearly. The eminence overlooks for miles the river Niemen, now mirroring the morning rays. Across the river three temporary bridges have been thrown and towards them the French masses streaming out of the forest descend in three columns.

They sing, shout, fling their shakos in the air and repeat words from the proclamation their steel and brass flashing in the sun. They narrow their columns as they gain the three bridges, and begin to cross—horse, foot, and artillery.

NAPOLÉON has come from the tent in which he has passed the night to the high ground in front, where he stands watching through his glass the committal of his army to the enterprise. DAVOUT, NEI, MURAT, OUDINOT, Generals HAXEL and EBLÉ, NARBONNE and others surround him.

It is a day of drowsing heat, and the Emperor draws a deep breath as he shifts his weight from one puffed calf to the other. The light cavalry, the foot, the artillery having passed, the heavy horse now crosses, their glitter outshining the ripples on the stream.

A messenger enters. NAPOLLON reads papers that are brought, and frowns.

NAPOLLON

The English heads decline to recognize
 The government of Joseph, King of Spain,
 As that of "the now-ruling dynasty",
 But only Ferdinand's !—I'll get to Moscow,
 And send thence my rejoinder. France shall wage
 Another fifty years of wasting war
 Before a Bourbon shall remount the throne
 Of restless Spain !

(A flash lights his eyes.)

But this long journey now just set a-tipt
 Is my choice way to India, and 'tis there
 That I shall next bombard the British rule
 With Moscow taken, Russia plone and crushed,
 To attain the Ganges is simplicity—
 Auxiliaries from Tiflis backing me
 Once ripped by a French sword, the scaffolding
 Of English merchant-mastership in Ind

Will fall a wreck Vast, it is true, must bulk
An Eastern scheme so planned, but I could work it
Man has, worse fortune, but scant years for war,
I am good for another five !

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

*Why doth he go ?—
I see returning in a chattering flock
Bleached skeletons, instead of this array
Invincibly equipped*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

I'll show you why
The unnatural light before seen usurps that of the sun, bringing into view,
like breezes made visible the films or brain tissues of the Immanent Will, that
pervade all things ramifying through the whole army, NAPOLÉON included,
and moving them to Its inexplicable artstries

NAPOLÉON (with sudden despondency)

That which has worked will work !—Since Lodi Bridge
The force I then felt move me moves me on
Whether I will or no, and oftentimes
Against my better mind Why am I here ?
—By laws imposed on me inexorably !
History makes use of me to weave her web
To her long while aforetime-figured mesh
And contemplated character no more
Well, war's my trade, and whencesoever springs
This one in hand, they'll label it with my name !

The natural light returns and the anatomy of the Will disappears
NAPOLÉON mounts his horse and descends in the rear of his host to the banks
of the Niemen His face puts on a saturnine humour, and he hums an air

Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
Ne sait quand reviendra !

[Exeunt NAPOLÉON and staff

SPIRIT SINISTER

It is kind of his Imperial Majesty to give me a lead
(Sings)

*Monsieur d'Malbrough est mort,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,*

*Monsieur d' Malbrough est mort,
Est mort et enterre !*

Anon the figure of NAPOLÉON, diminished to the aspect of a doll, reappears in front of his suite on the plain below. He rides across the swaying bridge. Since the morning the sky has grown overcast and its blackness seems now to envelope the retreating array on the other side of stream. The storm bursts with thunder and lightning, the river turns leaden, and the scene is blotted out by the torrents of rain.

SCENE II

THE FORD OF SANTA MARTA, SALAMANCA

We are in Spain, on a July night of the same summer, the air being hot and heavy. In the darkness the ripple of the river Tormes can be heard over the ford which is near the foreground of the scene.

Against the gloomy north sky to the left lightnings flash revealing rugged heights in that quarter. From the heights comes to the ear the tramp of soldiery, broken and irregular as by obstacles in their descent, as yet they are some distance off. On heights to the right hand, on the other side of the river glimmer the bivouac fires of the French under MARMONT. The lightning quickens with rolls of thunder and a few large drops of rain fall.

A sentinel stands close to the ford, and beyond him is the ford house, a shed open towards the roadway and the spectator. It is lit by a single lantern, and occupied by some half dozen English dragoons with a sergeant and corporal, who form part of a mounted patrol their horses being picketed at the entrance. They are seated on a bench, and appear to be waiting with some deep intent, speaking in murmurs only.

The thunderstorm increases till it drowns the noise of the ford and of the descending battalions, making them seem further off than before. The sentinel is about to retreat to the shed when he discerns two female figures in the gloom.

Enter MRS DALBIAC and MRS PRESCOTT, English officers' wives

SENTINEL

Where there's war there's women, and where there's women there's trouble ! (Aloud) Who goes there ?

MRS DALBIAC

We must reveal who we are, I fear (to her companion) Friends !
(to sentinel)

SENTINEL

Advance and give the countersign

MRS DALBIAC

Oh, but we can't !

SENTINEL

Consequent which, you must retreat By Lord Wellington's strict regulations, women of loose character are to be excluded from the lines for moral reasons, namely, that they are often employed by the enemy as spies

MRS PRESCOTT

Dear good soldier, we are English ladies benighted, having mistaken our way back to Salamanca, and we want shelter from the storm

MRS DALBIAC

If it is necessary I will say who we are—I am Mrs Dalbiac, wife of the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fourth Light Dragoons, and this lady is the wife of Captain Prescott of the Seventh Fusiliers We went out to Christoval to look for our husbands, but found the army had moved

SENTINEL (incredulously)

"Wives!" Oh, not to day! I have heard such titles of courtesy afore, but they never shake me "W" begins other female words than "wives!"—You'll have trouble, good dames, to get into Salamanca to night You'll be challenged all the way down, and shot without clergy if you can't give the countersign

MRS PRESCOTT

Then surely you'll tell us what it is, good kind man!

SENTINEL

Well—have ye earned enough to pay for knowing? Government wage is poor pickings for watching here in the rain How much can ye stand?

MRS DALBIAC

Half-a-dozen pesetas

SENTINEL

Very well, my dear I was always tender-hearted Come along (They advance and hand the money) The pass to-night is "Melchester Steeple" That will take you into the town when the weather clears You won't have to cross the ford You can get temporary shelter in the shed there

As the ladies move towards the shed the tramp of the infantry draws near the ford which the downfall has made to purr more boisterously The twain enter the shed, and the dragoons look up inquiringly

MRS DALBIAC (to dragons)

The French are luckier than you are, men. You'll have a wet advance across this ford, but they have a dry retreat by the bridge at Alba.

SERGEANT OF PATROL (starting from a doze)

The moustachies a dry retreat? Not they, my dear. A Spanish garrison is in the castle that commands the bridge at Alba.

MRS DALBIAC

A peasant told us, if we understood rightly, that he saw the Spanish withdraw, and the enemy place a garrison there themselves.

The sergeant hastily calls up two troopers who mount and ride off with the intelligence.

SERGEANT

You've done us a good turn, if it is true, darlin'. Not that Lord Wellington will believe it when he gets the news. Why, ~~if~~ my eyes don't deceive me, ma'am, that's Colonel Dalbiac's lady!

MRS DALBIAC

Yes, sergeant. I am over here with him, as you have heard, no doubt, and lodging in Salamanca. We lost our way, and got caught in the storm, and want shelter awhile.

SERGEANT

Certainly, ma'am. I'll give you an escort back as soon as the division has crossed and the weather clears.

MRS PRESCOTT (anxiously)

Have you heard, sergeant, if there's to be a battle to-morrow?

SERGEANT

Yes, ma'am. Everything shows it.

MRS DALBIAC (to MRS PRESCOTT)

Our news would have passed us in. We have wasted six pesetas.

MRS PRESCOTT (mournfully)

I don't mind that so much as that I have brought the children from Ireland. This coming battle frightens me!

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

*This is her prescient pang of widowhood
 Ere Salamanca clang to-morrow's close
 She'll find her consort stiff among the slain !*

The infantry regiments now reach the ford. The storm increases in strength the stream flows more furiously, yet the columns of foot enter it and begin crossing. The lightning is continuous, the faint lantern in the ford house is paled by the sheets of fire without which flap round the bayonets of the crossing men and reflect upon the foaming torrent.

CHORUS OF PITIES (aerial music)

*The skies fling flame on this ancient land !
 And drenched and drowned is the burnt blown sand
 That spreads its mantle of yellow-grey
 Round old Salamanca to-day,
 While marching men come, band on band,
 Who read not as a reprimand
 To mortal moils that, as 'twere planned
 In mockery of their mimic fray,
 The skies fling flame**

*Since sad Coruña's desperate stand
 Horrors unsummed, with heavy hand,
 Have smitten such as these ! But they
 Still headily pursue their way,
 Though flood and foe confront them, and
 The skies fling flame*

The whole of the English division gets across by degrees, and their invisible tramp is heard ascending the opposite heights as the lightnings dwindle and the spectacle disappears.

SCENE III

THE FIELD OF SALAMANCA

The battlefield—an undulating and sandy expanse—is lying under the sultry sun of a July afternoon. In the immediate left foreground rises boldly a detached dome like hill known as the Lesser Arapele, now held by English troops. Further back, and more to the right, rises another and larger hill of the kind—the Greater Arapele, this is crowned with French artillery in loud action, and the French marshal MARMONT, Duke of RAGUSA, stands there. Further to the right, in the same plane stretch the divisions of the French army. Still further to the right, in the distance, on the Ciudad Rodrigo highway, a cloud of dust denotes the English baggage-train seeking security.

in that direction The city of Salamanca itself, and the river Tormes on which it stands, are behind the back of the spectator

On the summit of the lesser hill close at hand WELLINGTON, glass at eye watches the French division THOMIÈRE which has become separated from the centre of the French army Round and near him are aides and other officers, in animated conjecture on MARMONT's intent which appears to be a move on the Ciudad Rodrigo road aforesaid under the impression that the English are about to retreat that way

The English commander descends from where he was standing to a nook under a wall, where a meal is roughly laid out Some of his staff are already eating there WELLINGTON takes a few mouthfuls without sitting down, walks back again and looks through his glass at the battle as before Balls from the French artillery fall around

Enter his aide-de-camp FITZROY SOMERSET

FITZROY SOMERSET (hurriedly)

The French make movements of grave consequence—
Extending to the left in mass, my lord

WELLINGTON

I have just perceived as much, but not the cause

(He regards longer)

Marmont's good genius is deserting him!

Shutting up his glass with a snap, WELLINGTON calls several aides and despatches them down the hill He goes back behind the wall and takes some more mouthfuls

By God, Fitzroy, if we shan't do it now!

(to SOMERSET)

Mon cher Alava, Marmont est perdu!

(to his SPANISH ATTACHÉ)

FITZROY SOMERSET

Thinking we mean no real attack on him,
He schemes to swoop on our retreating-line

WELLINGTON

Ay, and to cloak it by this cannonade
With that in eye he has bundled leftwardly
Thomière's division, mindless that thereby
His wing and centre's mutual maintenance
Dissolves into a yawning vacancy
So be it Good His laxness is our luck!

As a result of the orders sent off by the aides, several British divisions advance across the French front on the Greater Arapelle and elsewhere The

French shower bullets into them, but an English brigade under PACK assails the newer French on the Arapeile, now beginning to cannonade the English in the hollows beneath

Light breezes blow towards the French, and they get in their faces the dust-clouds and smoke from the masses of English in motion, and a powerful sun in their eyes

MARMONT and his staff are sitting on the top of the Greater Arapeile only half a cannon shot from WELLINGTON on the Lesser, and, like WELLINGTON, he is gazing through his glass

SPIRIT OF RUMOUR

*Appearing to behold the full-mapped mind
Of his opponent, Marmont arrows forth
Aide after aide towards the forest's rim,
To spirit on his troops emerging thence,
And from the lone division Thonnière,
For whose recall his voice has rung in vain
Wellington mounts and seeks out Pakenham,
Who pushes to the arena from the right,
And, spurting to the left of Marmont's line,
Shakes Thonnière with lunges leonine*

*When the manœuvre's meaning hits his sense,
Marmont hies hotly to the imperilled place,
Where see him fall, sore smitten — Bonnet rides
And dons the burden of the chief command,
Marking dismayed the Thonnière column there
Shut up by Pakenham like bellows-folds
Against the English Fourth and Fifth hard by,
And while thus crushed, Dragoon-Guards and Dragoons
Under Le Marchant's hands (of Guernsey he),
Are launched upon them by Sir Stapleton,
And their scathed files are double-scathed anon*

*Cotton falls wounded Pakenham's bayoneteers
Shape for the charge from column into rank,
And Thonnière finds death thereat point-blank !*

SEMICHORUS I OF THE PITIÉS (aerial music)

*In fogs of dust the cavalries hoof the ground,
Their prancing squadrons shake the hills around
Le Marchant's heavies bear with ominous bound
Against their opposites !*

SEMICHORUS II

*A bullet crying along the cloven air
Gouges Le Marchant's groin and rankles there,
In Death's white sleep he soon joins Thomière,
And all he has fought for, quits !*

In the meantime the battle has become concentrated in the middle hollow, and WELLINGTON descends thither from the English Arapeile

The fight grows fiercer COLLE and LEITH now fall wounded, then BERSFORD who directs the Portuguese, is struck down and borne away On the French side fall BONNET who succeeded MARMONT in command, MANNE, CLAUSEL and FERD, the last hit mortally

Now fortune sways in favour of the English now in favour of the French WELLINGTON sees that the crisis has come, and orders up his reserve The fresh muscle and spirit turn the scale, and the French abandon the Greater Arapeile

Their disordered main body retreats into the forest and disappears, and just as darkness sets in, the English stand alone on the crest, the distant plain being lighted only by musket flashes from the vanishing enemy In the close foreground vague figures on horseback are audible in the gloom

VOICE OF WELLINGTON

I thought they looked as they'd be scurrying soon !

VOICE OF AN AIDE

Foy bears into the wood in middling trim,
Maucune strikes out for Alba Castle bridge

VOICE OF WELLINGTON

Speed the pursuit, then, towards the Huerta ford,
Their only scantling of escape lies there,
The river coops them semicircle-wise,
And we shall have them like a swathe of grass
Within a sickle's curve !

VOICE OF AIDE

Too late, my lord
They are crossing by the aforesaid bridge at Alba

VOICE OF WELLINGTON

Impossible The guns of Carlos rake it
Sheer from the castle walls

VOICE OF AIDE

Tidings have sped
Just now therefrom, to this undreamed effect
That Carlos has withdrawn the garrison
The French command the Alba bridge themselves !

VOICE OF WELLINGTON

Blast him, he's disobeyed his orders, then !
How happened this ? How long has it been known ?

VOICE OF AIDE

Some ladies some few hours have rumoured it,
But unbelieved

VOICE OF WELLINGTON

Well, what's done can't be undone
By God, though, they've just saved themselves thereby
From capture to a man !

VOICE OF A GENERAL

We've not struck ill,
Despite this slip, my lord And have you heard
That Colonel Dalbiac's wife rode in the charge
Behind her spouse to day ?

VOICE OF WELLINGTON

Did she though did she !
Why that must be Susanna, whom I know—
A Wessex woman, blithe, and somewhat fau
Not but that great irregularities
Arise from such exploits—And was it she
I noticed wandering to and fro below here,
Just as the French retired ?

VOICE OF ANOTHER OFFICER

Ah no, my lord
That was the wife of Prescott¹ of the Seventh,
Hoping beneath the heel of hopelessness,
As these young women will !—Just about sunset
She found him lying dead and bloody there,
And in the dusk we bore them both away !

¹ The writer has been unable to discover what became of this unhappy lady and her orphaned infants—(The foregoing note, which appeared in the first edition of this drama, was the means of bringing from a descendant of the lady referred to the information that she remarried, and lived and died at Venice, and that both her children grew up and did well—1909)

VOICE OF WELLINGTON

Well, I'm damned sorry for her! Though I wish
 The women-folk would keep them to the rear
 Much awkwardness attends their pottering round!

The talking shapes disappear and as the features of the field grow undistinguishable the comparative quiet is broken by gay notes from guitars and castanets in the direction of the city, and other sounds of popular rejoicing at Wellington's victory. People come dancing out from the town and the merry making continues till midnight, when it ceases, and darkness and silence prevail everywhere.

SEMICHORUS I OF THE YEARS (aerial music)

*What are Space and Time? A fancy!—
 Lo, by Vision's necromancy
 Muscovy will now unroll,
 Where for cork and olive-tree
 Starveling firs and birches be*

SEMICHORUS II

*Though such features lie afar
 From events Peninsular,
 These, amid their dust and thunder,
 Form with those, as scarce asunder,
 Parts of one compacted whole*

CHORUS

*Marmont's Aide, then, like a swallow
 Let us follow, follow, follow,
 Over hill and over hollow,
 Past the plains of Teute and Pole!*

There is semblance of a sound in the darkness as of a rushing through the air

SCENE IV

THE FIELD OF BORODINO

Borodino seventy miles west of Moscow, is revealed in a bird's eye view from a point above the position of the French Grand Army, advancing on the Russian capital.

We are looking east towards Moscow and the army of Russia which bars the way thither. The sun of latter summer sinking behind our backs, floods the whole prospect, which is mostly wild uncultivated land with patches of birch-trees. NAPOLEON'S army has just arrived on the scene and is making its bivouac for the night, some of the later regiments not

having yet come up A dropping fire of musketry from skirmishers ahead keeps snapping through the air The Emperor's tent stands in a ravine in the foreground amid the squares of the Old Guard Aides and other officers are chatting outside

Enter NAPOLEON who dismounts speaks to some of his suite and disappears inside his tent An interval follows during which the sun dips

Enter COLONEL FABRIER, aide de camp of MARMONT just arrived from Spain An officer in waiting goes into NAPOLEON'S tent to announce FABRIER the Colonel meanwhile talking to those outside

AN AIDE

Important tidings thence, I make no doubt?

FABRIER

Marmont repulsed on Salamanca field,
And well-nigh slain, is the best tale I bring!

A silence A coughing heard in NAPOLEON'S tent
Whose rheumy throat distracts the quiet so?

AIDE

The Emperor's He is thus the livelong day

COLONEL FABRIER is shown into the tent An interval Then the husky accents of NAPOLEON within, growing louder and louder

VOICE OF NAPOLEON

If Marmont—so I gather from these lines—
Had let the English and the Spanish be,
They would have bent from Salamanca back,
Offering no battle, to our profiting!
We should have been delivered this disaster,
Whose bruit will harm us more than aught besides
That has befallen in Spain!

VOICE OF FABRIER

I fear so, sire

VOICE OF NAPOLEON

He forced a conflict, to cull laurel crowns
Before King Joseph should arrive to share them!

VOICE OF FABRIER

The army's ardour for your Majesty,
Its courage, its devotion to your cause,
Cover a myriad of the Marshal's sins

VOICE OF NAPOLÉON

Why gave he battle without biddance, pray,
 From the supreme commander? Here's the crime
 Of insubordination, root of woes!
 The time well chosen, and the battle won,
 The English succours there had sidled off,
 And their annoy in the Peninsula
 Embarrassed us no more Behoves it me,
 Some day, to face this Wellington myself!
 Marmont too plainly is no match for him
 Thus he goes on "To have preserved command
 I would with joy have changed this early wound
 For foulest mortal stroke at fall of day
 One baleful moment damnified the fruit
 Of six weeks' wise strategics, whose result
 Had loomed so certain!"—(Saturnally) Well, we've but his
 word

As to their wisdom! To define them thus
 Would not have struck me but for his good prompting!
 No matter On Moskowa's banks to-morrow
 I'll mend his faults upon the Arapeile
 I'll see how I can treat this Russian horde
 Which English gold has brought together here
 From the four corners of the universe
 Adieu You'd best go now and take some rest

FABVRIER reappears from the tent and goes ELTER DE BAUSSET

DE BAUSSET

The box that came—has it been taken in?

AN OFFICER

Yes, General 'Tis laid behind a screen
 In the outer tent As yet his Majesty
 Has not been told of it

[DE BAUSSET goes into tent

After an interval of murmured talk an exclamation bursts from the
 EMPEROR In a few minutes he appears at the tent door, a valet following
 him bearing a picture The EMPEROR's face shows traces of emotion

NAPOLÉON

Bring out a chair for me to poise it on

Re enter DE BAUSSET from the tent with a chair

They all shall see it Yes, my soldier sons
Must gaze upon this son of mine own house
In ait's presentment ! It will cheer their hearts
That's a good light—just so

He is assisted by DE BAUSSET to set up the picture in the chair It is a portrait of the young King of Rome playing at cup-and ball the ball being represented as the globe The officers standing near are attracted round and then the officers and soldiers further back begin running up, till there is a great crowd

Let them walk past,
So that they see him all The Old Guard first
The Old Guard is summoned, and marches past surveying the picture ,
then other regiments

SOLDIERS

The Empeior and the King of Rome for ever !

When they have marched past and withdrawn, and DE BAUSSET has taken away the picture NAPOLEON prepares to re enter his tent But his attention is attracted to the Russians He regards them through his glass

Enter BESSIERES and RAPP

NAPOLÉON

What slow, weird ambulation do I mark,
Rippling the Russian host ?

BESSIERES

A progress, sire,
Of all their clergy, vestmented, who bear
An image, said to work strange miracles

NAPOLEON watches The Russian ecclesiastics pass through the regiments, which are under arms, bearing the icon and other religious insignia The Russian soldiers kneel before it

NAPOLÉON

Ay ! Not content to stand on their own strength,
They try to hire the enginry of Heaven
I am no theologian, but I laugh
That men can be so grossly logicless,
When war, defensive or aggressive either.
Is in its essence Pagan, and opposed
To the whole gist of Christianity !

BESSIERES

'Tis to fanaticize their courage, sire

NAPOLÉON

Better they'd wake up old Kutúzof — Rapp,
What think you of to morrow ?

RAPP

Victory ,

But, sire, a bloody one !

NAPOLÉON

So I foresee

The scene darkens and the fires of the bivouacs shine up ruddily, those of the French near at hand, those of the Russians in a long line across the mid-distance and throwing a flapping glare into the heavens. As the night grows stiller the ballad singing and laughter from the French mixes with a slow singing of psalms from their adversaries.

The two multitudes lie down to sleep, and all is quiet but for the sputtering of the green wood fires which now that the human tongues are still, seem to hold a conversation of their own.

SCENE V

THE SAME

The prospect lightens with dawn and the sun rises red. The spacious field of battle is now distinct, its ruggedness being bisected by the great road from Smolensk to Moscow, which runs centrally from beneath the spectator to the furthest horizon. The field is also crossed by the stream Kalotcha flowing from the right-centre foreground to the left-centre background, thus forming an X with the road aforesaid, intersecting it in mid-distance at the village of Borodino.

Behind this village the Russians have taken their stand in close masses. So stand also the French who have in their centre the Shevardino redoubt beyond the Kalotcha. Here NAPOLÉON in his usual blue-grey uniform, white waistcoat, and white leather breeches chooses his position with BERTHIER and other officers of his suite.

DUMB SHOW

It is six o'clock, and the firing of a single cannon on the French side proclaims that the battle is beginning. There is a roll of drums and the right-centre masses, glittering in the level shine, advance under NEY and DAVOUT and throw themselves on the Russians, here defended by redoubts.

The French enter the redoubts, whereupon a slim, small man, GENERAL BAGRATION, brings across a division from the Russian right and expels them resolutely.

Semenovskoye is a commanding height opposite the right of the French, and held by the Russians. Cannon and columns of infantry and cavalry, assault it by tens of thousands but cannot take it.

Aides gallop through the screeching shot and haze of smoke and dust between NAPOLÉON and his various marshals. The Emperor walks about, looks through his glass, goes to a camp stool on which he sits down, and drinks.

glasses of spirits and hot water to relieve his still violent cold, as may be discovered from his red eyes raw nose, rheumatic manner when he moves, and thick voice in giving orders

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

*So he fulfils the inhuman antickings
He thinks imposed upon him What says he ?*

SPIRIT OF RUMOUR

He says it is the sun of Austerlitz !

The Russians so far from being driven out of their redoubts, issue from them towards the French. But they have to retreat. BAGRATION and his Chief of Staff being wounded. NAPOLEON sips his grog hopefully, and orders a still stronger attack on the great redoubt in the centre.

It is carried out. The redoubt becomes the scene of a huge massacre. In other parts of the field also the action almost ceases to be a battle, and takes the form of wholesale butchery by the thousand, now advantaging one side, now the other.

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

*Thus do the mindless minions of the spell
In mechanized enchantment sway and show
A Will that wills above the will of each,
Yet but the will of all conjunctively,
A fabric of excitement, web of rage,
That permeates as one stuff the weltering whole*

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

*The ugly horror grossly regnant here
Wakes even the drowsed half-drunken Dictator
To all its vain uncouthness !*

SPIRIT OF RUMOUR

*Murat cries
That on this much-anticipated day
Napoleon's genius flags inoperative*

The firing from the top of the redoubt has ceased. The French have got inside. The Russians retreat upon their rear, and fortify themselves on the heights there. PONIATOWSKI furiously attacks them. But the French are worn out, and fall back to their station before the battle. So the combat dies resultlessly away. The sun sets, and the opposed and exhausted hosts sink to lethargic repose. NAPOLEON enters his tent in the midst of his lieutenants, and night descends.

SHADE OF THE EARTH

*The fumes of nitre and the reek of gore
Make my air foul and fulsome unto me !*

SPIRIT IRONIC

The natural nausea of a nurse, dear Dame

SPIRIT OF RUMOUR

*Strange even within that tent no notes of joy
Throb as at Austerlitz !* (signifying Napoleon's tent)

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

But mark that roar—

*A mash of men's crazed cries entreating mates
To run them through and end their agony,
Boys calling on their mothers, veterans
Blaspheming God and man Those shady shoppes
Are horses, maimed in myriads, tearing round
In maddening pangs, the harnessings they wear
Clanking discordant jingles as they tear !*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

*It is enough Let now the scene be closed
The night thickens*

SCENE VI

MOSCOW

The foreground is an open place amid the ancient irregular streets of the city, which disclose a jumble of architectural styles the Asiatic prevailing over the European. A huge triangular white-walled fortress rises above the churches and coloured domes on a hill in the background the central feature of which is a lofty tower with a gilded cupola the Ivan Tower. Beneath the battlements of this fortress the Moskva River flows.

An unwonted rumbling of wheels proceeds from the cobble-stoned streets, accompanied by an incessant cracking of whips.

DUMB SHOW

Travelling carriages, teams, and waggons, laden with pictures, carpets, glass, silver, china, and fashionable attire, are rolling out of the city, followed by foot-passengers in streams, who carry their most precious possessions on their shoulders. Others bear their sick relatives, caring nothing for their goods, and mothers go laden with their infants. Others drive their cows, sheep and goats causing much obstruction. Some of the populace, however, appear apathetic and bewildered, and stand in groups asking questions.

A thin man with piercing eyes gallops about and gives stern orders.

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

*Whose is the form seen ramping restlessly,
 Geared as a general, keen eyed as a kite,
 Amid this mad current of close-filed confusion,
 High-ordering, smartening progress in the slow,
 And goading those by their own thoughts o'er-goaded,
 Whose emissaries knock at every door
 In rhythmic rote, and groan the great events
 The hour is pregnant with ?*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

*Rostopchin he,
 The city governor, whose name will ring
 Far down the forward years unannily !*

SPIRIT OF RUMOUR

*His arts are strange, and strangely do they move him —
 To store the stews with stuffs inflammable,
 To bid that pumps be wicked, captives enlarged
 And primed with brands for burning, are the intents
 His warnings to the citizens outshade !*

When the bulk of the populace has passed out eastwardly the Russian army retreating from Borodino also passes through the city and into the country beyond without a halt. They mostly move in solemn silence, though many soldiers rush from their ranks and load themselves with spoil.

When they are got together again and have marched out, there goes by on his horse a strange scared old man with a foxy look, a swollen neck and head, and a hunched figure. He is KUTÚZOV, surrounded by his lieutenants. Away in the distance by other streets and bridges with other divisions pass in like manner GENERALS BENNIGSEN, BACLAY DE TOLLY, DOKHTOROV, the mortally wounded BAGRATION in a carriage and other generals, all in melancholy procession one way, like autumnal birds of passage. Then the rear-guard passes under MILORADOVITCH.

Next comes a procession of another kind.

A long string of carts with wounded men is seen, which trails out of the city behind the army. Their clothing is soiled with dried blood, and the bandages that enwrap them are caked with it.

The greater part of this migrant multitude takes the high road to Vladimir.

SCENE VII

THE SAME OUTSIDE THE CITY

A hill forms the foreground, called the Hill of Salutation, near the Smolensk road.

Herefrom the city appears as a splendid panorama, with its river, its

gardens, and its curiously grotesque architecture of domes and spires. It is the percock of cities to Western eyes, its roofs twinkling in the rays of the September sun, amid which the ancient citadel of the Tsars—the Kremlin—forms a centre-piece.

There enter on the hill at a gallop NAPOLEON, MURAT, EUGÈNE, NEI, DARU, and the rest of the Imperial staff. The French advance-guard is drawn up in order of battle at the foot of the hill, and the long columns of the Grand Army stretch far in the rear. The Emperor and his marshals halt, and gaze at Moscow.

NAPOLEON

Ha! There she is at last. And it was time.

He looks round upon his army, its numbers attenuated to one fourth of those who crossed the Niemen so joyfully.

Yes, it was time. *Now* what says Alexander!

DARU

This is a foil to Salamanca, sire!

DAVOUT

What scores of bulbous church-tops gild the sky!
Souls must be rotten in this region, sire,
To need so much repairing!

NAPOLÉON

Ay—no doubt.

Put thee march briskly on, to check disorder,
(to Murat)

Hold word with the authorities forthwith,
(to Durasnel)

Tell them that they may swiftly swage their fears,
Safe in that mercy I by rule extend
To vanquished ones. I wait the city keys,
And will receive the Governor's submission
With courtesy due. Eugène will guard the gate
To Petersburg there leftward. You, Davout,
The gate to Smolensk in the centre here
Which we shall enter by.

VOICES OF ADVANCE-GUARD

Moscow! Moscow!

This, this is Moscow city. Rest at last!

The words are caught up in the rear by veterans who have entered every capital in Europe except London, and are echoed from rank to rank. There is a far extended clapping of hands, like the babble of waves and companies.

of foot run in disorder towards high ground to behold the spectacle, waving their shakos on their bayonets

The army now marches on and NAPOLÉON and his suite disappear citywards from the Hill of Salutation

The day wanes ere the host has passed and dusk begins to prevail when tidings reach the rear guard that cause dismay. They have been sent back lip by lip from the front

SPIRIT IRONIC

An anticlimax to Napoleon's dream !

SPIRIT OF RUMOUR

*They say no governor attends with keys
To offer his submission gracefully
The streets are solitudes, the houses sealed,
And stagnant silence reigns, save where intrudes
The rumbling of their own artillery wheels,
And their own foot-files' measured march along
"Moscow deserted? What a monstrous thing!"—
He shrugs his shoulders soon, contemptuously,
"Thus, then, is how Muscovy fights!" cries he*

*Meanwhile Murat has reached the Kremlin gates,
And finds them closed against him. Battered these,
The fort reverberates vacant as the streets
But for some grinning wretches gaoled there
Enchantment seems to sway from quay to keep,
And lock commotion in a century's sleep*

NAPOLÉON, reappearing in front of the city, follows MURAT, and is again lost to view. He has entered the Kremlin

An interval. Something becomes visible on the summit of the Ivan Tower

CHORUS OF RUMOURS (aerial music)

*Mark you thereon a small lone figure gazing
Upon his hard-gained goal? It is He!
The startled crows, their broad black pinions raising,
Forsake their haunts, and wheel disquietedly*

The scene slowly darkens

Midnight hangs over the city. In the blackness to the north of where the Kremlin stands appears what at first sight seems a lurid, malignant star. It waxes larger. Almost simultaneously a north-east wind rises and the light glows and sinks with the gusts, proclaiming a fire, which soon grows large enough to irradiate the fronts of adjacent buildings, and to show that it is creeping on towards the Kremlin itself, the walls of that fortress which face the flames emerging from their previous shade.

The fire can be seen breaking out also in numerous other quarters. All

the conflagrations increase, and become, as those at first detached group themselves together, one huge furnace whence streamers of flame reach up to the sky, brighten the landscape far around, and show the houses as if it were day. The blaze gains the Kremlin, and licks its walls, but does not kindle it. Explosions and hissings are constantly audible, amid which can be fancied cries and yells of people caught in the combustion. Large pieces of canvas aflame sail away on the gale like balloons. Cocks crow, thinking it sunrise, ere they are burnt to death.

SCENE VIII

THE SAME THE INTERIOR OF THE KREMLIN

A chamber containing a bed on which NAPOLÉON has been lying. It is not yet daybreak, and the flapping light of the conflagration without shines in at the narrow windows.

NAPOLÉON is discovered dressed, but in disorder and unshaven. He is walking up and down the room in agitation. There are present CAULAINCOURT, BESSIERFS, and many of the marshals of his guard, who stand in silent perplexity.

NAPOLÉON (sitting down on the bed)

No! I'll not go! It is themselves who have done it.
My God, they are Scythians and barbarians still!

Enter MORTIER (just made Governor)

MORTIER

Sire, there's no means of fencing with the flames.
My creed is that these scurvy Muscovites,
Knowing our men's repute for recklessness,
Have fired the town, as if 'twere we had done it,
To burn our weary warriors and yourself
As by our own crazed act!

GENERAL LARIBOISIÈRE, an aged man, enters and approaches NAPOLÉON

LARIBOISIÈRE

•The wind swells higher!
Will you permit one so high-summed in years,
One so devoted, sire, to speak his mind?
It is that your long lingering here entails
Much risk for you, your army, and ourselves,
In the embarrassment it throws on us
While taking steps to seek security,
By hindering venturous means

Enter MURAT, PRINCE EUGÈNE, and the PRINCE OF NEUFCHÂTEL

MURAT

There is no choice
 But leaving, sire Enormous bulks of powder
 Lie housed beneath us, and outside these panes
 A park of our artillery stands unscreened

NAPOLLON (saturninely)

What I have won I disincline to cede !

VOICE OF A GUARD (without)

The Kremlin is aflame !

They look at each other Two officers of NAPOLÉON'S guard and an
 interpreter enter with one of the Russian military police as a prisoner

FIRST OFFICER

We have caught this man
 Firing the Kremlin yea, in the very act !
 It is extinguished temporarily,
 We know not for how long

NAPOLÉON

Inquire of him
 What Satan set him on (They inquire)

SECOND OFFICER

The governor,
 He says, the Count Rostopchin, sire

NAPOLÉON

So ! Even the ancient Kremlin is not sanct
 From their infernal scheme ! Go, take him out,
 Make him a quick example to the rest

Exeunt guards with their prisoner to the court below, whence a musket-
 volley resounds in a few minutes Meanwhile the flames pop and spit more
 loudly, and the window-panes of the room they stand in crack and fall in
 fragments

Incendiarism afoot, and we unware
 Of what foul tricks may follow, I will go
 Outwitted here, we'll march on Petersburg,
 The devil if we won't !

The marshals murmur and shake their heads

BESSIÈRES

Your pardon, sire,
But we are all convinced that weather, time,
Provisions, roads, equipment, mettle, mood,
Seive not for such a perilous enterprise
NAPOLÉON remains in gloomy silence Enter BERTHIER

NAPOLLON (apathetically)

Well, Berthier! More misfortunes?

BERTHIER

News is brought,
Sire, of the Russian army's whereabouts
That fox Kutúzof, after marching east
As if he were conducting his whole force
To Vladimir, when at the Riazan Road
Down-doubled sharply south, and in a curve
Has wheeled round Moscow, making for Kalouga,
To strike into our base, and cut us off

MURAT

Another reason against Petersburg!
Come what come may, we must defeat that army,
To keep a sure retreat through Smolensk on
To Lithuania

NAPOLÉON (jumping up)

I must act! We'll leave,
Or we shall let this Moscow be our tomb
May Heaven curse the author of this war—
Av, him, that Russian minister, self-sold
To England, who fomented it —'Twas he
Dragged Alexander into it, and me!

The marshals are silent with looks of incredulity, and Caulaincourt shrugs his shoulders

Now no more words, but hear Eugène and Ney
With their divisions fall straight back upon
The Petersburg and Zwenigarod Roads,
Those of Davout upon the Smolensk route
I will retire meanwhile to Petrowskoï
Come, let us go

NAPOLÉON and the marshals move to the door In leaving, the Emperor pauses and looks back

I fear that this event
 Marks the beginning of a train of ills
 Moscow was meant to be my rest,
 My refuge, and—it vanishes away !

[Exeunt NAPOLLON, marshals, etc
 The smoke grows denser and obscures the scene

SCENE IX

THE ROAD FROM SMOLENSKO INTO LITHUANIA

The season is far advanced towards winter The point of observation is
 high amongst the clouds, which opening and shutting fitfully to the wind,
 reveal the earth as a confused expanse merely

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

Where are we ? And why are we where we are ?

SHADE OF THE EARTH

*Above a wild waste garden-plot of mine
 Nigh bare in this late age, and now grown chill,
 Lithuania called by some I gather not
 Why we haunt here, where I can work no charm
 Either upon the ground or over it*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

*The wherefore will unfold The rolling brume
 That parts, and joins, and parts again below us
 In ragged restlessness, unscreens by fits
 The quality of the scene*

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

*I notice now
 Primeval woods, pine, birch—the skinny growths
 That can sustain life well where earth affords
 But sustenance elsewhere yclept starvation*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

*And what see you on the far land-verge there,
 Labouring from eastward towards our longitude ?*

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

*An object like a dun-piled caterpillar,
Shuffling its length in painful heaves along,
Hitherward Yea, what is this Thing we see
Which, moving as a single monster might,
Is yet not one but many?*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

*Even the Army
Which once was called the Grand, now in retreat
From Moscow's muteness, urged by That within it,
Together with its train of followers—
Men, matrons, babes, in babbling multitudes*

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

And why such flight?

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

Recorders, rise and say

RECORDING ANGEL I (in minor plain-song)

*The host has turned from Moscow where it lay,
And Israel-like, moved by some master-sway,
Is made to wander on and waste away'*

ANGEL II

*By track of Tarutino first it flits,
Thence swerving, strikes at old Jaroslawitz,
The which, accurst by slaughtering swords, it quits*

ANGEL I

*Harassed, it treads the trail by which it came,
To Borodino, field of bloodshot fame,
Whence stare unburied horrors beyond name'*

ANGEL II

*And so and thus it nears Smolensko's walls,
And, stayed its hunger, starts anew its crawls,
Till floats down one white morsel, which appals*

What has floated down from the sky upon the Army is a flake of snow
Then come another and another, till natural features hitherto varied with the
tints of autumn, are confounded, and all is phantasmal grey and white

The caterpillar shape still creeps laboriously nearer, but instead of increasing in size by the rules of perspective it gets more attenuated, and there are left upon the ground behind it minute parts of itself, which are speedily flaked over, and remain as white pimples by the wayside

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

*These atoms that drop off are snuffed out souls
Who are enghosted by the caressing snow*

Pines rise mournfully on each side of the nearing object, ravens in flocks advance with it overhead, waiting to pick out the eyes of strays who fall. The snowstorm increases descending in tufts which can hardly be shaken off. The sky seems to join itself to the land. The marching figures drop rapidly, and almost immediately become white grave mounds.

Endowed with enlarged powers of audition as of vision, we are struck by the mournful taciturnity that prevails. Nature is mute. Save for the incessant flogging of the wind-broken and lacerated horses there are no sounds.

With growing nearness more is revealed. In the glades of the forest, parallel to the French columns columns of Russians are seen to be moving. And when the French presently reach Krasnoye they are surrounded by packs of cloaked Cossacks bearing lances like huge needles a dozen feet long. The fore part of the French army gets through the town, the rear is assaulted by infantry and artillery.

SPIRIT OF THE PINES

*The strange, one-eyed, white-shakoed, scarred old man,
Ruthlessly heading every onset made,
I seem to recognize*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

*Kutizof he
The censelessly-attacked one, Michael Ney,
A pair as stout as thou, Earth, ever hast twinned!
Kutizof, ten years younger, would extirp
The invaders, and our drama finish here,
With Bonaparte a captive or a corpse
But he is old, death even has beckoned him,
And thus the so near-seeming happens not*

NAPOLEON himself can be discerned amid the rest, marching on foot through the snowflakes, in a fur coat and with a stout staff in his hand. Further back NEY is visible with the remains of the rear.

There is something behind the regular columns like an articulated tail, and as they draw on, it shows itself to be a disorderly rabble of followers of both sexes. So the whole miscellany arrives at the foreground, where it is checked by a large river across the track. The soldiers themselves like the rabble are in motley raiment, some wearing rugs for warmth, some quilts and curtains, some even petticoats and other women's clothing. Many are delirious from hunger and cold.

But they set about doing what is a necessity for the least hope of salvation,
and throw a bridge across the stream

The point of vision descends to earth, close to the scene of action

SCENE X

THE BRIDGE OF THE BERESINA

The bridge is over the Beresina at Studzianka. On each side of the river
are swampy meadows, now hid with frost, while further back are dense
forests. Ice floats down the deep black stream in large cakes

DUMB SHOW

The French sappers are working up to their shoulders in the water at the
building of the bridge. Those so immersed work till, stiffened with ice to
immobility, they die from the chill when others succeed them.

Cavalry meanwhile attempt to swim their horses across, and some infantry
try to wade through the stream.

Another bridge is begun hard by, the construction of which advances with
greater speed, and it becomes fit for the passage of carriages and artillery.

NAPOLÉON is seen to come across to the homeward bank, which is the
foreground of the scene. A good portion of the army also, under DAVOUT,
NEY, and OUDINOT, lands by degrees on this side. But VICTOR'S corps is
yet on the left or Moscow side of the stream, moving towards the bridge, and
PARTONNEAU with the rear-guard who has not yet crossed, is at BOUSSOW,
some way below, where there is an old permanent bridge partly broken.

Enter with speed from the distance the Russians under TCHAPLITZ.
More under TCHICHAGOFF enter the scene down the river on the left or
further bank, and cross by the old bridge of BOUSSOW. But they are too far
from the new crossing to intercept the French as yet.

PLATOFF with his Cossacks next appears on the stage which is to be such
a tragic one. He comes from the forest and approaches the left bank likewise.
So also does WITTGENSTEIN, who strikes in between the uncrossed VICTOR
and PARTONNEAU. PLATOFF thereupon descends on the latter who
surrenders with the rear-guard, and thus seven thousand more are cut off
from the already emaciated Grand Army.

TCHAPLITZ, of TCHICHAGOFF'S division, has meanwhile got round by the
old bridge at BOUSSOW to the French side of the new one, and attacks
OUDINOT, but he is repulsed with the strength of despair. The French
lose a further five thousand in this.

We now look across the river at VICTOR and his division, not yet over,
and still defending the new bridges. WITTGENSTEIN descends upon him,
but he holds his ground.

The determined Russians set up a battery of twelve cannon, so as to
command the two new bridges, with the confused crowd of soldiers, carriages,
and baggage, pressing to cross. The battery discharges into the surging
multitude. More Russians come up, and, forming a semicircle round the
bridges and the mass of French, fire yet more hotly on them with round shot
and canister. As it gets dark the flashes light up the strained faces of the

fugitives Under the discharge and the weight of traffic, the bridge for the artillery gives way, and the throngs upon it roll shrieking into the stream and are drowned

SEMICHORUS I OF THE PITIES (aerial music)

*So loudly swell their shrieks as to be heard above the roar of guns
and the wailful wind,
Giving in one brief cry their last wild word on that mock life
through which they have harlequined !*

SEMICHORUS II

*To the other bridge the living heap betakes itself, the weak pushed
over by the strong,
They loop together by their clutch like snakes, in knots they
are submerged and borne along*

CHORUS

*Then women are seen in the waterflow—limply bearing their
infants between wizened white arms stretching above,
Yea, motherhood, sheerly sublime in her last despairing, and
lighting her darkest declension with limitless love*

Meanwhile TCHICHAGOFF has come up with his twenty-seven thousand men, and falls on OUDINOT, NEY, and ' the Sacred Squadron Altogether we see forty or fifty thousand assailing eighteen thousand half-naked, badly armed wretches, emaciated with hunger and encumbered with several thousands of sick wounded, and stragglers

VICTOR and his rear-guard who have protected the bridges all day, come over themselves at last No sooner have they done so than the final bridge is set on fire Those who are upon it burn or drown, those who are on the further side have lost their last chance and perish either in attempting to wade the stream or at the hands of the Russians

SEMICHORUS I OF THE PITIES (aerial music)

*What will be seen in the morning light ?
What will be learnt when the spring breaks bright,
And the frost unlocks to the sun's soft sight ?*

SEMICHORUS II

*Death in a thousand motley forms,
Charred corpses hooking each other's arms
In the sleep that defies all war's alarms !*

CHORUS

*Pale cysts of souls in every stage,
Still bent to embraces of love or rage,—
Souls passed to where History pens no page*

The flames of the burning bridge go out as it consumes to the water's edge, and darkness mantles all nothing continuing but the pull of the river and the clickings of floating ice

SCENE XI

THE OPEN COUNTRY BETWEEN SMORGONI AND WILNA

The winter is more merciless and snow continues to fall upon a deserted expanse of unenclosed land in Lithuania. Some scattered birch bushes merge in a forest in the background.

It is growing dark though nothing distinguishes where the sun sets. There is no sound except that of a shuffling of feet in the direction of a bivouac. Here are gathered tattered men like skeletons. Their noses and ears are frost bitten, and pus is oozing from their eyes.

These stricken shades in a limbo of gloom are among the last survivors of the French army. Few of them carry arms. One squad ploughing through snow above their knees and with icicles dangling from their hair that clink like glass-lustres as they walk go into the birch wood, and are heard chopping. They bring back boughs, with which they make a screen on the windward side, and contrive to light a fire. With their swords they cut rashes from a dead horse and grill them in the flames using gunpowder for salt to eat them with. Two others return from a search with a dead rat and some candle ends. Their meal shared, some try to repair their gaping shoes and to tie up their feet that are chilblained to the bone.

A straggler enters who whispers to one or two soldiers of the group. A shudder runs through them at his words.

FIRST SOLDIER (dazed)

What—gone, do you say? Gone?

STRAGGLER

Y, I say gone!

He left us at Smorgoni hours ago
The Sacred Squadron even he has left behind
By this time he's at Warsaw or beyond,
Full pace for Paris

SECOND SOLDIER (jumping up wildly)

Gone? How did he go?
No, surely! He could not desert us so!

STRAGGLER

He started in a carriage, with Roustan
 The Mameluke on the box Caulaincourt, too,
 Was inside with him Monton and Duoc
 Rode on a sledge behind —The order bade
 That we should not be told it for a while

Other soldiers spring up as they realize the news and stamp nither and
 thither impotent with rage, grief and despair, many in their physical weak-
 ness sobbing like children

SPIRIT SINISTER

*Good It is the selfish and unconscionable characters who are
 so much regretted*

STRAGGLER

He felt, or feigned, he ought to leave no longer
 A land like Prussia 'twixt himself and home
 There was great need for him to go, he said,
 To quiet France, and raise another army
 That shall replace our bones

SEVERAL (distractedly)

Deserted us !

Deserted us !—O, after all our pangs
 We shall see France no more !

Some become insane and go dancing round One of them sings

MAD SOLDIER'S SONG

I

Ha, for the snow and hoar !
 Ho, for our fortune's made !
 We can shape our bed without sheets to spread,
 And our graves without a spade
 So foolish Life adieu,
 And ingrate Leader too
 —Ah, but we loved you true !
 Yet—he-he-he ! and ho ho-ho !—
 We'll never return to you

II

What can we wish for more ?
 Thanks to the frost and flood
 We are grinning crones—thin bags of bones
 Who once were flesh and blood

So foolish Life adieu,
 And ingrate Leader too
 —Ah, but we loved you true !
 Yet—he-he he ! and ho-ho-ho !—
 We'll never return to you

Exhausted, they again crouch round the fire Officers and privates press together for warmth Other stragglers arrive, and sit at the backs of the first With the progress of the night the stars come out in unusual brilliancy, Sirius and those in Orion flashing like stilettos, and the frost stiffens

The fire sinks and goes out, but the Frenchmen do not move The day dawns and still they sit on

In the background enter some light horse of the Russian army, followed by KUTÚZOF himself and a few of his staff He presents a terrible appearance now—bravely serving though slowly dying, his face puffed with the intense cold his one eye staring out as he sits in a heap in the saddle, his head sunk into his shoulders The whole detachment pauses at the sight of the French asleep They shout, but the bivouackers give no sign

KUTÚZOF

Go, stir them up ! We slay not sleeping men
 The Russians advance and prod the French with their lances

RUSSIAN OFFICER

Prince, here's a curious picture They are dead

KUTÚZOF (with indifference)

Oh, naturally After the snow was down
 I marked a sharpening of the au last night
 We shall be stumbling on such frost-baked meats
 Most of the way to Wilna

OFFICER (examining the bodies)

They all sit
 As they were living still, but stiff as horns,
 And even the colour has not left their cheeks,
 Whereon the tears remain in stings of ice—
 It was a marvel they were not consumed
 Their clothes are cindered by the fire in front,
 While at their back the frost has caked them hard

KUTÚZOF

'Tis well So perish Russia's enemies !

Event KUTÚZOF, his staff, and the detachment of horse in the direction of Wilna, and with the advance of day the snow resumes its fall, slowly burying the dead bivouackers

SCENE XII

PARIS THE IUILERIES

An antechamber to the EMPRESS MARIE LOUISE'S bedroom, at half past eleven on a December night The DUCHESS OF MONTEBELLO and another lady in waiting are discovered talking to the Empress

MARIE LOUISE

I have felt unapt for anything to night,
And I will now retire

She goes into her child's room adjoining

DUCHESS OF MONTEBELLO

For some long while
There has come no letter from the Emperor,
And Paris brims with ghastly rumours
About the far campaign Not being beloved,
The town is over dull for her alone

Re enter MARIE LOUISE

MARIE LOUISE

The King of Rome is sleeping in his cot
Sweetly and safe Now, ladies, I am going

She withdraws Her tiring women pass through into her chamber They presently return and go out A manservant enters, and bars the window-shutters with numerous bolts Exit manservant The Duchess retires The other lady-in-waiting rises to go into her bedroom, which adjoins that of the Empress

Mens voices are suddenly heard in the corridor without The lady-in-waiting pauses with parted lips The voices grow louder The lady-in-waiting screams

MARIE LOUISE hastily re-enters in a dressing gown thrown over her night-clothes

MARIE LOUISE

Great God, what altercation can that be ?
I had just verged on sleep when it aroused me !

A thumping is heard at the door

VOICE OF NAPOLÉON (without)

Holla ! Pray let me in ! Unlock the door !

LADY-IN-WAITING

Heaven's mercy on us ! What man may it be
At such an hour as this ?

MARIE LOUISE

O it is he !

~ The lady-in-waiting unlocks the door. NAPOLEON enters, scarcely recognizable in a fur cloak and hood over his ears. He throws off the cloak and discloses himself to be in the shabbiest and muddiest attire. Marie Louise is agitated almost to fainting.

SPIRIT IRONIC

Is it with fright or joy ?

MARIE LOUISE

I scarce believe
What my sight tells me ! Home, and in such sad garb !
[NAPOLEON embraces her]

NAPOLÉON

I have had great work in getting in, my dear !
They failed to recognize me at the gates,
Being sceptical at my poor hackney-coach
And poorer baggage. I had to show my face
In a fierce light ere they would let me pass,
And even then they doubted till I spoke —
What think you, dear, of such a tramp like spouse ?
(He warms his hands at the fire.)
Ha—it is much more comfortable here
Than on the Russian plains !

MARIE LOUISE (timidly)

You have suffered there ?—
Your face is hollower, and has lines in it,
No marvel that they did not know you !

NAPOLÉON

Yes
Disasters many and swift have swooped on me !—
Since crossing—ugh !—the Beresina River
I have been compelled to come incognito,
Ay—as a fugitive and outlaw quite

MARIE LOUISE

We'll thank Heaven, anyhow, that you are safe
 I had gone to bed, and everybody almost !
 What, now, do you require ? Some food of course ?

The child in the adjoining chamber begins to cry, awakened by the loud tones of NAPOLÉON

NAPOLÉON

Ah—that's his little voice ! I'll in and see him

MARIE LOUISE

I'll come with you

NAPOLÉON and the EMPRESS pass into the other room The lady-in-waiting calls up yawning servants and gives orders The servants go to execute them

Re-enter NAPOLÉON and MARIE LOUISE The lady in-waiting goes out

NAPOLÉON

I have said it, dear !
 All the disasters summed in the bulletin
 Shall be repaired

MARIE LOUISE

And are they terrible ?

NAPOLÉON

Have you not read the last-sent bulletin,
 Dear friend ?

MARIE LOUISE

No recent bulletin has come

NAPOLÉON

Ah—I must have outstripped it on the way !

MARIE LOUISE

And where is the Grand Army ?

NAPOLÉON

Oh—that's gone

MARIE LOUISE

Gone ? But—gone where ?

NAPOLÉON

Gone all to nothing, dear

MARIE LOUISE (incredulously)

But some six hundred thousand I saw pass
Through Dresden Russia-wards ?

NAPOLÉON (flinging himself into a chair)

Well, those men lie—

Or most of them—in layers of bleaching bones
'Twixt here and Moscow I have been subdued,
But by the elements, and them alone
Not Russia, but God's sky has conquered me !

(With an appalled look she sits beside him)

From the sublime to the ridiculous
There's but a step !—I have been saying it
All through the leagues of my long journey home—
And that step has been passed in this affair !
Yes, briefly, it is quite ridiculous,
Whichever way you look at it—Ha-ha !

MARIE LOUISE (simply)

But those six hundred thousand throbbing throats
That cheered me deaf at Dresden, marching east
So full of youth and spirits—all bleached bones—
Ridiculous ? Can it be so, dear, to—
Their mothers, say ?

NAPOLÉON (with a twitch of displeasure)

You scarcely understand

I meant the enterprise, and not its stuff
I had no wish to fight, nor Alexander,
But circumstance impaled us each on each,
The Genius who outshapes my destinies
Did all the rest ! Had I but hit success,
Imperial splendour would have worn a crown
Unmatched in long-scrolled Time ! Well, leave that
now —

What do they know about all this in Paris ?

MARIE LOUISE

I cannot say Black rumours fly and croak
Like ravens through the streets, but come to me

Thinned to the vague '—Occurrences in Spain
 Breed much disquiet with these other things
 Maimont's defeat at Salamanca field
 Ploughed deep into men's brows The cafés say
 Your troops must clear from Spain

NAPOLÉON

We'll see to that !

I'll find a way to do a better thing ,
 Though I must have another army first—
 Three hundred thousand quite Fishes as good
 Swim in the sea as have come out of it
 But to begin, we must make sure of France,
 Disclose ourselves to the good folk of Paris
 In daily outings as a family group,
 The type and model of domestic bliss
 (Which, by the way, we are) And I intend,
 Also, to gild the dome of the Invalides
 In best gold leaf, and on a novel pattern

MARIE LOUISE

To gild the dome, dear ? Why ?

NAPOLÉON

To give them something

To think about They'll take to it like children,
 And argue in the cafés right and left
 On its artistic points —So they'll forget
 The woes of Moscow

A chamberlain in-waiting announces supper MARIE LOUISE and
 NAPOLÉON go out The room darkens and the scene closes

ACT SECOND

SCENE I

THE PLAIN OF VITORIA

It is the eve of the longest day in the year , also the eve of the battle of
 Vitoria The English army in the Peninsula, and their Spanish and Portu-

guest allies, are bivouacking on the western side of the Plain, about six miles from the town

On some high ground in the left mid-distance may be discerned the MARQUIS OF WELLINGTON'S tent, with GENERAL HILL, PICTON, PONSONBY, GRAHAM and others of his staff going in and out in consultation on the momentous event impending. Near the foreground are some hussars sitting round a fire, the evening being damp, their horses are picketed behind. In the immediate front of the scene are some troop officers talking.

FIRST OFFICER

This grateful rest of four and-twenty hours
Is priceless for our jaded soldiery,
And we have reconnoitred largely, too,
So the slow day will not have slipped in vain

SECOND OFFICER (looking towards the headquarter tent)

By this time they must nearly have dotted down
The methods of our master-stroke to-morrow
I have no clear conception of its plan,
Even in its leading lines. What is decided?

FIRST OFFICER

There are outshaping three supreme attacks,
As I decipher. Graham's on the left,
To compass which he crosses the Zadorra,
And turns the enemy's right. On our right, Hill
Will start at once to storm the Puebla crests
The Chief himself, with us here in the centre,
Will lead on by the bridges Tres-Puentes
Over the ridge there, and the Mendoza bridge
A little further up—That's roughly it,
But much and wide discretionary power
Is left the generals all

The officers walk away and the stillness increases so that the conversation at the hussars' bivouac, a few yards further back, becomes noticeable.

SERGEANT YOUNG¹

I wonder, I wonder how Stourcastle is looking this summer
night, and all the old folks there!

SECOND HUSSAR

You was born there, I think I've heard ye say, Sergeant?

¹ Thomas Young of Sturminster Newton, served twenty-one years in the Fifteenth (King's) Hussars, died 1853, fought at Vittoria, Toulouse, and Waterloo.

SERGEANT YOUNG

I was And though I ought not to say it, as father and mother are living there still, 'tis a dull place at times Now Budmouth-Regis was exactly to my taste when we were there with the Court that summer, and the King and Queen a-wambling about among us like the most everyday old man and woman you ever see Yes, there was plenty going on, and only a pretty step from home Altogether we had a fine time !

THIRD HUSSAR

You walked with a girl there for some weeks, Sergeant, if my memory serves ?

SERGEANT YOUNG

I did And a pretty girl 'a was But nothing came on't A month afore we struck camp she married a tallow-chandler's dipper of Little Nicholas Lane I was a good deal upset about it at the time But one gets over things !

SECOND HUSSAR

'Twas a low taste in the hussy, come to that —Howsomever, I agree about Budmouth I never had pleasanter times than when we lay there You had a song on it, Sergeant, in them days, if I don't mistake ?

SERGEANT YOUNG

I had , and have still 'Twas made up when we left by our bandmaster that used to conduct in front of Gloucester Lodge at the King's Mess every afternoon

The Sergeant is silent for a minute, then suddenly bursts into melody

SONG

BUDMOUTH DEARS

I

When we lay where Budmouth Beach is,
O, the girls were fiesh as peaches,
With their tall and tossing figures and their eyes of blue
and brown !
And our hearts would ache with longing
As we paced from our sing-songing,
With a smart *Clink ! Clink !* up the Esplanade and down.

II

They distracted and delayed us
 By the pleasant pranks they played us,
 And what marvel, then, if troopers, even of regiments of
 renown,
 On whom flashed those eyes divine, O,
 Should forget the countesign, O,
 As we tole *Clink ' Clink '* back to camp above the town

III

Do they miss us much, I wonder,
 Now that war has swept us sunder,
 And we roam from where the faces smile to where the
 faces frown ?
 And no more behold the features
 Of the fair fantastic creatures,
 And no more *Clink ' Clink '* past the parlours of the
 town ?

IV

Shall we once again there meet them ?
 Falter fond attempts to greet them ?
 Will the gay sling-jacket¹ glow again beside the muslin
 gown ?—
 Will they archly quiz and con us
 With a sideway glance upon us,
 While our spurs *Clink ' Clink '* up the Esplanade and
 down ?

[Applause from the other hussars

More songs are sung the night gets darker, the fires go out and the camp
 sleeps

SCENE II

THE SAME, FROM THE PUEBLA HEIGHTS

It is now day, but a summer fog pervades the prospect Behind the fog
 is heard the roll of bass and tenor drums and the clash of cymbals, with notes
 of the popular march "The Downfall of Paris"

By degrees the fog lifts and the Plain is disclosed From this elevation,
 gazing north the expanse looks like the palm of a monstrous right hand, a
 little hollowed, some half-dozen miles across wherein the ball of the thumb

¹ Hussars, it may be remembered, used to wear a pelisse, dolman, or "sling jacket"
 (as the men called it), which hung loosely over the shoulder The writer is able to recall
 the picturesque effect of this uniform

is roughly represented by heights to the east on which the French centre has gathered, the 'Mount of Mars' and of the 'Moon' (the opposite side of the plain) by the position of the English on the left or west of the plain, and the "Line of Life" by the Zadorra an unfathomable river running from the town down the plain and dropping out of it through a pass in the Puebla Heights to the south, just beneath our point of observation—that is to say, towards the wrist of the supposed hand. The left of the English army under GRAHAM would occupy the 'mounts' at the base of the fingers, while the bent finger tips might represent the Cantabrian Hills beyond the plain to the north or back of the scene.

From the aforesaid stone crests of Puebla the white town and church towers of Vitoria can be descried on a slope to the right rear of the field of battle. A warm rain succeeds the fog for a short while, bringing up the fragrant scents from the fields, vineyards and gardens now in the full leafage of June.

DUMB SHOW

All the English forces converge forward—that is eastwardly—the centre over the west ridges, the right through the Pass to the south, the left down the Bilbao road on the north west—the bands of the divers regiments striking up the same quick march, 'The Downfall of Paris'

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

*You see the scene And yet you see it not
What do you notice now?*

There immediately is shown visually the electric state of mind that animates WELLINGTON, GRAHAM, HILL, KEMPF PICTON COLVILLE, and other responsible ones on the British side, and on the French KING JOSEPH stationary on the hill overlooking his own centre, and surrounded by a numerous staff that includes his adviser MARSHAL JOURDAN, with far away in the field, GIZAN, D'ERLON REILLE, and other marshals. This vision resembling as a whole the interior of a beating brain lit by phosphorescence, in an instant fades again back to the normal.

Anon we see the English hussars with their flying pelisses galloping across the Zadorra on one of the Tres-Puentes in the midst of the field, as had been planned the English lines in the foreground under HILL pushing the enemy up the slopes, and far in the distance to the left of Vitoria, whiffs of grey smoke followed by low rumbles show that the left of the English army under GRAHAM is pushing on there.

Bridge after bridge of the half-dozen over the Zadorra is crossed by the British and WELLINGTON, in the centre with PICTON seeing the hill and village of Arinez in front of him (eastward) to be weakly held, carries the regiments of the seventh and third divisions in a quick run towards it. Supported by the hussars, they ultimately fight their way to the top, in a chaos of smoke flame, dust, shouts, and booming echoes, loud-voiced PICTON, in an old blue coat and round hat, swearing as he goes.

Meanwhile the French who are opposed to the English right, in the foreground have been turned by HILL, the heights are all abandoned, and the columns fall back in a confused throng by the road to Vitoria, hard pressed by the British who capture abandoned guns amid indescribable tumult, till the French make a stand in front of the town.

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

What's toward in the distance?—say!

SEMICHORUS I OF RUMOURS (aerial music)

*Fitfully flash strange sights there, yea,
Unwonted spectacles of sweat and scare
Behind the French, that make a stand
With eighty cannon, match in hand—
Upon the highway from the town to rear
An eddy of distraction reigns,
Where lumbering treasure, baggage-trains
Padding pedestrians, haze the atmosphere*

SEMICHORUS II

*Men, women, and their children fly,
And when the English over-high
Direct their death bolts, or this billowy throng
Alight the too far-ranging balls,
Wringing out piteous shrieks and calls
From the pale mob, in monotones loud and long*

SEMICHORUS I

*To leftward of the distant dun
Reille meantime has been driven in
By Graham's measured overmastering might—
Henceforward, masses of the foe
Withdraw, and, firing as they go,
Pass rightwise from the cockpit out of sight*

CHORUS

*The sunset slants an ochreous shine
Upon the English knapsacked line,
Whose glistering bayonets incline
As bends the hot pursuit across the plain,
And tardily behind them goes
Too many a mournful load of those
Found wound-weak, while with stealthy crawl,
As silence wraps the rear of all,
Cloaked creatures of the starlight strip the slain*

SCENE III

THE SAME THE ROAD FROM THE TOWN

With the going down of the sun the English army finds itself in complete possession of the mass of waggons and carriages distantly beheld from the rear—laden with pictures treasure flour vegetables furniture finery parrots, monkeys, and women—most of the male sojourners in the town having taken to their heels and disappeared across the fields

The road is choked with these vehicles, the women they carry including wives mistresses actresses, dancers nuns and prostitutes, which struggle through droves of oxen sheep goats horses asses and mules—a Noah's ark of living creatures in one vast procession

There enters rapidly in front of this throng a carriage containing KING JOSEPH BONAPARTE and an attendant followed by another vehicle with luggage

JOSEPH (inside carriage)

The bare unblinking truth hereon is this
The Englishry are a pursuing army,
And we a flying biotheel! See our men—
They leave their guns to save their mistresses!

The carriage is fired upon from outside the scene The KING leaps from the vehicle and mounts a horse

Enter at full gallop from the left CAPTAIN WINDHAM and a detachment of the Tenth Hussars in chase of the King's carriage, and from the right a troop of French dragoons, who engage with the hussars and hinder pursuit Exit KING JOSEPH on horseback, afterwards the hussars and dragoons go out fighting

The British infantry enter irregularly, led by a sergeant of the Eighty-seventh mockingly carrying MARSHAL JOURDAN'S bâton The crowd recedes The soldiers ransack the King's carriages, cut from their frames canvases by Murillo Velasquez and Zurbaran, and use them as package-wrappers throwing the papers and archives into the road

They next go to a waggon in the background, which contains a large chest Some of the soldiers burst it with a crash It is full of money, which rolls into the road The soldiers begin scrambling, but are restored to order, and they march on

Enter more companies of infantry, out of control of their officers, who are running behind They see the dollars, and take up the scramble for them, next ransacking other waggons and abstracting therefrom uniforms, ladies' raiment, jewels, plate, wines and spirits

Some array them in the finery, and one soldier puts on a diamond necklace, others load themselves with the money still lying about the road It begins to rain, and a private who has lost his kit cuts a hole in the middle of a deframed old master, and, putting it over his head wears it as a poncho

Enter WELLINGTON and others, grimy and perspiring

FIRST OFFICER

The men are plundering in all directions !

WELLINGTON

Let 'em They've stiven long and gallantly
—What documents do I see lying there ?

SECOND OFFICER (examining)

The archives of King Joseph's court, my lord,
His correspondence, too, with Bonaparte

WELLINGTON

We must examine it It may have use

Another company of soldiers enters, dragging some equipages that have lost their horses by the traces being cut The carriages contain ladies, who shriek and weep at finding themselves captives

What women bring they there ?

THIRD OFFICER

Mixed sorts, my lord
The wives of many young French officers,
The mistresses of more—in male attire
Yon elegant hussar is one, to wit,
She so disguised is of a Spanish house,—
One of the generals' loves

WELLINGTON

Well, pack them off
To-morrow to Pamplona, as you can,
We've neither list nor leisure for their charms
By God, I never saw so many wh—s
In all my life before !

[Exit WELLINGTON, officers and infantry]

A soldier enters with his arm round a lady in rich costume

SOLDIER

We must be married, my dear

LADY (not knowing his language)

Anything, sir, if you'll spare my life !

SOLDIER

There's neither parson nor clerk here But that don't matter
—hey ?

The gardens and saloons are crowded, among those present being the KING's sons—the DUKES OF YORK, CLARENCE, KENT, and CAMBRIDGE—Ambassadors, peers, and peeresses, and other persons of quality, English and foreign

In the immediate foreground on the left hand is an alcove the interior of which is in comparative obscurity Two foreign attachés enter it and sit down

FIRST ATTACHÉ

Ah—now for the fireworks They are under the direction of Colonel Congreve

At the end of an alley, purposely kept dark, fireworks are discharged

SECOND ATTACHÉ

Very good very good—This looks like the Duke of Sussex coming in, I think Who the lady is with him I don't know

Enter the DUKE OF SUSSEX in a Highland dress attended by several officers in like attire He walks about the gardens with LADY CHARLOTT CAMPBELL

FIRST ATTACHÉ

People have been paying a mighty price for tickets—as much as fifteen guineas has been offered, I hear I had to walk up to the gates, the number of coaches struggling outside prevented my driving near It was as bad as the battle of Vitoria itself

SECOND ATTACHÉ

So Wellington is made Field-Marshal for this achievement

FIRST ATTACHÉ

Yes By the by, you have heard of the effect of the battle upon the Conference at Reichenbach?—that Austria is to join Russia and Prussia against France? So much for Napoléon's marriage! I wonder what he thinks of his respected father-in-law now

SECOND ATTACHÉ

Of course, an enormous subsidy is to be paid to Francis by Great Britain for this face-about?

FIRST ATTACHÉ

Yes As Bonaparte says, English guineas are at the bottom of everything!—Ah, here comes Caroline

The PRINCESS OF WALES arrives, attended by LADY ANNE HAMILTON and LADY GLENBERVIE She is conducted forward by the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER and COLONEL ST LEDGER, and wears a white satin train with a dark embroidered bodice, and a green wreath with diamonds

Repeated hurrahs greet her from the crowd She bows courteously

SECOND ATTACHÉ

The people are staunch to her still ! You heard, sir,
 what Austrian Francis said when he learnt of Vitoria ?—"A
 warm climate seems to agree with my son-in-law no better than a
 cold one "

FIRST ATTACHÉ

Ha ha-ha !

Marvellous it is how this loud victory
 Has couched the late blind Europe's Cabinets
 Would I could spell precisely what was phrased
 'Twixt Bonaparte and Metternich at Dresden—
 Their final word, I ween, till God knows when !—

SECOND ATTACHÉ

I own to feeling it a sorry thing
 That Francis should take English money down
 To throw off Bonaparte 'Tis sordid, mean !
 He is his daughter's husband after all

FIRST ATTACHÉ

Ay, yes ! They say she knows not of it yet

SECOND ATTACHÉ

Poor thing, I daresay it will harry her
 When all's revealed But the inside on't is,
 Since Castlereagh's return to power last year
 Vienna, like Berlin and Petersburg,
 Has harboured England's secret emissaries,
 Primed, purse in hand, with the most lavish sums
 To knit the league to drag Napoleon down
 (More fireworks) That's grand —Here comes one Royal
 item more

The DUCHESS OF YORK enters, attended by her ladies and by the
 HON B CRAVEN and COLONEL BARCLAY She is received with signals of
 respect

FIRST ATTACHÉ

She calls not favour forth as Caroline can !

SECOND ATTACHÉ

To end my words —Though happy for this realm,

Austria's desertion frankly is, by God,
Rank treachery !

FIRST ATTACHÉ

Whatever it is, it means
Two hundred thousand swords for the Allies,
And enemies in batches for Napoleon
Leaping from unknown lairs —Yes, something tells me
That this is the beginning of the end
For Emperor Bonaparte !

The PRINCESS OF WALES prepares to leave An English diplomatist joins
the attaches in the alcove The PRINCESS and her ladies go out

DIPLOMATIST

I saw you over here, and I came round Cursed hot and
crowded, isn't it !

SECOND ATTACHÉ

What is the Princess leaving so soon for ?

DIPLOMATIST

Oh, she has not been received in the Royal box by the other
members of the Royal Family, and it has offended her, though
she was told beforehand that she could not be Poor devil !
Nobody invited her here She came unasked, and she has gone
unserved

FIRST ATTACHÉ

We shall have to go unserved likewise, I fancy The scramble
at the buffets is terrible

DIPLOMATIST

And the road from here to Marsh Gate is impassable Some
ladies have been sitting in their coaches for hours outside the
hedge there We shall not get home till noon to-morrow

A VOICE (from the back)

Take care of your watches ! Pickpockets !

FIRST ATTACHÉ

Good That relieves the monotony a little

Excitement in the throng When it has subsided the band strikes up a
country dance, and stewards with white ribbons and laurel leaves are seen
bustling about

SECOND ATTACHÉ

Let us go and look at the dancing It is "Voulez vous danser"—no, it is not,—it is "Enrico"—two ladies between two gentlemen

[They go from the alcove]

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

*From this phantasmagoria let us roam
To the chief wheel and capstan of the show,
Distant afar I pray you closely read
What I reveal—wherein each feature bulks
In measure with its value humanly*

The beholder finds himself, as it were, caught up on high, and while the Vauxhall scene still dimly twinkles below, he gazes southward towards Central Europe—the contorted and attenuated écorché of the Continent appearing as in an earlier scene, but now obscure under the summer stars

*Three cities loom out large Vienna there,
Dresden, which holds Napoléon, over here,
And Leipzig, whither we shall shortly wing,
Out yonderwards 'Twill Dresden and Vienna
What thing do you discern?*

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

*Something broad-faced,
Flat-folded, parchment-pale, and in its shape
Rectangular, but moving like a cloud
The Dresden way*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

Yet gaze more closely on it

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

*The object takes a letter's lineaments
Though swollen to mainsail measure,—magically,
I gather from your words, and on its face
Are three vast seals, red—signifying blood
Must I suppose? It moves on Dresden town,
And dwarfs the city as it passes by—
You say Napoleon's there?*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

*The document,
Sized to its big importance, as I told,*

*Bears in it formal declaration, signed,
Of war by Francis with his late-linked son,
The Emperor of France Now let us go
To Leipzig city, and await the blow*

A chaotic gloom ensues, accompanied by a rushing like that of a mighty wind

ACT THIRD

SCENE I

LEIPZIG NAPOLÉON'S QUARTERS IN THE REUDNITZ SUBURB

The sitting room of a private mansion Evening A large stove-fire and candles burning The October wind is heard without, and the leaded panes of the old windows shake mournfully

SEMICHORUS I OF IRONIC SPIRITS (aerial music)

*We come, and learn as Time's disordered deaf sands run
That Castlereagh's diplomacy has wiled, waxed, won
The beacons flash the fevered news to eyes keen bent
That Austria's formal words of war are shaped, sealed, sent*

SEMICHORUS II

*So, Poland's three despoters primed by Bull's gross pay
To stem Napoleon's might, he waits the weird dark day,
His proffered peace declined with scorn, in fell force then
They front him, with yet ten-score thousand more massed men*

At the back of the room CAULAINCOURT, DUKE OF VICENZA and JOUANNE, one of Napoléon's confidential secretaries are unpicking and laying out the Emperor's maps and papers In the foreground BERTHIER, MURAT LAURISTON, and several officers of Napoléon's suite, are holding a desultory conversation while they await his entry Their countenances are overcast

MURAT

At least, the scheme of marching on Berlin
Is now abandoned

LAURISTON

Not without high words -
He yielded, and gave order prompt for Leipzig

But coldness and reserve have marked his mood
Towards us ever since

BERTHIER

The march hereto
He has looked on as a retrogressive one,
And that, he ever holds, is courting woe
To counsel it was doubtless full of risk,
And heaped us with responsibilities,
—Yet 'twas your missive, sire, that settled it (to Murat)
How stuned he was! "To Leipzig, or Berlin?"
He kept repeating, as he drew and drew
Fantastic figures on the foolscap sheet,—
"The one spells ruin—t'other spells success,
And which is which?"

MURAT (stiffly)

What better could I do?
So far were the Allies from sheeking off
As he supposed, that they had moved in march
Full fanfare hither! I was duty-bound
To let him know

LAURISTON

Assuming victory here,
If he should let the advantage slip him by
As on the Dresden day, he wrecks us all!
'Twas damnable—to ride back from the fight
Inside a coach, as though we had not won!

CAULAINCOURT (from the back)

The Emperor was ill I have ground for knowing

NAPOLÉON enters

NAPOLÉON (buoyantly)

Comrades, the outlook promises us well!

MURAT (dryly)

Right glad are we you tongue such tidings, sire
To us the stars have visaged differently,
To wit we muster outside Leipzig here
Levies one hundred and ninety thousand strong

The enemy has mustered, *outside us*,
Three hundred and fifty thousand—if not more

NAPOLÉON

All that is needful is to conquer them !
We are concentred here they lie a spread,
Which shrinks them to two-hundred-thousand power —
Though that the urgency of victory
Is absolute, I admit

MURAT

Yea , otherwise
The issue will be worse than Moscow, sire !

MARMONT DUKE OF RAGUSA (Wellington's adversary in Spain), is
announced, and enters

NAPOLÉON

Ah, Marmont , bring you in particulars ?

MARMONT

Some sappers I have taken captive, sire,
Say the Allies will be at stroke with us
The morning next to-morrow's—I am come,
Now, from the steeple top of Liebethal,
Where I beheld the enemy's fires bespot
The horizon round with raging eyes of flame —
My vanward posts, too, have been driven in,
And I need succours—thrice ten thousand, say

NAPOLÉON (coldly)

The enemy vexes not your vanward posts ,
You are mistaken —Now, however, go ,
Cross Leipzig, and remain as the reserve —
Well, gentlemen, my hope herein is this
The first day to annihilate Schwarzenberg,
The second Blücher So shall we slip the toils
They are all madding to enmesh us in

BERTHIER

Few are our infantry to fence with theirs !

NAPOLÉON (cheerfully)

We'll range them in two lines instead of three,
And so we shall look stronger by one-third

BERTHIER (incredulously)

Can they be thus deceived, sire ?

NAPOLÉON

Can they ? Yes !

With all my practice I can err in numbers
At least one-quarter, why not they one-third ?
Anyhow, 'tis worth trying at a pinch

AUGEREAU is suddenly announced

Good ! I've not seen him yet since he arrived

Enter AUGEREAU

Here you are then at last, old Augereau !
You have been looked for long — But you are no more
The Augereau of Castiglione days ! (bitterly)

AUGEREAU

Nay, sire ! I still should be the Augereau
Of glorious Castiglione, could you give
The boys of Italy back again to me !

NAPOLÉON

Well, let it drop Only I notice round me
An atmosphere of scopeless apathy
Wherein I do not share

AUGEREAU

There are reasons, sire,
Good reasons, for despondence ! As I came
I learnt, past question, that Bavaria
Swerves on the very pivot of desertion
This adds some threescore thousand to our foes

NAPOLÉON (irritated)

That consummation long has threatened us ! , ,
Would that you showed the steeled fidelity
You used to show ! Except me, all are slack !

(To Murat) Why, even you yourself, my brother-in-law,
Have been inclining to abandon me !

MURAT (vehemently)

I, sire ? It is not so ! I stand and swear
The grievous imputation is untrue
You should know better than believe these things,
And well remember I have enemies
Who ever wait to slander me to you !

NAPOLÉON (more calmly)

Ah yes, yes That is so —And yet—and yet
You have deigned to weigh the feasibility
Of treating me as Austria has done !
But I forgive you You are a worthy man ,
You feel real friendship for me You are brave
Yet I was wrong to make a king of you
If I had been content to draw the line
At vice-king, as with young Eugène, no more,
As he has laboured you'd have laboured too !
But as full monarch, you have foraged rather
For your own pot than mine !

MURAT and the marshals are silent and look at each other with troubled countenances NAPOLÉON goes to the table at the back and bends over the charts with CAULAINCOURT, dictating desultory notes to the secretaries

SPIRIT IRONIC

*A seer might say
This savours of a sad Last-Supper talk
Twixt his disciples and this Christ of war !*

Enter an attendant

ATTENDANT

The Saxon King and Queen and the Princess
Enter the city gates, your Majesty
They seek the shelter of the civic walls
Against the risk of capture by the Allies

NAPOLÉON

Ah, so ? My friend Augustus, is he near ?

I will be prompt to meet him when he comes,
And safely quarter him (He returns to the map)

An interval The clock strikes midnight The EMPEROR rises abruptly,
sighs, and comes forward

I now retire,
Comrades Good-night, good-night Remember well
All must prepare to grip with gory death
In the now voidless battle It will be
A great one and a critical, one, in brief,
That will seal France's fate, and yours, and mine!

ALL (fervidly)

We'll do our utmost, by the Holy Heaven!

NAPOLÉON

Ah—what was that? (He pulls back the window-curtain)

SEVERAL

It is our enemies,
Whose southern hosts are signalling to their north

A white rocket is beheld high in the air It is followed by a second, and
a third There is a pause, during which NAPOLÉON and the rest wait
motionless In a minute or two, from the opposite side of the city, three
coloured rockets are sent up, in evident answer to the three white ones
NAPOLÉON muses, and lets the curtain drop

NAPOLÉON

Yes, Schwarzenberg to Blucher It must be
To show that they are ready So are we!

He goes out without saying more The marshals and other officers
withdraw

The room darkens, and ends the scene

SCENE II

THE SAME THE CITY AND THE BATTLEFIELD

Leipzig is viewed in aerial perspective from a position above the south
suburbs, and reveals itself as standing in a plain, with rivers and marshes on
the west, north, and south of it and higher ground to the east and
south east

At this date it is somewhat in the shape of the letter D the straight part
of which is the river Pleisse Except as to this side it is surrounded by
armies—the inner horseshoe of them being the French defending the city,
the outer horseshoe being the Allies about to attack it

Far over the city—as it were at the top of the D—at Lindenthal, we see MAKMONT stationed to meet BLUCHER when he arrives on that side. To the right of him is NEX, and further off to the right on heights eastward, MACDONALD. Then round the curve towards the south in order, AUGERFAU, LAURISTON (behind whom is NAPOLEON himself and the reserve of Guards), VICTOR (at Wachau) and PONIATOWSKI, near the Pleisse River at the bottom of the D. Near him are the cavalry of KELLERMANN and MILHAUD, and in the same direction MURAT with his, covering the great avenues of approach on the south.

Outside all these stands SCHWARZENBERG'S army, of which, opposed to MACDONALD and LAURISTON are KLEINAU'S Austrians and ZIETEN'S Prussians covered on the flank by Cossacks under PLATOFF. Opposed to VICTOR and PONIATOWSKI are MEERFEIDT and HESSE-HOMBURG'S Austrians. WITTGENSTEIN'S Russians, KLEISER'S Prussians, GUILAY'S Austrians with LICHTENSTEIN'S and THIELMANN'S light troops thus reaching round across the Elster into the morass on our near left—the lower point of the D.

SEMICHORUS I OF RUMOURS (aerial music)

*This is the combat of Napoleon's hope,
But not of his assurance! Shrunk in power
He broods beneath October's clammy cope,
While hemming hordes wax denser every hour*

SEMICHORUS II

*He knows, he knows that though in equal fight
He stands as heretofore the matched of none,
A feeble skill is propped by numbers' might,
And now three hosts close round to crush out one!*

DUMB SHOW

The Leipzig clocks imperturbably strike nine, and the battle which is to decide the fate of Europe, and perhaps the world begins with three booms from the line of the Allies. They are the signal for a general cannonade of devastating intensity.

So massive is the contest that we soon fail to individualize the combatants as beings, and can only observe them as amorphous drifts, clouds, and waves of conscious atoms surging and rolling together, can only particularize them by race, tribe, and language. Nationalities from the uttermost parts of Asia here meet those from the Atlantic edge of Europe for the first and last time. By noon the sound becomes a loud droning, uninterrupted and breve-like, as from the pedal of an organ kept continuously down.

CHORUS OF RUMOURS

*Now triple battle beats about the town,
And now contracts the huge elastic ring*

*Of fighting flesh, as those within go down,
Or spreads, as those without show faltering !*

It becomes apparent that the French have a particular intention the Allies only a general one. That of the French is to break through the enemy's centre and surround his right. To this end NAPOLEON launches fresh columns and simultaneously OUDINOT supports VICTOR against EUGENE OF WURTEMBERG's right while on the other side of him the cavalry of MILHAUD and KELLERMANN prepares to charge. NAPOLEON'S combination is successful, and drives back EUGENE. Meanwhile SCHWARZENBERG is stuck fast, useless in the marshes between the Pleisse and the Elster.

By three o'clock the Allied centre, which has held out against the assaults of the French right and left, is broken through by the cavalry under MURAT, LATOUR-MAUBOURG, and KELLERMANN.

The bells of Leipzig ring

CHORUS OF THE PITIES

*Those chimings, ill-advised and premature !
Who knows if such vast valour will endure ?*

The Austro-Russians are withdrawn from the marshes by SCHWARZENBERG. But the French cavalry also get entangled in the swamps, and simultaneously MARMONT is beaten at Mockern.

Meanwhile NEY, to the north of Leipzig, having heard the battle raging southward, leaves his position to assist in it. He has nearly arrived when he hears BLUCHER attacking at the point he came from, and sends back some of his divisions.

BERTRAND has kept open the west road to Lindenau and the Rhine, the only French line of retreat.

Evening finds the battle a drawn one. With the nightfall three blank shots reverberate hollowly.

SEMICHORUS I OF RUMOURS

*They sound to say that, for this moaning night,
As Nature sleeps, so too shall sleep the fight,
Neither the victor*

SEMICHORUS II

*But, for France and him,
Half-won is losing !*

CHORUS

*Yea, his hopes drop dim,
Since nothing less than victory to-day
Had saved a cause whose ruin is delay !*

The night gets thicker and no more is seen

SCENE III

THE SAME, FROM THE TOWER OF THE PLEISSENBURG

The tower commands a view of great part of the battlefield Day has just dawned, and citizens, saucer-eyed from anxiety and sleeplessness, are discovered watching

FIRST CITIZEN

The wind waxed wild at midnight while I watched,
With flapping showers, and clouds that mopped the moon
Till dawn began outheaving this huge day,
Pallidly—as if scared by its own issue,
This day that the Allies with bonded might
Have vowed to deal their felling finite blow

SECOND CITIZEN

So must it be! They have welded close the coop
Wherein our luckless Frenchmen are enjailed
With such compression that their front has shrunk
From five miles' farness to but half as far —
Men say Napoléon made resolve last night
To marshal a retreat If so, his way
Is by the Bridge of Lindenau alone

They look across in the cold east light at the long straight causeway from the Ranstadt Gate at the north west corner of the town, and the Lindenau bridge over the Elster beyond

FIRST CITIZEN

Last night I saw, like wolf-packs, hosts appear
Upon the Dresden road, and then, anon,
The already stout arrays of Schwarzenberg
Grew stoutened more I witnessed clearly, too,
Just before dark, the bands of Beinaudotte
Come, hemming in the north more thoroughly
The horizon glowered with a thousand fires
As the unyielding circle shut around

As it grows lighter they scan and define the armies

THIRD CITIZEN

Those lying there, 'twixt Connewitz and Dolitz,
Are the right wing of horse Murat commands
Next, Poniatowski, Victor, and the rest

Out here, Napoléon's centie at Probstheida,
 Where he has bivouacked Those round this way
 Are his left wing with Ney, that face the north
 Between Paunsdorf and Gohlis — Thus, you see
 They are skilfully sconced within the villages,
 With cannon ranged in front And every copse,
 Dingle, and grove is packed with riflemen

The heavv sky begins to clear with the full arrival of the morning The sun bursts out and the previously dark and gloomy masses glitter in the rays It is now seven o'clock, and with the shining of the sun the battle is resumed

The army of Bohemia to the south and east in three great columns, marches concentrically upon NAPOLÉON'S new and much contracted line—the first column of thirty-five thousand under BENNINGSEN, the second, the central forty-five thousand under BARCLAY DE TOLLY, the third, twenty-five thousand under the PRINCE OF HESSE-HOMBURG

An interval of suspense

FIRST CITIZEN

Ah, see! The French bend, falter, and fall back

Another interval Then a huge rumble of artillery resounds from the north

SEMICHORUS I OF RUMOURS (aerial music)

*Now Blucher has arrived, and now falls to!
 Marmont withdraws before him Bernadotte
 Touching Benning, joins attack with him,
 And Ney must needs recede This serves as sign
 To Schwarzenberg to bear upon Probstheida—
 Napoleon's keystone and dependence here
 But for long whiles he fails to win his will,
 The chief himself being nigh—outmatching might with skill*

SEMICHORUS II

*Ney meanwhile, stung still sharper, still withdraws
 Nearer the town, and met by new mischance,
 Finds him forsaken by his Saxon wing—
 Fair files of thrice twelve thousand footmanry
 But rallying those still true with signs and calls,
 He warily closes up his remnant to the walls*

SEMICHORUS I

*Around Probstheida still the conflict rolls
 Under Napoleon's eye surpassingly*

*Like sedge before the scythe the sections fall
 And bayonets slant and reek Each cannon-blaze
 Makes the air thick with human limbs, while keen
 Contests rage hand to hand Throats shout "advance,"
 And forms walm, wallow, and slack suddenly
 Hot ordnance split and shiver and rebound,
 And firelocks fouled and flintless overstrew the ground*

SEMICHORUS II

*At length the Allies, daring tumultuously,
 Find them inside Probstheida There is fired
 Napoleon's cardinal and centre hold
 But need to loose it grows his gloomy fear
 As night begins to brown and treacherous mists appear*

CHORUS

*Then, on the three fronts of this reaching field,
 A furious, far, and final cannonade
 Burns from two thousand mouths and shakes the plain,
 And hastens the sure end! Towards the west
 Bertrand keeps open the retreating-way,
 Along which wambling waggons since the noon
 Have crept in closing file Dusk draws around,
 The marching remnants drowse amid their talk,
 And worn and harrowed horses slumber as they walk*

In the darkness of the distance spread cries from the maimed animals and the wounded men Multitudes of the latter contrive to crawl into the city until the streets are full of them Their voices are heard calling

SECOND CITIZEN

They cry for water! Let us now go down,
 And do what mercy may

[Exeunt citizens from the tower

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

*A fire is lit
 Near to the Thonberg wind-wheel Can it be
 Napoleon tarries yet? Let us go see*

The distant firelight becomes clearer and closer.

SCENE IV

THE SAME AT THE THONBERG WINDMILL

By the newly lighted fire NAPOLÉON is seen walking up and down, much agitated and worn. With him are MURAT, BERTHIER, AUCEREAU, VICTOR, and other marshals of corps that have been engaged in this part of the field—all perspiring, muddy and fatigued.

NAPOLÉON

Baseness so gross I had not guessed of them !—
 The thirty thousand false Bavarians
 I looked on losing not un placidly,
 But these troth-swearing sober Saxony
 I reckoned staunch by virtue of their king !
 Thirty-five thousand gone ! It magnifies
 A failure into a catastrophe
 Murat, we must retreat precipitately,
 And not as hope had dreamed ! Begin it then
 This very hour —Berthier, write out the orders —
 Let me sit down

A chair is brought out from the mill. NAPOLÉON sinks into it, and BERTHIER, stooping over the fire, begins writing to the Emperor's dictation, the marshals looking with gloomy faces at the flaming logs.

NAPOLÉON has hardly dictated a line when he stops short. BERTHIER turns round and finds that he has dozed asleep.

MURAT (sullenly)

Far better not disturb him,
 He'll soon enough awake !

They wait, muttering to one another in tones expressing weary indifference to issues. NAPOLÉON sleeps heavily for a quarter of an hour, during which the moon rises over the field. At the end he starts up and stares around him with astonishment.

NAPOLÉON

Am I awake,
 Or is this all a dream ?—Ah, no ! Too real !
 And yet I have seen ere now a time like this

The dictation is resumed. While it is in progress there can be heard between the words of NAPOLÉON the persistent cries from the plain, rising and falling like those of a vast rookery far away, intermingled with the trampling of hoofs and the rumble of wheels. The bivouac fires of the engirdling enemy glow all around except for a small segment to the west—the

track of retreat, still kept open by BERTRAND, and already taken by the baggage waggons

The orders for its adoption by the entire army being completed, NAPOLÉON bids adieu to his marshals, and rides with BÉRIER and CAULAINCOURT into Leipzig. Exit also the others

SEMICHORUS I OF PITIES

*Now, as in the dream of one sunk to death,
There comes a narrowing room
That pens him, body and limbs and breath,
To wait a hideous doom,*

SEMICHORUS II

*So to Napoleon in the hush
That holds the town and towers
Through this dire night, a creeping crush
Seems unborne with the hours*

The scene closes under a rimy mist, which makes a lurid cloud of the firelights

SCENE V

THE SAME A STREET NEAR THE RANSTADT GATE

High old-fashioned houses form the street along which from the east of the city is streaming a confusion of waggons, artillery, chariots, horsemen, foot-soldiers, camp-followers, and wounded in hurried exit through the gate westward upon the highroad to Lindenau Lutzen, and the Rhine

In front of an inn called the "Prussian Arms" are some attendants of NAPOLÉON waiting with horses

FIRST OFFICER

He has just come from bidding the king and queen
A long good-bye Is it that they will pay
For his indulgence of their past ambition
By sharing now his ruin? Much the king
Did beg of him to leave them to their lot,
And shun the shame of capture needlessly

(He looks anxiously towards the door)

I would he'd haste! Each minute is of price

SECOND OFFICER

The king will come to terms with the Allies

They will not hurt him Though he has lost his all,
His case is not like ours !

The cheers of the approaching enemy grow louder NAPOLÉON comes out from the "Prussian Arms" haggard and in disordered attire He is about to mount, but, perceiving the blocked state of the street, he hesitates

NAPOLÉON

God, what a crowd !
I shall more quickly gain the gate afoot
There is a byway somewhere, I suppose ?

A citizen approaches out of the inn

CITIZEN

This alley, sire, will speed you to the gate ,
I shall be honoured much to point the way

NAPOLÉON

Then do, good friend (To attendants) Bring on the
horses there ,
If I arrive soonest I will wait for you

The citizen shows NAPOLÉON the way into the alley

CITIZEN

A garden's at the end, your Majesty,
Through which you pass Beyond there is a door
That opens to the Elster bank unbalked

NAPOLÉON disappears into the alley His attendants plunge amid the traffic with the horses, and thread their way down the street

Another citizen comes from the door of the inn and greets the first

FIRST CITIZEN

He's gone !

SECOND CITIZEN

I'll see if he succeed

He re-enters the inn and soon appears at an upper window

FIRST CITIZEN (from below)

You see him ?

SECOND CITIZEN (gazing)

He is already at the garden-end ,
Now he has passed out to the river-brim,

And plods along it towards the Ranstadt Gate
 He finds no horses for him ! And the crowd
 Thrusts him about, none recognizing him
 Ah—now the horses do arrive He mounts,
 And hurries through the arch Again I see him—
 Now he's upon the causeway in the marsh ,
 Now rides across the bridge of Lindenau
 And now, among the troops that choke the road
 I lose all sight of him

A third citizen enters from the direction NAPOLÉON has taken

THIRD CITIZEN (breathlessly)

 I have seen him go !
 And while he passed the gate I stood i' the crowd
 So close I could have touched him ! Few discerned
 In one so soiled the erst Arch-Emperor !—
 In the lax mood of him who has lost all
 He stood inert there, idly singing thin
 "Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre !"—until his suite
 Came up with horses

SECOND CITIZEN (still gazing afar)

 Poniatowski's Poles
 Wearily walk the level causeway now ,
 Also, meseems, Macdonald's corps and Reynier's
 The frail-framed, new-built bridge has broken down
 They've but the old to cross by

FIRST CITIZEN

 Feeble foresight !
 They should have had a dozen

SECOND CITIZEN

 All the corps—
 Macdonald's, Poniatowski's, Reyniers—all—
 Confusedly block the entrance to the bridge
 And—verily Blucher's troops are through the town,
 And are debouching from the Ranstadt Gate
 Upon the Frenchmen's rear !

A thunderous report stops his words, echoing through the city from the direction in which he is gazing and rattling all the windows A hoarse chorus of cries becomes audible immediately after

FIRST, THIRD, ETC., CITIZENS

Ach, Heaven!—what's that?

SECOND CITIZEN

The bridge of Lindenau has been upblown!

SEMICHORUS I OF PIETIES (aerial music)

*There leaps to the sky an earthen wave,
And stones, and men, as though
Some rebel churchyard crew updrave
Their sepulchres from below*

SEMICHORUS II

*To Heaven is blown Bridge Lindenau,
Wrecked regiments reel therefrom,
And rank and file in masses plough
The sullen Elster-Ström*

SEMICHORUS I

*A gulf is Lindenau, and dead
Are fifties, hundreds, tens,
And every current ripples red
With marshals' blood and men's*

SEMICHORUS II

*The smart Macdonald swims therein,
And barely wins the verge,
Bold Pomiatowski plunges in
Never to re-emerge!*

FIRST CITIZEN

Are not the French across as yet, God save them?

SECOND CITIZEN (still gazing above)

Nor Reynier's corps, Macdonald's, Lamiston's,
Nor yet the Poles And Blucher's troops approach,
And all the French this side are prisoners
—Now for our handling by the Prussian host,
Scant courtesy for our king!

Other citizens appear beside him at the window, and further conversation continues entirely above.

CHORUS OF IRONIC SPIRITS

*The Battle of the Nations now is closing,
And all is lost to One, to many gained,
The old dynastic routine reimposing,
The new dynastic structure unsustained*

*Now every neighbouring realm is France's warder,
And smirking satisfaction will be feigned
The which is seemlier?—so-called ancient order,
Or that the hot-breath'd war-horse ramp untrained?*

The October night thickens and curtains the scene

SCENE VI

THE PYRENEES NEAR THE RIVER NIVELLE

Evening The dining-room of WELLINGTON'S quarters The table is laid for dinner The battle of the Nivelle has just been fought

Enter WELLINGTON, HILL, BRESFORD, STEWART, HOPE, CLINTON, COLBORNE, COLE, KEMPT (with a bound up wound), and other officers

WELLINGTON

It is strange that they did not hold their grand position more tenaciously against us to-day By God, I don't quite see why we should have beaten them!

COLBORNE

My impression is that they had the stiffness taken out of them by something they had just heard of Anyhow, startling news of some kind was received by those of the Eighty-eighth we took in the signal-redoubt after I summoned the Commandant

WELLINGTON

Oh, what news?

COLBORNE

I cannot say, my lord I only know that the latest number of the *Imperial Gazette* was seen in the hands of some of them before the capture They had been reading the contents, and were cast down

WELLINGTON

That's interesting I wonder what the news could have been?

HILL

Something about Boney's army in Saxony would be most probable. Though I question if there's time yet for much to have been decided there.

BERESFORD

Well, I wouldn't say that. A hell of a lot of things may have happened there by this time.

COLBORNE

It was tantalizing, but they were just able to destroy the paper before we could prevent them.

WELLINGTON

Did you question them?

COLBORNE

Oh yes. But they stayed sulking at being taken, and would tell us nothing, pretending that they knew nothing. Whether much were going on, they said, or little, between the army of the Emperor and the army of the Allies, it was none of their business to relate it, so they kept a gloomy silence for the most part.

WELLINGTON

They will cheer up a bit and be more communicative when they have had some dinner.

COLE

They are dining here, my lord?

WELLINGTON

I sent them an invitation an hour ago, which they have accepted. I could do no less, poor devils. They'll be here in a few minutes. See that they have plenty of Madeira to whet their whistles with. It will screw them up into a better key, and they'll not be so reserved.

The conversation on the day's battle becomes general. Enter as guests French officers of the Eighty eighth regiment now prisoners on parole. They are welcomed by WELLINGTON and the staff, and all sit down to dinner.

For some time the meal proceeds almost in silence, but wine is passed freely, and both French and English officers become talkative and merry.

WELLINGTON (to the French Commandant)
More cozy this, sir, than—I'll warrant me—
You found it in that damned redoubt to day ?

COMMANDANT
The devil if 'tis not, monseigneur, sure !

WELLINGTON
So 'tis for us who were outside, by God !

COMMANDANT (gloomily)
No, we were not at ease ! Alas, my lord,
'Twas more than flesh and blood could do, to fight
After such paralyzing tidings came
More life may trickle out of men through thought
Than through a gaping wound

WELLINGTON
Your reference
Bears on the news from Saxony, I infer ?

SECOND FRENCH OFFICER
Yes on the Emperor's ruinous defeat
At Leipzig city—brought to our startled heed
By one of the *Gazettes* just now arrived
All the English officers stop speaking, and listen eagerly

WELLINGTON
Where are the Emperor's headquarters now ?

COMMANDANT
My lord, there are no headquarters

WELLINGTON
No headquarters ?

COMMANDANT
There are no French headquarters now, my lord,
For there is no French army ! France's fame
Is fouled And how, then, could we fight to-day
With our hearts in our shoes !

WELLINGTON

Why, that bears out
What I but lately said, it was not like
The brave men who have faced and foiled me here
So many a long year past, to give away
A stubborn station quite so readily

BERESFORD

And what, messieurs, ensued at Leipzig then ?

SEVERAL FRENCH OFFICERS

Why, sirs, should we conceal it ? Thereupon
Part of our army took the Lutzen road,
But twenty thousand of our rear were ginned
Behind a blown-up bridge Those in advance
Arrived at Lutzen with the Emperor—
The scene of our once valiant victory !
In such sad sort retreat was hurried on,
Erfurt was gained with Blucher hot at heel
To cross the Rhine seemed then our only hope,
Alas, the Austrians and the Bavarians
Faced us in Hanau Forest, led by Wrede,
And dead-blocked our escape

WELLINGTON

Ha Did they though !

SECOND FRENCH OFFICER

But if brave hearts were ever desperate,
Sir, we were desperate then ! We pierced them through,
Our loss unrecking So by Frankfurt's walls
We fared to Mainz, and there recrossed the Rhine
A funeral procession, so we seemed,
Upon the long bridge that had rung so oft
To our victorious feet ! What since has coursed
We know not, gentlemen But this we know,
That Germany echoes no French footfall now !

AN ENGLISH OFFICER

One sees not why it should

SECOND FRENCH OFFICER

We'll leave it so

Conversation on the Leipzig disaster continues till the dinner ends The French prisoners courteously take their leave and go out

WELLINGTON

Very good set of fellows I could wish
They all were mine ! Well, well, there was no crime
In trying to ascertain these fat events
They would have sounded soon from other tongues

HILL

It looks like the first scene of act the last
For our and all men's foe !

WELLINGTON

I count to meet
The Allies upon the cobble-stones of Paris
Before another half-year's suns have shone
—But there's some work for us to do here yet
The dawn must find us foinding the Nivelle !

[Exit WELLINGTON and officers

The room darkens

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I

?

THE UPPER RHINE

The view is from a vague altitude over the beautiful country traversed by the Upper Rhine, which stretches through it in bird's eye perspective At this date in Europe's history the stream forms the frontier between France and Germany

It is the morning of New Year's Day, and the shine of the tardy sun reaches the fronts of the beetling castles, but scarcely descends far enough to touch the wavelets of the river winding leftwards across the many-leagued picture from Schaffhausen to Coblenz

DUMB SHOW

At first nothing—not even the river itself—seems to move in the panorama. But anon certain strange dark patches in the landscape flexuous and ribbon-shaped, are discerned to be moving slowly. Only one movable object on earth is large enough to be conspicuous herefrom, and that is an army. The moving shapes are armies.

The newest almost beneath us, is drifting across the river by a bridge of boats near the junction of the Rhine and the Neckar, where the oval town of Mannheim, standing in the fork between the two rivers, has from here the look of a human head in a cleft stick. Martial music from many bands strikes up as the crossing is effected, and the undulating columns twinkle as if they were scaly serpents.

SPIRIT OF RUMOUR

It is the Russian host, invading France!

Many miles to the left, down stream, near the little town of Caube, another army is seen to be simultaneously crossing the pale current, its arms and accoutrements twinkling in like manner.

SPIRIT OF RUMOUR

Thither the Prussian levies, too, advance!

Turning now to the right, far away by Basel (beyond which the Swiss mountains close the scene), a still larger train of war geared humanity two hundred thousand strong, is discernible. It has already crossed the water which is much narrower here, and has advanced several miles westward, where its ductile mass of greyness and glitter is beheld parting into six columns, that march on in flexuous courses of varying direction.

SPIRIT OF RUMOUR

*There glides carked Austria's invading force!—
Panting, too, Paris-wards with foot and horse,
Of one intention with the other twain,
And Wellington, from the south, in upper Spain*

All these dark and grey columns, converging westward by sure degrees, advance without opposition. They glide on as if by gravitation, in fluid figures, dictated by the conformation of the country, like water from a burst reservoir, mostly snake-shaped, but occasionally with batrachian and saurian outlines. In spite of the immensity of this human mechanism on its surface, the winter landscape wears an impassive look, as if nothing were happening.

Evening closes in, and the Dumb Show is obscured.

SCENE II

PARIS THE TUILERIES

It is Sunday just after mass, and the principal officers of the National Guard are assembled in the Salle des Maréchaux. They stand in an attitude

of suspense, some with the print of sadness on their faces, some with that of perplexity

The door leading from the Hall to the adjoining chapel is thrown open. There enter from the chapel with the last notes of the service the EMPEROR NAPOLÉON and the EMPRESS, and simultaneously from a door opposite MADAME DE MONTESQUIOU the governess, who carries in her arms the KING OF ROME, now a fair child between two and three. He is clothed in a miniature uniform of the Guards themselves.

MADAME DE MONTESQUIOU brings forward the child and sets him on his feet near his mother. NAPOLÉON, with a mournful smile giving one hand to the boy and the other to MARIE LOUISE *en famille*, leads them forward. The Guard bursts into cheers.

NAPOLÉON

Gentlemen of the National Guard and friends,
I have to leave you, and before I fare
To Heaven knows what of personal destiny,
I give into your loyal guardianship
Those dearest in the world to me, my wife,
The Empress, and my son the King of Rome —
I go to shield your roofs and kin from foes
Who have dared to pierce the fences of your land,
And knowing that you house those dears of mine,
I start afar in all tranquillity,
Stayed by my trust in your fast faithfulness
(Enthusiastic cheers from the Guard.)

OFFICERS (with emotion)

We proudly swear to justify the trust!
And never will we see another sit
Than you, or yours, on the great throne of France

NAPOLÉON

I ratify the Empress' regency,
And re-confirm it on the last year's lines,
My brother Joseph strengthening her rule
As the Lieutenant-General of the State —
Vex her with no divisions, let regard
For property, for order, and for France
Be chief with all. Know, gentlemen, the Allies
Are drunken with success. Their late advantage
They have handled wholly for their own gross gain,
And made a pastime of my agony
That I go clogged with cares I sadly own,

Yet I go primed with hope, ay, in despite
 Of a last sorrow that has sunk upon me,—
 The grief of hearing, good and constant friends,
 That my own sister's consort, Naples king,
 Blazons himself a backer of the Allies,
 And marches with a Neapolitan force
 Against our puissance under Prince Eugène
 The varied operations to ensue
 May bring the enemy largely Paris-wards,
 But suffer no alarm, before long days
 I will annihilate by flank and rear
 Those who have risen to trample on our soil,
 And as I have done so many and proud a time,
 Come back to you with ringing victory!—
 Now, see I personally present to you
 My son and my successor ere I go

He takes the child in his arms and carries him round to the officers
 severally They are much affected and raise loud cheers

You stand by him and her? You swear as much?

OFFICERS

We do!

NAPOLÉON

This you repeat—you promise it?

OFFICERS

We promise May the dynasty live for ever!

Their shouts, which spread to the Carrousel without, are echoed by the
 soldiers of the Guard assembled there The EMPRESS is now in tears, and
 the EMPEROR supports her

MARIE LOUISE

Such whole enthusiasm I have never known!—
 Not even from the Landwehr of Vienna

Amid repeated protestations and farewells NAPOLÉON, the EMPRESS, the
 KING OF ROME, MADAME DE MONTESQUIOU etc., go out in one direction,
 and the officers of the National Guard in another

The curtain falls for an interval

When it rises again the apartment is in darkness, and its atmosphere
 chilly The January night wind howls without Two servants enter hastily,
 and light candles and a fire The hands of the clock are pointing to three
 The room is hardly in order when the EMPEROR enters, equipped for the

intended journey, and with him, his left arm being round her waist, walks MARIE LOUISE in a dressing-gown. On his right arm he carries the KING OF ROME and in his hand a bundle of papers. COUNT BERTRAND and a few members of the household follow.

Reaching the middle of the room he kisses the child and embraces the EMPRESS who is tearful, the child weeping likewise. NAPOLLON takes the papers to the fire, thrusts them in, and watches them consume, then burns other bundles brought by his attendants.

NAPOLÉON (gloomily)

Better to treat them thus, since no one knows
What comes, or into whose hands he may fall !

MARIE LOUISE

I have an apprehension—unexplained—
That I shall never see you any more !

NAPOLÉON

Dismiss such fears. You may as well as not
As things are doomed to be they will be, dear
If shadows must come, let them come as though
The sun were due and you were trusting to it
'Twill teach the world it wrongs in bringing them

They embrace finally. Exit NAPOLÉON, etc. Afterwards MARIE LOUISE and the child.

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

*Her instinct forwardly is keen in cast,
And yet how limited. True it may be
They never more will meet, although—to use
The bounded prophecy I am dowered with—
The screen that will maintain their severance
Would pass her own believing, proving it
No gaol-grille, no scath of scorching war,
But thin persuasion, pressing on her pulse
To breed aloofness and a mind averse,
Until his image in her soul will shape
Dwarfed as a far Colossus on a plain,
Or figure-head that smalls upon the main*

The lights are extinguished and the hall is left in darkness

SCENE III

THE SAME THE APARTMENTS OF THE EMPRESS

A March morning, verging on seven o'clock, throws its cheerless stare into the private drawing-room of MARIE LOUISE, animating the gilt furniture to only a feeble shine. Two chamberlains of the palace are there in waiting. They look from the windows and yawn.

FIRST CHAMBERLAIN

Here's a watering for spring hopes! Who would have supposed when the Emperor left, and appointed her Regent, that she and the Regency too would have to scurry after in so short a time!

SECOND CHAMBERLAIN

Was a course decided on last night?

FIRST CHAMBERLAIN

Yes. The Privy Council sat till long past midnight, debating the burning question whether she and the child should remain or not. Some were one way, some the other. She settled the matter by saying she would go.

SECOND CHAMBERLAIN

I thought it might come to that. I heard the alarm beating all night to assemble the National Guard, and I am told that some volunteers have marched out to support Marmont. But they are a mere handful. What can they do?

A clatter of wheels and a champing and prancing of horses is heard outside the palace. MENÉVAL enters, and divers officers of the household, then from her bedroom at the other end MARIE LOUISE, in a travelling dress and hat, leading the KING OF ROMÉ, attired for travel likewise. She looks distracted and pale. Next come the DUCHESS OF MONTEBELLO, lady of honour, the COUNTESS DE LUÇAY, MADAME DE CASTIGLIONE, MADAME DE MONTESQUIOU, ladies of the palace, and others, all in travelling trim.

KING OF ROMÉ (plaintively)

Why are we doing these strange things, mamma,
And what did we get up so early for?

MARIE LOUISE

I cannot, dear, explain. So many events

Enlarge and make so many hours of one,
That it would be too hard to tell them now

KING OF ROME

But you know why we are setting out like this ?
Is it because we fear our enemies ?

MARIE LOUISE

We are not sure that we are going yet
It may be needful, but don't ask me here
Some time I'll tell you

She sits down irresolutely and bestows recognitions on the assembled
officials with a preoccupied air

KING OF ROME (in a murmur)

I like being here best,
And I don't want to go I know not where !

MARIE LOUISE

Run, dear, to Mamma 'Quiou and talk to her

(He goes across to MADAME DE MONTESQUIOU)

I hear that women of the Royalist hope

(to the DUCHESS OF MONTEBELLO)

Have bent them busy in their private rooms
With working white cockades these several days —
Yes—I must go !

DUCHESS OF MONTEBELLO

But why yet, Empress dear ?
We may soon gain good news, some messenger
Hie from the Emperor or King Joseph hither ?

MARIE LOUISE

King Joseph I await He's gone to eye
The outposts, with the Ministers of War,
To learn the scope and nearness of the Allies,
He should almost be back

A silence, till approaching feet are suddenly heard outside the door

Ah, here he comes,

Now we shall know !

Enter precipitately not Joseph but officers of the National Guard and
others

OFFICERS

Long live the Empress-regent !
 Do not quit Paris, pray, your Majesty
 Remain, remain We plight us to defend you !

MARIE LOUISE (agitated)

Gallant messieurs, I thank you heartily
 But by the Emperor's biddance I am bound
 He has vowed he'd liefer see me and my son
 Blanched at the bottom of the smothering Seine
 Than in the talons of the foes of France —
 To keep us sure from such, then, he ordained
 Our swift withdrawal with the Ministers
 Towards the Loue, if enemies advanced
 In overmastering might They do advance,
 Marshals Marmont and Mortier are repulsed,
 And that has come whose hazard he foresaw
 All is arranged, the treasure is a wheel,
 And papers, seals, and cyphers packed therewith,

OFFICERS (dubiously)

Yet to leave Paris is to count disaster !

MARIE LOUISE (with petulance)

I shall do what I say ! I don't know what—
 What *shall* I do !

She bursts into tears and rushes into her bedroom, followed by the young KING and some of her ladies There is a painful silence broken by sobbings and expostulations within Re-enter one of the ladies

LADY

She's sorely overthrown,
 She flings herself upon the bed distraught
 She says, "My God, let them make up their minds
 To one or other of these harrowing ills,
 And force me to't, and end my agony !"

An official enters at the main door

OFFICIAL

I am sent here by the Minister of War
 To her Imperial Majesty the Empress

Re enter MARIE LOUISE and the KING OF ROMÉ

Your Majesty, my mission is to say
Imperious need dictates your instant flight
A vanward regiment of the Prussian packs
Has gained the shadow of the city walls

MENEVAL

They are aimed Europe's scouts !

Enter CAMBACERLES the Arch-Chancellor, COUNT BEAUHARNAIS, CORVISART the physician, DE BAUSSET, DE CANISY the equerry, and others

CAMBACÉRÈS

Your Majesty,
 There's not a trice to lose The force well-nigh
 Of all compacted Europe crowds on us,
 And clamours at the walls !

BEAUHARNAIS

If you stay longer,
 You stay to fall into the Cossacks' hands
 The people, too, are waxing masterful
 They think the lingering of your Majesty
 Makes Paris more a peril for themselves
 Than a defence for you To fight is fruitless,
 And wanton waste of life You have nought to do
 But go, and I, and all the Councillors,
 Will follow you

MARIE LOUISE

Then I was right to say
That I would go ! Now go I surely will,
And let none try to hinder me again !

[She prepares to leave.

KING OF ROME (c1ying)

I will not go ' I like to live here best '
Don't go to Rambouillet, mamma , please don't
It is a nasty place ' Let us stay here
O Mamma 'Quiou, stay with me here , pray stay !

MARIE LOUISE (to the Equerry)

Bring him down

Exit MARIE LOUISE in tears, followed by ladies-in-waiting and others.

DE CANISY

Come now, Monseigneur, come

He catches up the boy in his arms and prepares to follow the Empress

KING OF ROME (kicking)

No, no, no! I don't want to go away from my house—I don't want to! Now papa is away I am the master! (He clings to the door as the equestrian is bearing him through it)

DE CANISY

But you must go

The child's fingers are pulled away Exit DE CANISY with the KING OF ROME, who is heard screaming as he is carried down the staircase

MADAME DE MONTESQUIOU

I feel the child is right!

A premonition has enlightened him

She ought to stay But, ah, the die is cast!

MADAME DE MONTESQUIOU and the remainder of the party follow, and the room is left empty

Enter servants hastily

FIRST SERVANT

Sacred God, where are we to go to for grub and good lying to-night? What are ill-used men to do?

SECOND SERVANT

I trudge like the rest All the true philosophers are gone, and the middling true are going I made up my mind like the truest that ever was as soon as I heard the general alarm beat

THIRD SERVANT

I stay here No Allies are going to tickle our skins The storm which roots—Dost know what a metaphor is, comrade? I brim with them at this historic time!

SECOND SERVANT

A weapon of war used by the Cossacks?

THIRD SERVANT

Your imagination will be your ruin some day, my man! It happens to be a weapon of wisdom used by me My metaphor

is one may'st have met with on the rare times when th'ast been in good society Here it is The storm which roots the pine spales the p—s—b—d Now do ye see ?

FIRST AND SECOND SERVANTS

Good ! Your teaching, friend, is as sound as true religion ! We'll not go Harken to what's doing outside (Carriages are heard moving Servants go to the window and look down) Lord, there's the Duchess getting in Now the Mistress of the Wardrobe, now the Ladies of the Palace, now the Prefects, now the Doctors What a time it takes ! There are near a dozen berlins, as I am a patriot ! Those other carriages bear treasure How quiet the people are ! It is like a funeral procession Not a tongue cheers her !

THIRD SERVANT

Now there will be a nice convenient time for a little good victuals and drink, and likewise pickings, before the Allies arrive, thank Mother Molly !

From a distant part of the city bands are heard playing military marches Guns next resound Another servant rushes in

FOURTH SERVANT

Montmartre is being stormed, and bombs are falling in the Chaussée d'Antin !

[Exit fourth servant

THIRD SERVANT (pulling something from his pocket)

Then it is time for me to gird my armour on

SECOND SERVANT

What hast there ?

Third servant holds up a crumpled white cockade and sticks it in his hair The firing gets louder

FIRST AND SECOND SERVANTS

Hast got another ?

THIRD SERVANT (pulling out more)

Ay—here they are, at a price

The others purchase cockades of third servant A military march is again heard Re-enter fourth servant.

FOURTH SERVANT

The city has capitulated! The Allied sovereigns, so it is said, will enter in grand procession to-morrow the Prussian cavalry first, then the Austrian foot, then the Russian and Prussian foot, then the Russian horse and artillery. And to cap all, the people of Paris are glad of the change. They have put a rope round the neck of the statue of Napoléon on the column of the Grand Army, and are amusing themselves with twitching it and crying "Strangle the tyrant!"

SECOND SERVANT

Well, well! There's rich colours in this kaleidoscopic world!

THIRD SERVANT

And there's comedy in all things—when they don't concern you. Another glorious time among the many we've had since eighty-nine. We have put our armour on none too soon. The Bourbons for ever!

[He leaves, followed by first and second servants]

FOURTH SERVANT

My faith, I think I'll turn Englishman in my older years, where there's not these trying changes in the Constitution!

[Follows the others]

The Allies' military march waxes louder as the scene shuts

SCENE IV

FONTAINEBLEAU A ROOM IN THE PALACE

NAPOLÉON is discovered walking impatiently up and down, and glancing at the clock every few minutes

Enter NEY

NAPOLÉON (without a greeting)

Well—the result? Ah, but your looks display
A leaden dawning to the light you bring!

What—not a regency? What—not the Empress
To hold it in trusteeship for my son?

NEY

Sire, things like revolutions turn not back,
But go straight on Imperial governance
Is confined for your family and yourself !
It is declared that military repose,
And France's well-doing, demand of you
Your abdication—unconditioned, sheer
This verdict of the sovereigns cannot change,
And I have pushed on hot to let you know

NAPOLÉON (with repression)

I am obliged to you You have told me promptly !—
This was to be expected I had learnt
Of Marmont's late defection, and the Sixth's ,
The consequence I easily inferred

NEY

The Paris folk are flaked with white cockades ,
Tricolors choke the kennels Rapturously
They clamour for the Bourbons and for peace

NAPOLÉON (coldly)

I could give Paris peace as well as they !

NEY (dubiously)

Well, sire, you did not And I should assume
They have judged the future by the accustomed past

NAPOLÉON (tartly)

I can draw inferences without assistance !

NEY (persisting)

They see the brooks of blood that have flowed forth ,
They feel their own bereavements , so their mood
Asked no deep reasoning for its geniture

NAPOLÉON

I have no remarks to make on that just now
I'll think the matter over You shall know
By noon to-morrow my definitive

NEY (turning to go)

I trust my saying what had to be said
Has not affronted you ?

NAPOLÉON (bitterly)

No , but your haste
In doing it has galled me, and has shown me
A heart that heaves no longer in my cause '
The skilled coquetting of the Government
Has nearly won you from old fellowship '
Well , till to-morrow, marshal, then, Adieu

[NEY goes

Enter CAULAINCOURT and MACDONALD

Ney has got here before you , and, I deem,
Has truly told me all ?

CAULAINCOURT

We thought at first
We should have had success But fate said No ,
And abdication, making no reserves,
Is, sire, we are convinced, with all respect,
The only road, if you care not to risk
The Empress' loss of every dignity,
And magnified misfortunes thrown on France

NAPOLÉON

I have heard it all , and don't agree with you
My assets are not quite so beggarly
That I must close in such a shameful bond '
What—do you rate as nought that I am yet
Full fifty thousand strong, with Augereau,
And Soult, and Suchet true, and many more ?
I still may know to play the Imperial game
As well as Alexander and his friends '
So—you will see Where are my maps ?—eh, where ?
I'll trace campaigns to come ! Where's paper, ink,
To schedule all my generals and my means !

CAULAINCOURT

Sire, you have not the generals you suppose

MACDONALD

And if you had, the mere anatomy
Of a real army, sue, that's left to you,
Must yield the war A bad example tells

NAPOLÉON

Ah—from your manner it is wise, I see,
Than I cognize ! O Marmont, Marmont,—yours,
Yours was the bad sad lead !—I treated him
As if he were a son !—defended him,
Made him a marshal out of sheer affection,
Built, as 'twere rock, on his fidelity !
“Forsake who may,” I said, “I still have him”
Child that I was, I looked for faith in friends !

Then be it as you will Ney's manner shows
That even he inclines to Bourbonry —
I faint to leave France thus—curtailed, pared down
From her late spacious borders Of the whole
This is the keenest sword that pierces me
But all's too late my course is closed, I see
I'll do it—now Call in Bertrand and Ney,
Let them be witness to my finishing !

In much agitation he goes to the writing table and begins drawing up a paper BERTRAND and NEY enter, and behind them are seen through the doorway the faces of CONSTANT the valet, ROUSTAN the Mameluke, and other servants All wait in silence till the EMPEROR has done writing He turns in his seat without looking up

NAPOLÉON (reading)

“It having been declared by the Allies
That the prime obstacle to Europe's peace
Is France's empery by Napoléon,
This ruler, faithful to his oath of old,
Renounces for himself and for his heirs
The throne of France and that of Italy,
Because no sacrifice, even of his life,
Is he averse to make for France's gain”
—And hereto do I sign (He turns to the table and signs)

The marshals, moved, rush forward and seize his hand

Mark, marshals, here,
It is a conquering foe I covenant with,
And not the traitors at the Tuileries

Who call themselves the Government of France !
 Caulaincourt, go to Paris as before,
 Ney and Macdonald too, and hand in this
 To Alexander, and to him alone

He gives the document, and bids them adieu almost without speech
 The marshals and others go out NAPOLÉON continues sitting with his chin
 on his chest

An interval of silence There is then heard in the corridor a sound of
 whetting Enter ROUSTAN the Mameluke, with a whetstone in his belt and
 a sword in his hand

ROUSTAN

After this fall, your Majesty, 'tis plain
 You will not choose to live, and knowing this
 I bring to you my sword

NAPOLÉON (with a nod)

I see you do,

Roustan

ROUSTAN

Will you, sire, use it on yourself,
 Or shall I pass it through you ?

NAPOLÉON (coldly)

Neither plan

Is quite expedient for the moment, man

ROUSTAN

Neither ?

NAPOLÉON

There may be, in some suited time,
 Some cleaner means of carrying out such work

ROUSTAN

Sire, you refuse ? Can you support vile life
 A trice upon such terms ? Why then, I pray,
 Dispatch me with the weapon, or dismiss me
 (He holds the sword to NAPOLÉON, who shakes his head)
 I live no longer under such disgrace !

[Exit ROUSTAN haughtily

NAPOLÉON vents a sardonic laugh, and throws himself on a sofa, where
 he by and by falls asleep

The door is softly opened ROUSTAN and CONSTANT peep in

CONSTANT

To-night would be as good a time to go as any He will sleep there for hours I have my few francs safe, and I deserve them, for I have stuck to him honourably through fourteen trying years

ROUSTAN

How many francs have you secured ?

CONSTANT

Well—more than you can count in one breath, or even two

ROUSTAN

Where ?

CONSTANT

In a hollow tree in the Forest And as for *your* reward, you can easily get the keys of that cabinet, where there are more than enough francs to equal mine He will not have them, and you may as well take them as strangers

ROUSTAN

It is not money that I want, but honour I leave, because I can no longer stay with self-respect

CONSTANT

And I because there is no other such valet in the temperate zone, and it is for the good of society that I should not be wasted here

ROUSTAN

Well, as you propose going this evening I will go with you, to lend a symmetry to the drama of our departure Would that I had served a more sensitive master ! He sleeps there quite indifferent to the dishonour of remaining alive !

NAPOLÉON shows signs of waking CONSTANT and ROUSTAN disappear
NAPOLÉON slowly sits up

NAPOLÉON

Here the scene lingers still ! Here linger I !
Things could not have gone on as they were going ,
I am amazed they kept their course so long
But long or short they have ended now—at last !
(Footsteps are heard passing through the court without)

Hark at them leaving me ! So politic rats
Desert the ship that's doomed By morrow-dawn
I shall not have a man to shake my bed
Or say good-morning to !

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

*Herein behold
How heavily grinds the Will upon his brain,
His halting hand, and his unlighted eye*

SPIRIT IRONIC

A picture this for kings and subjects too !

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

*Yet is it but Napoleon who has failed
The pale pathetic peoples still plod on
Through hoodwintings to light !*

NAPOLÉON (lousing himself)

This now must close.
Roustan misunderstood me, though his hint
Serves as a fillip to a flaccid brain
—How gild the sunset sky of majesty
Better than by the act esteemed of yore ?
Plutarchian heroes outstayed not their fame,
And what noi Brutus noi Themistocles
Nor Cato nor Mark Antony survived,
Why, why should I ? Sage Cabanis, you primed me !

He unlocks a case, takes out a little bag containing a phial, pours from it
a liquid into a glass, and drinks He then lies down and falls asleep again

Re-enter CONSTANT softly with a bunch of keys in his hand On his way
to the cabinet he turns and looks at NAPOLÉON Seeing the glass and a
strangeness in the EMPEROR, he abandons his object, rushes out, and is heard
calling

Enter MARET and BERTRAND

BERTRAND (shaking the Emperor)

What is the matter, sire ? What's this you've done ?

NAPOLÉON (with difficulty)

Why did you interfere !—But it is well,
Call Caulaincourt I'd speak with him a trice
Before I pass

[MARET hurries out

Enter IVAN the physician, and presently CAULAINCOURT

Ivan, renew this dose,
'Tis a slow workman, and requires a fellow,
Age has impaired its early promptitude

IVAN shakes his head and rushes away distracted CAULAINCOURT seizes
NAPOLÉON'S hand

CAULAINCOURT

Why should you bring this cloud upon us now !

NAPOLÉON

Restrain your strictures Let me die in peace —
My wife and son I recommend to you ,
Give her this letter, and the packet there
Defend my memoir, and protect their lives

(They shake him He vomits)

CAULAINCOURT

He's saved—for good or ill—as may betide !

NAPOLÉON

God—here how difficult it is to die
How easy on the passionate battle-plain !

They open a window and carry him to it He mends
Fate has resolved what man could not resolve
I must live on, and wait what Heaven may send !

MACDONALD and other marshals re-enter A letter is brought from
MARIE LOUISE NAPOLÉON reads it, and becomes more animated

They are well, and they will join me in my exile
Yes I will live ! The future who shall spell ?
My wife, my son, will be enough for me —
And I will give my hours to chronicling
In stately words that stir futurity
The might of our unmatched accomplishments ,
And in the tale immortalize your names
By linking them with mine

He soon falls into a convalescent sleep The marshals, etc , go out
The room is left in darkness

SCENE V

BAYONNE THE BRITISH CAMP

The foreground is an elevated stretch of land, dotted over in rows with the tents of the Peninsular army. On a parade immediately beyond the tents the infantry are drawn up, awaiting something. Still farther back behind a brook are the French soldiery, also ranked in the same manner of reposeful expectation. In the middle distance we see the town of Bayonne, standing within its zigzag fortifications at the junction of the river Adour with the Nive.

On the other side of the Adour rises the citadel, a fortified angular structure standing detached. A large and brilliant tricolor flag is waving indolently from a staff on the summit. The Bay of Biscay, into which the Adour flows, is seen on the left horizon as a level line.

The stillness observed by the soldiery of both armies, and by everything else in the scene except the flag, is at last broken by the firing of a signal-gun from a battery in the town-wall. The eyes of the thousands present rivet themselves on the citadel. Its waving tricolor moves down the flagstaff and disappears.

THE REGIMENTS (unconsciously)

Ha-a-a-a !

In a few seconds there shoots up the same staff another flag—one intended to be white, but having apparently been folded away a long time, it is mildewed and dingy.

From all the guns on the city fortifications a salute peals out. This is responded to by the English infantry and artillery with a feu de joie.

THE REGIMENTS

Hurrah-h-h-h !

The various battalions are then marched away in their respective directions and dismissed to their tents. The Bourbon standard is hoisted everywhere beside those of England, Spain and Portugal.

The scene shuts.

SCENE VI

A HIGHWAY IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF AVIGNON

The Rhone, the old city walls, the Rocher des Doms and its edifices, appear at the back plane of the scene under the grey light of dawn. In the foreground several postillions and ostlers with relays of horses are waiting by the roadside, gazing northward and listening for sounds. A few loungers have assembled.

FIRST POSTILION

He ought to be nigh by this time. I should say he'd be very

glad to get to this here Isle of Elba, wherever it may be, if words be true that he's treated to such ghastly compliments on's way!

SECOND POSTILLION

Blast-me-blue, I don't care what happens to him! Look at Joachim Murat, him that's made King of Naples, a man who was only in the same line of life as ourselves, born and bred in Cahors, out in Perigord, a poor little whindling place not half as good as our own. Why should he have been lifted up to king's anointment, and we not even have had a rise in wages? That's what I say.

FIRST POSTILLION

But now, I don't find fault with that dispensation in particular. It was one of our calling that the Emperor so honoured, after all, when he might have anointed a tinker, or a ragman, or a street woman's pensioner even. Who knows but that we should have been kings too, but for my crooked legs and your running pole-wound?

SECOND POSTILLION

We kings? Kings of the underground country, then, by this time, if we hadn't been too rotten fleshed to follow the drum. However, I'll think over your defence, and I don't mind riding a stage with him, for that matter, to save him from them that mean mischief here. I've lost no sons by his battles, like some others we know.

Enter a TRAVELLER on horseback.

Any tidings along the road, sir, of the Emperor Napoleon that was?

TRAVELLER

Tidings verily! He and his escort are threatened by the mob at every place they come to. A returning courier I have met tells me that at an inn a little way beyond here they have strung up his effigy to the sign-post, smeared it with blood, and placarded it "The Doom that awaits Thee!" He is much delayed by such humorous insults. I have hastened ahead to escape the uproar.

SECOND POSTILLION

I don't know that you have escaped it. The mob has been waiting up all night for him here.

MARKET-WOMAN (coming up)

I hope by the Virgin, as 'a called heiselv, that there'll be no riots heic ! Though I have not much pity for a man who could treat his first wife as he did, and that's my real feeling. He might at least have kept them both on, for half a husband is better than none for poor women. But I'd show mercy to him, that's true, rather than have my stall upset, and messes in the streets wi' folks' brains, and stabbings, and I don't know what all !

FIRST POSTILLION

If we can do the horsing quietly out here, there will be none of that. He'll dash past the town without stopping at the inn where they expect to waylav him — Hark, what's this coming ?

An approaching cortège is heard. Two couriers enter, then a carriage containing GENERAL DROUOT, then a carriage with NAPOLÉON and BERTRAND, then others with the Commissioners of the Powers,—all on the way to Elba.

The carriages halt and the change of horses is set about instantly. But before it is half completed BONAPARTE'S arrival gets known, and throngs of men and women armed with sticks and hammers rush out of Avignon and surround the carriages.

POPULACE

Ogre of Corsica ! Odious tyrant ! Down with Nicholas !

BERTRAND (looking out of carriage)

Silence, and doff your hats, you ill-mannered devils !

POPULACE (scornfully)

Listen to him ! Is that the Corsican ? No, where is he ? Give him up, give him up ! We'll pitch him into the Rhone !

Some cling to the wheels of NAPOLÉON'S carriage while others, more distant, throw stones at it. A stone breaks the carriage window.

OLD WOMAN (shaking her fist)

Give me back my two sons, murderer ! Give me back my children, whose flesh is rotting on the Russian plains !

POPULACE

Ay, give us back our kin—our fathers, our brothers, our sons—victims to your curst ambition !

One of the mob seizes the carriage door-handle and tries to unfasten it. A valet of BONAPARTE'S seated on the box draws his sword and threatens to

cut the man's arm off The doors of the Commissioners' coaches open, and
SIR NEIL CAMPBELL, GENERAL KOLLFR, and COUNT SCHUVALOFF—the
English, Austrian, and Russian Commissioners—jump out and come forward

CAMPBELL

Keep order, citizens! Do you not know
That the ex-Emperor is wayfaring
To a lone isle, in the Allies' sworn care,
Who have given a pledge to Europe for his safety?
His fangs being drawn, he gnashes powerless now
To do you further harm

SCHUVALOFF

People of France

Can you insult so miserable a being?
He who gave laws to a cowed world stands now
At that world's beck, and asks its charity
Cannot you see that merely to ignore him
Is the worst ignominy to tar him with,
By showing him he's no longer dangerous?

OLD WOMAN

How do we know the villain mayn't come back?
While there is life, my faith, there's mischief in him!

Enter an officer with the Town guard

OFFICER

Citizens, I am a zealot for the Bourbons,
As you well know But wanton breach of faith
I will not brook Retire!

The soldiers drive back the mob and open a passage forward The Commissioners re-enter their carriages NAPOLEÓN puts his head out of his window for a moment He is haggard, shabbily dressed, yellow-faced, and wild-eyed

NAPOLEÓN

I thank you, captain,
Also your soldiery a thousand thanks!
(To Bertrand within) My God, these people of Avignon here
Are headstrong fools, like all Provençal folk
—I won't go through the town!

BERTRAND

We'll round it, sire,

H

And then, as soon as we get past the place,
You must disguise for the remainder miles

NAPOLÉON

I'll mount the white cockade if they invite me !
What does it matter if I do or don't ?
In Europe all is past and over with me
Yes—all is lost in Europe for me now !

BÉRTRAND

I fear so, sire

NAPOLÉON (after some moments)

But Asia waits a man,
And—who can tell ?

OFFICER OF GUARD (to postillions)

Ahead now at full speed,
And slacken not till you have slipped the town

The postillions urge the horses to a gallop, and the carriages are out of sight in a few seconds

The scene shuts

SCENE VII

MALMAISON THE EMPRESS JOSÉPHINE'S BEDCHAMBER

The walls are in white panels with gilt mouldings and the furniture is upholstered in white silk with needle-worked flowers. The long windows and the bed are similarly draped, and the toilet service is of gold. Through the panes appears a broad flat lawn adorned with vases and figures on pedestals, and entirely surrounded by trees—just now in their first fresh green under the morning rays of Whitsunday. The notes of an organ are audible from a chapel below, where the Pentecostal Mass is proceeding.

JOSÉPHINE lies in the bed in an advanced stage of illness, the ABBÉ BÉRTRAND standing beside her. Two ladies-in-waiting are seated near By the door into the ante-room, which is ajar, HOREAU the physician-in-ordinary and BOURDOIS the consulting physician are engaged in a low conversation.

HOREAU

Lamoureux says that leeches would have saved her
Had they been used in time, before I came
In that case, then, why did he wait for me ?

BOURDOIS

Such whys are now too late ! She is past all hope
 I doubt if aught had helped her Not disease,
 But heart-break and repinings are the blasts
 That wither her long bloom Soon we must tell
 The Queen Hortense the worst, and the Viceroy

HOREAU

Her death was made the easier task for grief
 (As I regarded more than probable)
 By her rash rising from a sore-sick bed
 And donning thin and dainty May attire
 To hail King Frederick-William and the Tsar
 As banquet-guests, in the old regnant style
 A woman's innocent vanity !—but how dire
 She argued that amenities of State
 Compelled the effort, since they had honoured her
 By offering to come I stood against it,
 Pleaded and reasoned, but to no account
 Poor woman, what she did or did not do
 Was of small moment to the State by then !
 The Emperor Alexander has been kind
 Throughout his stay in Paris He came down
 But yester-eve, of purpose to inquire

BOURDOIS

Wellington is in Paris, too, I learn,
 After his wasted battle at Toulouse

HOREAU

Has his Peninsular army come with him ?

BOURDOIS

I hear they have shipped it to America,
 Where England has another war on hand
 We have armies quite sufficient here already—
 Plenty of cooks for Paris broth just now !
 —Come, call we Queen Hortense and Prince Eugène

[Exit physicians]

The ABBÉ BERTRAND also goes out JOSÉPHINE murmurs faintly

FIRST LADY (going to the bedside)
I think I heard you speak, your Majesty ?

JOSÉPHINE
I asked what hour it was—if dawn or eve ?

FIRST LADY
Ten in the morning, Madame You forget
You asked the same but a brief while ago

JOSÉPHINE
Did I ? I thought it was so long ago !
I wished to go to Elba with him much,
But the Allies prevented me And why ?
I would not have disgraced him, or themselves !
I would have gone to him at Fontainebleau,
With my eight horses and my household train
In dignity, and quitted him no more
Although I am his wife no longer now,
I think I should have gone in spite of them,
Had I not feared perversions might be sown
Between him and the woman of his choice
For whom he sacrificed me

SECOND LADY
It is more
Than she thought fit to do, your Majesty

JOSÉPHINE
Perhaps she was influenced by her father's ire,
Or diplomatic reasons told against her
And yet I was surprised she should allow
Aught secondary on earth to hold her from
A husband she has outwardly, at least,
Declared attachment to

FIRST LADY
Especially
With ever one at hand—his son and hers—
Reminding her of him

JOSÉPHINE

Yes Glad am I

I saw that child of theirs, though only once
 But—there was not full truth—not quite, I fear—
 In what I told the Emperor that day
 He led him in to me at Bagatelle,
 That 'twas the happiest moment of my life
 I ought not to have said it No ! Forsooth
 My feeling had too, too much gall in it
 To let truth shape like that !—I also said
 That when my arms were round him I forgot
 That I was not his mother So spoke I,
 But oh me,—I remembered it too well !—
 He was a lovely child, in his fond prate
 His father's voice was eloquent One might say
 I am well punished for my sins against him !

SECOND LADY

You have harmed no creature, madame, much less him !

JOSÉPHINE

O but you don't quite know ! My coquetries
 In our first married years nigh racked him through
 I cannot think how I could wax so wicked !
 He begged me come to him in Italy,
 But I liked flirting in fair Paris best,
 And would not go The independent spouse
 At that time was myself, but afterwards
 I grew to be the captive, he the free
 Always 'tis so the man wins finally !
 My faults I've ransomed to the bottom sou
 If ever a woman did ! I'll write to him—
 I must—again, so that he understands
 Yes, I'll write now Get me a pen and paper

FIRST LADY (to Second Lady)

'Tis futile ! She is too far gone to write,
 But we must humour her

They fetch writing materials On returning to the bed they find her
 motionless Enter EUGENE and QUEEN HORTENSE Seeing the state their
 mother is in, they fall down on their knees by her bed JOSÉPHINE recognizes
 them and smiles Anon she is able to speak again

JOSÉPHINE (faintly)

I am dying, dears,
And do not mind it—notwithstanding that
I feel I die regretted You both love me!—
And as for France, I ever have desired
Her welfare, as you know—have wrought all things
A woman's scope could reach to forward it
And to you now who watch my ebbing here,
Declare I that Napoleon's first-chose wife
Has never caused her land a needless tear
Tell him—these things I have said—bear him my love—
Tell him—I could not write!

An interval She spasmodically flings her arms over her son and daughter,
lets them fall, and becomes unconscious They fetch a looking-glass, and
find that her breathing has ceased The clock of the Château strikes noon

The scene is veiled

SCENE VIII

LONDON THE OPERA-HOUSE

The house is lighted up with a blaze of wax candles, and a State performance is about to begin in honour of the Allied sovereigns now on a visit to England to celebrate the Peace Peace devices adorn the theatre A band can be heard in the street playing "The White Cockade"

An extended Royal box has been formed by removing the partitions of adjoining boxes It is empty as yet, but the other parts of the house are crowded to excess, and somewhat disorderly, the interior doors having been broken down by besiegers, and many people having obtained admission without payment The prevalent costume of the ladies is white satin and diamonds with a few in lilac

The curtain rises on the first act of the opera of "Aristodemo," MADAME GRASSINI and SIGNOR TRAMEZZINI being the leading voices Scarcely a note of the performance can be heard amid the exclamations of persons half suffocated by the pressure

At the end of the first act there follows a *divertissement* The curtain having fallen, a silence of expectation succeeds It is a little past ten o'clock

Enter the Royal box the PRINCE REGENT, accompanied by the EMPEROR ALEXANDER OF RUSSIA, demonstrative in manner now as always, the KING OF PRUSSIA, with his mien of reserve, and many minor ROYAL PERSONAGES of Europe There are moderate acclamations At their back and in neighbouring boxes LORD LIVERPOOL, LORD CASTLEREAGH, officers in the suite of the sovereigns, interpreters, and others take their places

The curtain rises again, and the performers are discovered drawn up in line on the stage They sing "God save the King" The sovereigns stand up, bow, and resume their seats amid more applause

A VOICE (from the gallery)

Pinnny, where's your wife? (Confusion)

EMPEROR OF RUSSIA (to Regent)

To which of us is the inquiry addressed, Prince?

PRINCE REGENT

To you, sire, depend upon't—by way of compliment

The second act of the Opera proceeds

EMPEROR OF RUSSIA

Any later news from Elba, sir?

PRINCE REGENT

Nothing more than rumours, which, 'pon my honour, I can hardly credit. One is that Bonaparte's valet has written to say that the ex-Emperor is becoming imbecile, and is an object of ridicule to the inhabitants of the island.

KING OF PRUSSIA

A blessed result, sir, if true. If he is not imbecile he is worse—planning how to involve Europe in another war. It was a short-sighted policy to offer him a home so near as to ensure its becoming a hot-bed of intrigue and conspiracy in no long time!

PRINCE REGENT

The ex-Empress, Marie Louise, hasn't joined him after all, I learn. Has she remained at Schonbrunn since leaving France, sires?

EMPEROR OF RUSSIA

Yes, sir, with her son. She must never go back to France. Metternich and her father will know better than let her do that. Poor young thing, I am sorry for her all the same. She would have joined Napoléon if she had been left to herself—And I was sorry for the other wife, too. I called at Malmaison a few days before she died. A charming woman! *She* would have gone to Elba or to the devil with him. Twenty thousand people crowded down from Paris to see her lying in state last week.

PRINCE REGENT

Pity she didn't have a child by him, by God.

KING OF PRUSSIA

I don't think the other one's child is going to trouble us much
But I wish Bonaparte himself had been sent farther away

PRINCE REGENT

Some of our Government wanted to pack him off to St Helena
—an island somewhere in the Atlantic, or Pacific, or Great
South Sea But they were over-ruled 'Twould have been a
surer game

EMPEROR OF RUSSIA

One hears strange stories of his sayings and doings Some of
my people were telling me to-day that he says it is to Austria
that he really owes his fall, and that he ought to have destroyed
her when he had her in his power

PRINCE REGENT

Dammy, sire, don't ye think he owes his fall to his ambition
to humble England by the rupture of the Peace of Amiens, and
trying to invade us, and wasting his strength against us in the
Peninsula?

EMPEROR OF RUSSIA

I incline to think, with the greatest deference, that it was
Moscow that broke him

KING OF PRUSSIA

The rejection of my conditions in the terms of peace at Prague,
sires, was the turning-point towards his downfall

Enter a box on the opposite side of the house the PRINCESS OF WALES,
attended by LADY CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL SIR W GELL, and others
Louder applause now rings through the theatre, drowning the sweet voice of
the GRASSINI in "Aristodemo"

LADY CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL

It is meant for your Royal Highness!

PRINCESS OF WALES

I don't think so, my dear Punch's wife is nobody when
Punch himself is present

LADY CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL

I feel convinced that it is by their looking this way

SIR W GELL

Surely, ma'am, you will acknowledge their affection? Otherwise we may be hissed

PRINCESS OF WALES

I know my business better than to take that morsel out of my husband's mouth. There—you see he enjoys it! I cannot assume that it is meant for me unless they call my name

The PRINCE REGENT rises and bows, the TSAR and the KING OF PRUSSIA doing the same

LADY CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL

He and the others are bowing to you, ma'am!

PRINCESS OF WALES

Mine God, then, I will bow too! (She rises and bends to them)

PRINCE REGENT

She thinks we lose on her account—A damn fool! (Aside)

EMPEROR OF RUSSIA

What—didn't we? I certainly rose in homage to her

PRINCE REGENT

No, sir. We were supposed to rise to the repeated applause of the people

EMPEROR OF RUSSIA

H'm Your customs, sir, are a little puzzling (To the King of Prussia) A fine-looking woman! I must call upon the Princess of Wales to-morrow

KING OF PRUSSIA

I shall, at any rate, send her my respects by my chamberlain

PRINCE REGENT (stepping back to Lord Liverpool)

By God, Liverpool, we must do something to stop 'em! They don't know what a laughing-stock they'll make of me if they go to her. Tell 'em they had better not

LIVERPOOL

I can hardly tell them now, sir, while we are celebrating the Peace and Wellington's victories

PRINCE REGENT

Oh, damn the peace, and damn the war, and damn Boney, and damn Wellington's victories!—the question is, how am I to get over this infernal woman!—Well, well,—I must write, or send Tyrwhitt to-morrow morning, begging them to abandon the idea of visiting her for politic reasons

The Opera proceeds to the end, and is followed by a hymn and chorus laudatory of peace. Next a new ballet by MONSIEUR VESTRIS, in which M. ROZIER and MADAME ANGOLINI dance a pas-de-deux. Then the Sovereigns leave the theatre amid more applause.

The pit and gallery now call for the PRINCESS OF WALES unmistakably. She stands up and is warmly acclaimed, returning three stately curtseys.

A VOICE

Shall we burn down Carlton House, my dear, and him in it?

PRINCESS OF WALES

No, my good folks! Be quiet. Go home to your beds, and let me do the same.

After some difficulty she gets out of the house. The people thin away. As the candle-snuffers extinguish the lights a shouting is heard without.

VOICES OF CROWD

Long life to the Princess of Wales! Three cheers for a woman wronged!

The Opera house becomes lost in darkness.

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I

ELBA THE QUAY, PORTO FERRAJO

Night descends upon a beautiful blue cove, enclosed on three sides by mountains. The port lies towards the western (right-hand) horn of the concave, behind it being the buildings of the town, their long white walls and rows of windows rise tier above tier on the steep incline at the back, and are intersected by narrow alleys and flights of steps that lead up to forts on the summit.

Upon a rock between two of these forts stands the Palace of the Mulini, NAPOLEON'S residence in Ferrajo. Its windows command the whole town and port.

CHORUS OF IRONIC SPIRITS (aerial music)

*The Congress of Vienna sits,
And war becomes a war of wits,
Where every Power perpend's withal
Its dues as large, its friends' as small,
Till Priests of Peace prepare once more
To fight as they have fought before !*

*In Paris there is discontent,
Medals are wrought that represent
One now unnamed Men whisper, "He
Who once has been, again will be !"*

DUMB SHOW

Under cover of the dusk there assembles in the bay a small flotilla comprising a brig called *l'Inconstant* and several lesser vessels

SPIRIT OF RUMOUR

*The guardian on behalf of the Allies
Absents himself from Elba Slow sunrise
Too vague to pen, too actual to ignore,
Have strained him hour by hour, and more and more
He takes the sea to Florence, to declare
His doubts to Austria's minister there*

SPIRIT IRONIC

When he returns, Napoleon will be—where ?

Boats put off from these ships to the quay, where are now discovered to have silently gathered a body of grenadiers of the Old Guard The faces of DROUOT and CAMBRONNE are revealed by the occasional flick of a lantern to be in command of them They are quietly taken aboard the brig, and a number of men of different arms to the other vessels

CHORUS OF RUMOURS (aerial music)

*Napoléon is going,
And nought will prevent him,
He snatches the moment
Occasion has lent him !*

*And what is he going for,
Worn with war's labours ?
—To reconquer Europe
With seven hundred sabres*

About eight o'clock we observe that the windows of the Palace or the Mulini are lighted and open and that two women sit at them the EMPEROR'S mother and the PRINCESS PAULINE They wave adieu to some one below, and in a short time a little open low-wheeled carriage, drawn by the PRINCESS PAULINE'S two ponies descends from the house to the port The crowd exclaims "The Emperor!" NAPOLÉON appears in his grey great-coat, and is much fatter than when he left France BERTRAND sits beside him

He quickly alights and enters the waiting boat It is a tense moment As the boat rows off the sailors sing the Marseillaise, and the gathered inhabitants join in When the boat reaches the brig its sailors join in also, and shout "Paris or death!" Yet the singing has a melancholy cadence A gun fires as a signal of departure The night is warm and balmy for the season Not a breeze is there to stir a sail, and the ships are motionless

CHORUS OF RUMOURS

*Haste is salvation,
And still he stays waiting
The calm plays the tyrant,
His venture belating!*

*Should the corvette return
With the anxious Scotch colonel,
Escape would be frustrate,
Retention eternal*

Four aching hours are spent thus NAPOLÉON remains silent on deck, looking at the town lights, whose reflections bore like augers into the waters of the bay The sails hang flaccidly Then a feeble breeze, then a strong south wind, begins to belly the sails, and the vessels move

CHORUS OF RUMOURS

*The south wind, the south wind,
The south wind will save him,
Embaying the frigate
Whose speed would enslave him,
Restoring the Empire
That fortune once gave him!*

The moon rises and the ships silently disappear over the horizon as it mounts higher into the sky

SCENE II

VIENNA THE IMPERIAL PALACE

The fore part of the scene is the interior of a dimly lit gallery with an openwork screen or grille on one side of it that commands a bird's eye view of the grand saloon below At present the screen is curtained Sounds of

music and applause in the saloon ascend into the gallery, and an irradiation from the same quarter shines up through chinks in the curtains of the grille

Enter the gallery MARIE LOUISE and the COUNTESS OF BRIGNOLE, followed by the COUNT NEIPPERG, a handsome man of forty two with a bandage over one eye

COUNTESS OF BRIGNOLE

Listen, your Majesty You gather all
As well as if you moved amid them there,
And are advantaged with free scope to flit
The moment the scene palls

MARIE LOUISE

Ah, my dear friend,
To put it so is flower-sweet of you,
But a fallen Empress, doomed to furtive peeps
At scenes her open presence would unhinge,
Reads not much interest in them ! Yet, in truth,
'Twas gracious of my father to arrange
This glimpse hole for my curiosity
—But I must write a letter ere I look,
You can amuse yourself with watching them —
Count, bring me pen and paper I am told
Madame de Montesquiou has been distressed
By some alarm, I write to ask its shape

NEIPPERG spreads writing materials on a table, and MARIE LOUISE sits
While she writes he stays near her MADAME DE BRIGNOLE goes to the
screen and parts the curtains

The light of a thousand candles blazes up into her eyes from below The
great hall is decorated in white and silver enriched by evergreens and flowers
At the end a stage is arranged and Tableaux Vivants are in progress
thereon, representing the history of the House of Austria in which figure the
most charming women of the Court

There are present as spectators nearly all the notables who have assembled
for the Congress including the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA himself, his gay wife,
who quite eclipses him, the EMPEROR ALEXANDER the KING OF PRUSSIA—
still in the mourning he has never abandoned since the death of QUEEN
LOUISA,—the KING OF BAVARIA and his son, METTERNICH, TALLEYRAND,
WELLINGTON, NISSELRÖDE, HARDENBERG, and minor princes, ministers,
and officials of all nations

COUNTESS OF BRIGNOLE (suddenly from the grille)

Something has happened—so it seems, madame !
The Tableau gains no heed from them, and all
Turn murmuring together

MARIE LOUISE

What may it be ?

She rises with languid curiosity, and COUNT NEIPPERG adroitly takes her hand and leads her forward All three look down through the grille

NEIPPERG

Some strange news, certainly, your Majesty,
Is being discussed—I'll run down and inquire

MARIE LOUISE (playfully)

Nay—stay you here We shall learn soon enough

NEIPPERG

Look at their faces row Count Mettenich
Stares at Prince Talleyrand—no muscle moving
The King of Prussia blinks bewilderedly
Upon Lord Wellington

MARIE LOUISE (concerned)

Yes, so it seems

They are thunderstruck See, though the music beats,
The ladies of the Tableau leave their place,
And mingle with the rest, and quite forget
That they are in masquerade The sovereigns show
By far the gravest mien I wonder, now,
If it has aught to do with me or mine ?
Disasters mostly have to do with me !

COUNTESS OF BRIGNOLE

Those rude diplomatists from England there,
At your Imperial father's consternation,
And Russia's, and the King of Prussia's gloom,
Shake shoulders with hid laughter ! That they call
The English sense of humour, I infer,—
To see a jest in other people's troubles !

MARIE LOUISE (hiding her presages)

They ever take things thus phlegmatically
The safe sea whittles Continental scares
In their regard I wish it did in mine !
But Wellington laughs not, as I discern

NEIPPERG

Perhaps, though fun for the other English here,
 It means new work for him Ah—notice now
 The music makes no more pretence to play '
 Sovereigns and ministers have moved apart,
 And talk, and leave the ladies quite aloof—
 Even the Grand Duchesses and Empress, all—
 Such mighty cogitations trance their minds '

MARIE LOUISE (with more anxiety)

Poor ladies, yea, they draw into the rear,
 And whisper ominous words among themselves '
 Count Neipperg—I must ask you now—go glean
 What evil lowers I am riddled through
 With strange surmises and more strange alarms '

The COUNTESS OF MONTESQUIOU enters

Ah—we shall learn it now Well—what, madame ?

COUNTESS OF MONTESQUIOU (breathlessly)

Your Majesty, the Emperor Napoléon
 Has vanished out of Elba ! Whither flown,
 And how, and why, nobody says or knows

MARIE LOUISE (sinking into a chair)

My divination pencilled on my brain
 Something not unlike that ! The rigid mien
 That mastered Wellington suggested it
 Complicity will be ascribed to me,
 Unwitting though I stand ! (A pause)

He'll not succeed '

And my fair plans for Parma will be maried,
 And my son's future fouled !—I must go hence,
 And instantly declare to Metternich
 That I know nought of this, and in his hands
 Place me unquestioningly, with dumb assent
 To serve the Allies Methinks that I was born
 Under an evil-coloured star, whose ray
 Darts death at joys !—Take me away, Count—You
 (to the two ladies)

Can stay and see the end

[Exit MARIE LOUISE and NEIPPERG

MESDAMES DE MONTESQUIOU and DE BRIGNOLE go to the grille and
 watch and listen

VOICE OF ALEXANDER (below)

I told you, Prince, that it would never last !

VOICE OF TALLEYRAND

Well, sire, you should have sent him to the Azores,
Or the Antilles, or best, Saint-Helena

VOICE OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA

Instead, we send him but two days from Fiance,
Give him an island as his own domain,
A military guard of large resource,
And millions for his purse !

ANOTHER VOICE

The immediate cause
Must be a negligence in watching him
The British Colonel Campbell should have seen
That apertures for flight were wired and barred
To such a cunning bird !

ANOTHER VOICE

By all report
He took the course direct to Naples Bay

VOICES (of new arrivals)

He has made his way to Fiance—so all tongues tell—
And landed there, at Cannes ! (Excitement)

COUNTESS OF BRIGNOLE

Do now but note
How cordial intercourse resolves itself
To sparks of sharp debate ! The lesser guests
Are fain to steal unnoticed from a scene
Wherein they feel themselves as surplusage
Beside the official minds—I catch a sign
The King of Prussia makes the English Duke,
They leave the room together

COUNTESS OF MONTESQUIOU

Yes, wit wanes,
And all are going—Prince de Talleyrand,
The Emperor Alexander, Metternich,

The Emperor Francis So much for the Congress !
 Only a few blank nobodies remain,
 And they seem terror-stricken Blackly ends
 Such fair festivities The red god War
 Stalks Europe's plains anew !

The curtain of the grille is dropped MESDAMLS DE MONTI SQUIOU and
 DE BRIGNOLE leave the gallery The light is extinguished there and the
 scene disappears

SCENE III

LA MURE, NEAR GRENOBLE

A lonely road between a lake and some hills two or three miles outside
 the village of la Mure is discovered. A battalion of the Fifth French
 royalist regiment of the line, under COMMANDANT LESSARD is drawn up in
 the middle of the road with a company of sappers and miners comprising
 altogether about eight hundred men.

Enter to them from the south a small detachment of lancers with an aide
 de-camp at their head. They ride up to within speaking distance.

LESSARD

They are from Bonaparte Present your arms !

AIDE (calling)

We'd parley on Napoléon's behalf,
 And fain would ask you join him

LESSARD

 All parole
 With rebel bands the Government forbids
 Come five steps further, and we fire !

AIDE

 To France,
 And to posterity through timeless time,
 Must you then answer for so foul a blow
 Against the common weal !

NAPOLÉON'S aide de camp and the lancers turn about and ride back out
 of sight. The royalist troops wait. Presently there reappears from the same
 direction a small column of soldiery representing the whole of NAPOLÉON'S
 little army shipped from Elba. It is divided into an advance guard under
 COLONEL MALLET, and two bodies behind, a troop of Polish lancers under
 COLONEL JERMANWSKI on the right side of the road, and some officers with-
 out troops on the left, under MAJOR PACCONI.

NAPOLÉON rides in the midst of the advance-guard, in the old familiar "redingote guise" cocked hat, and tricolor cockade, his well known profile keen against the hills. He is attended by GENERALS BÉRTRAND, DROUOT, and CAMBONNE. When they get within a gun-shot of the royalists the men are halted. NAPOLÉON dismounts and steps forward.

NAPOLÉON

Direct the men
To lodge their weapons underneath the arm,
Points downward. I shall not require them here.

COLONEL MALLET

Sire, is it not a needless jeopardy
To meet them thus? The sentiments of these
We do not know, and the first trigger pressed
May end you.

NAPOLÉON

I have thought it out, my friend,
And value not my life as in itself,
But as to France, severed from whose embrace
I am dead already.

He repeats the order, which is carried out. There is a breathless silence, and people from the village gather round with tragic expectations. NAPOLÉON walks on alone towards the Fifth battalion, throwing open his great coat and revealing his uniform and the ribbon of the Legion of Honour. Raising his hand to his hat he salutes.

LESSARD

Present arms!

The firelocks of the royalist battalion are levelled at NAPOLÉON.

NAPOLÉON (still advancing)

Men of the Fifth,
See—here I am! Old friends, do you not know me?
If there be one among you who would slay
His Chief of proud past years, let him come on
And do it now! (A pause.)

LESSARD (to his next officer)

They are death-white at his words!
They'll fire not on this man. And I am helpless.

SOLDIERS (suddenly)

Why yes ! We know you, father Glad to see ye !
The Emperor for ever ! Ha ! Huzza !

They throw their arms upon the ground, and rushing forward, sink down and seize NAPOLÉON'S knees and kiss his hands Those who cannot get near him wave their shakos and acclaim him passionately BERTRAND, DROLOT, and CAMBRONNE come up

NAPOLÉON (privately)

All is accomplished, Bertrand ! Ten days more,
And we are snug within the Tuileries

The soldiers tear out their white cockades and trample on them, and disinter from the bottom of their knapsacks tricolors, which they set up

NAPOLÉON'S own men now arrive, and fraternize with and embrace the soldiers of the Fifth When the emotion has subsided NAPOLÉON forms the whole body into a square and addresses them

Soldiers, I come with these few faithful ones
To save you from the Bourbons,—treasons, tricks,
Ancient abuses, feudal tyranny—
From which I once of old delivered you
The Bourbon throne is illegitimate
Because not founded on the nation's will,
But propped up for the profit of a few
Comrades, is this not so ?

A GRENADEER

Yes, verily, sire
You are the Angel of the Lord to us,
We'll march with you to death or victory !

(Shouts)

At this moment a howling dog crosses in front of them with a white cockade tied to its tail The soldiery of both sides laugh loudly

NAPOLÉON forms both bodies of troops into one column Peasantry run up with buckets of sour wine and a single glass, NAPOLÉON takes his turn with the rank and file in drinking from it He bids the whole column follow him to Grenoble and Paris Exeunt soldiers headed by NAPOLÉON

The scene shuts

SCENE IV

SCHONBRUNN

The gardens of the Palace Fountains and statues are seen around, and the Gloriette colonnade rising against the sky on a hill behind

The ex-EMPRESS MARIE LOUISE is discovered walking up and down Accompanying her is the KING OF ROME—now a blue-eyed, fair-haired child—in the charge of the COUNTESS OF MONTESQUIOU Close by is COUNT NEIPPERG, and at a little distance M^CNEVAL, her attendant and N^APOLEON's adherent

The EMPEROR FRANCIS and METTERNICH enter at the other end of the parterre

MARIE LOUISE (with a start)

Here are the Emperor and Prince Metternich
Wrote you as I directed ?

NEIPPERG

Promptly so

I said your Majesty had had no part
In this mad move of your Imperial spouse,
And willed yourself a waid of the Allies ,
Adding, that you had vowed irrevocably
To enter France no more

MARIE LOUISE

Your worthy zeal

Has been a trifle swift My meaning stretched
Not quite so far as that And yet—and yet
It matters little Nothing matters much !

The EMPEROR and METTERNICH come forward NEIPPERG retires

FRANCIS

My daughter, you did not a whit too soon
Voice your repudiation Have you seen
What the Allies have papered Europe with ?

MARIE LOUISE

I have seen nothing

FRANCIS

Please you read it, Prince

METTERNICH (taking out a paper)

“The Powers assembled at the Congress here
Owe it to their own troths and dignities,
And to the furtherance of social order,
To make a solemn Declaration, thus

By breaking the convention as to Elba,
 Napoléon Bonaparte forthwith destroys
 His only legal title to exist,
 And as a consequence has hailed himself
 Beyond the pale of civil intercourse
 Disturber of the tranquillity of the world,
 There can be neither peace nor truce with him,
 And public vengeance is his self-sought doom —
 Signed by the Plenipotentiaries '

MARIE LOUISE (pale)

O God,
 How terrible ! What shall — (she begins weeping)

KING OF ROME

Is it papa
 They want to hunt like that, dear Mamma 'Quiou ?
 Then 'twas no good my praying for him so,
 And I can see that I am not going to be
 A King much longer !

COUNTESS OF MONTESQUIOU (retiring with the child)

Pray for him, Monseigneur,
 Morning and evening just the same ! They plan
 To take you off from me But don't forget—
 Do as I say !

KING OF ROME

Yes, Mamma 'Quiou, I will '—
 But why have I no pages now ? And why
 Does my mamma the Empress weep so much ?

COUNTESS OF MONTESQUIOU

We'll talk elsewhere

[MONTESQUIOU and the KING OF ROME withdraw to back]

FRANCIS

At least, then, you agree
 Not to attempt to follow Paris-wards
 Your conscience-lacking husband, and create
 More troubles in the State ?—Remember this,
 I sacrifice my every man and horse
 Ere he rule France again

MARIE LOUISE

I am pledged already
To hold by the Allhes , let that suffice !

METTEPNICH

For the clear good of all, your Majesty,
And for your safety and the King of Rome's,
It most befits that your Imperial father
Should have sole charge of the young king henceforth,
While these convulsions rage That this is so
You will see, I think, in view of being installed
As Parma's Duchess, and take steps therefor

MARIE LOUISE (coldly)

I understand the terms to be as follows
Parma is mine—my very own possession,—
And as a counterquit, the guardianship
Is ceded to my father of my son,
And I keep out of France

METTERNICH

And likewise this
All missives that your Majesty receives
Under Napoleon's hand, you tender straight
The Austrian Cabinet, the seals unbroke ,
With those received already

FRANCIS

You discern
How vastly to the welfare of your son
This course must tend ? Duchess of Parma throned
You shine a wealthy woman, to endow
Your son with fortune and large landed fee

MARIE LOUISE (bitterly)

I must have Parma and those being the terms
Perforce accept ! I weary of the strain
Of statecraft and political embroil
I long for private quiet ! And now wish
To say no more at all

MÉNEVAL, who has heard her latter remarks, turns sadly away

FRANCIS

There's nought to say ,
All is in train to work straightforwardly

[FRANCIS and METTERNICH depart

MARIE LOUISE retires towards the child and the COUNTESS OF MONTES
QUIOU at the back of the parterre, where they are joined by NEIPPERG

Enter in front DE MONTROND a secret emissary of NAPOLEON, disguised
as a florist examining the gardens MLNEVAL recognizes him and comes
forward

MÉNEVAL

Why are you here, de Montrond ? All is hopeless !

DE MONTROND

Wherefore ? The offer of the Regency
I come empowered to make, and will conduct her
Safely to Strassburg with her little son,
If she shrink not to breach her as a man,
And tiptoe from a postern unperceived ?

MLNEVAL

Though such quaint gear would mould her to a youth
Fair as Adonis on a hunting moin,
Yet she'll refuse ! A German prudery
Sits on her still , more, kneaded by their arts
There's no will left to her I conjured her
To hold aloof, sign nothing But in vain

DE MONTROND (looking towards Marie Louise)

I fain would put it to her privately !

MÉNEVAL

A thing impossible No word to her
Without a word to him you see with her,
Neipperg to wit She grows indifferent
To dreams as Regent , visioning a future
Wherein her son and self are two of three
But where the third is not Napoleon

DE MONTROND (in sad surprise)

I may as well go hence then as I came,
And kneel to Heaven for one thing—that success
Attend Napoléon in the coming throes !

MÉNEVAL

I'll walk with you for safety to the gate,
 Though I am as the Emperor's man suspect,
 And any day may be dismissed If so
 I go to Paris

[Exit MÉNEVAL and DE MONTROND]

SPIRIT IRONIC

*Had he but persevered, and biassed her
 To slip the breeches on, and lie away,
 Who knows but that the map of France had shaped
 As it will never now !*

There enters from the other side of the gardens MARIA CAROLINA, ex-Queen of Naples, grandmother of MARIE LOUISE The latter, dismissing MONTESQUIOU and the child, comes forward

MARIA CAROLINA

I have crossed from Hetzendorf to kill an hour,
 Why art so pensive, dear ?

MARIE LOUISE

Ah, why ! My lines
 Rule ruggedly You doubtless have perused
 This vicious cry against the Emperor ?
 He's outlawed—to be caught alive or dead,
 Like any noisome beast !

MARIA CAROLINA

Nought have I heard,
 My child But these vile tricks, to pluck you from
 Your nuptial plightage and your rightful glory
 Make me belch oaths !—You shall not join your husband
 Do they assert ? My God, I know one thing,
 Outlawed or no, I'd knot my sheets forthwith,
 Were I but you, and steal to him in disguise,
 Let come what would come ! Marriage is for life

MARIE LOUISE

Mostly, not always not with Joséphine,
 And, maybe, not with me But, that apart,
 I could do nothing so outrageous now
 Too many things, dear grand dame, you forget

A puppet I, by force inflexible,
 Was bid to wed Napoléon at a nod,—
 The man acclaimed to me from cradle-days
 As the incarnate of all evil things
 The Antichrist himself—I kissed the cup,
 Gulped down the inevitable, and married him,
 But none the less I saw myself therein
 The lamb whose innocent flesh was dressed to grace
 The altar of dynastic ritual!—
 Hence Elba flung no duty-call to me,
 Neither does Paris now

MARIA CAROLINA

I do perceive
 They have worked on you to much effect already!
 Go, join your Count, he waits you, dear—Well, well,
 The way the wind blows needs no cock to tell!

Exit severally QUEEN MARIA CAROLINA and MARIE LOUISE with
 NEIPPERG

The sun sets over the gardens and the scene fades

SCENE V

LONDON THE OLD HOUSE OF COMMONS

The interior of the Chamber appears as in Scene III, Act I Part I, except that the windows are not open and the trees without are not yet green

Among the Members discovered in their places are of ministers and their supporters, LORD CASTLEREAGH the Foreign Secretary VANSITTART Chancellor of the Exchequer, BATHURST PALMERSTON the War Secretary, ROSE, PONSONBY, ARBUTHNOT, LUSHINGTON, GARROW the Attorney-General, SHEPHERD, LONG, PLUNKETT, BANKES, and among those of the Opposition SIR FRANCIS BURDETT WHITEHEAD, TIERNEY ABERCROMBY, DUNDAS, BRAND DUNCANNON, LAMTON, HEATHCOTE SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY, G WALPOLE, RIDLEY, OSBORNE, and HORNER

Much interest in the debate is apparent and the galleries are full LORD CASTLEREAGH rises

CASTLEREAGH

At never a moment in my stressed career,
 Amid no memory-moving urgencies,
 Have I, sir, felt so gravely set on me
 The sudden, vast responsibility
 That I feel now Few things conceivable

Could more momentous to the future be
 Than what may spring from counsel here to-night
 On means to meet the plot unparalleled
 In full fierce play elsewhere Sir, this being so,
 And seeing how the events of these last days
 Menace the toil of twenty anxious years,
 And peril all that period's patient aim,
 No auguring mind can doubt that deeds which root
 In steadiest purpose only, will effect
 Deliverance from a world-calamity
 As dark as any in the vaults of Time

Now, what we notice front and foremost is
 That this convulsion speaks not, pictures not
 The heart of France It comes of artifice—
 From the unique and sinister influence
 Of a smart army-gamester—upon men
 Who have shared his own excitements, spoils, and crimes —
 This man, who calls himself most impiously
 The Emperor of France by Grace of God,
 Has, in the scale of human character,
 Dropt down so low, that he has set at nought
 All pledges, stipulations, guarantees,
 And stepped upon the only pedestal
 On which he cares to stand—his lawless will
 Indeed, it is a fact scarce credible
 That so mysteriously in his own breast
 Did this adventurer lock the scheme he planned,
 That his companion Bertrand, chief in trust,
 Was unapprised thereof until the hour
 In which the order to embark was given !

I think the House will readily discern
 That the wise, wary trackway to be trod
 By our own country in the crisis reached,
 Must lie 'twixt two alternatives,—of war
 In concert with the Continental Powers,
 Or of an armed and cautionary course
 Sufficing for the present pucker of things

Whatever differences of view prevail
 On the so serious and impending question—
 Whether in point of prudent reckoning
 'Twere better let the Power set up exist,
 Or promptly at the outset deal with it—

Still, to all eyes it is imperative
That some mode of safeguardance be devised,
And if I cannot range before the House,
At this stage, all the teachings of the case,
I will, if needful, on some future day
Poise these nice matters on their merits here

Meanwhile I have to move
That an address unto His Royal Highness
Be humbly offered for his gracious message,
And to assure him that his faithful Commons
Are fully roused to the dark hazards
To which the life and equanimity
Of Europe are exposed by deeds in France,
In contravention of the plighted pacts
At Paris in the course of yester-year

That, in a cause of such wide-waked concern,
It doth afford us real relief to know
That concert with His Majesty's Allies
Is being effected with no loss of time—
Such concert as will thoroughly provide
For Europe's full and long security (Cheers)

That we, with zeal, will speed such help to him
So to augment his force by sea and land
As shall empower him to set afoot
Swift measures meet for its accomplishing (Cheers)

BURDETT

It seems to me almost impossible,
Weighing the language of the noble lord,
To catch its counsel,—whether peace or war (Hear, hear)
If I translate his words to signify
The high expediency of watch and ward,
That we may not be taken unawares,
I own concurrence, but if he propose
To plunge this realm into a sea of blood
To reinstate the Bourbon line in France,
I should but poorly do my duty here
Did I not lift my voice protestingly
Against so ruinous an enterprise!

Sir, I am old enough to call to mind
The first fierce frenzies for the selfsame end,
The fruit of which was to endow this man,

The object of your apprehension now,
 With such a might as could not be withstood
 By all of banded Europe, till he roamed
 And wrecked it wantonly on Russian plains
 Shall, then, another score of scourging years
 Distract this land to make a Bourbon king ?
 Wrongly has Bonaparte's late course been called
 A rude incursion on the soil of France —
 Who ever knew a sole and single man
 Invade a nation thirty million strong,
 And gain in some few days full sovereignty
 Against that nation's will !—The truth is this
 The nation longed for him, and has obtained him

I have beheld the agonies of war
 Through many a weary season, seen enough
 To make me hold that scarcely any goal
 Is worth the reaching by so red a road
 No man can doubt that this Napoléon stands
 As Emperor of France by Frenchmen's wills
 Let the French settle, then, their own affairs,
 I say we shall have nought to apprehend !—

Much as I might advance in proof of this,
 I'll dwell not thereon now I am satisfied
 To give the general reasons which, in brief,
 Balk my concurrence in the Address proposed (Cheers)

PONSONBY

My words will be but few, for the Address
 Constrains me to support it as it stands
 So far from being the primary step to war,
 Its sense and substance is, in my regard,
 To leave the House to guidance by events
 On the grave question of hostilities

The statements of the noble lord, I hold,
 Have not been candidly interpreted
 By grafting on to them a headstrong will,
 As does the honourable baronet,
 To rob the French of Buonaparte's rule,
 And force them back to Bourbon monarchy
 That our free land, at this abnormal time,
 Should put her in a pose of wariness,
 No unworped mind can doubt Must war revive,

Let it be quickly waged , and quickly, too,
 Reach its effective end though 'tis my hope,
 My ardent hope, that peace may be preserved

WHIRPREAD

Were it that I could think, as does my friend,
 That ambiguity of sentiment
 Informed the utterance of the noble lord
 (As oft does ambiguity of word),
 I might with satisfied and sure resolve
 Vote straight for the Address But eyeing well
 The flimsy web there woven to entrap
 The credence of my honourable friends,
 I must with all my energy contest
 The wisdom of a new and hot crusade
 For fixing who shall fill the throne of France !

Already are the seeds of mischief sown
 The Declaration at Vienna, signed
 Against Napoleon, is, in my regard,
 Abhorrent, and our country's character
 Defaced by our subscription to its terms !
 If words have any meaning it incites
 To sheer assassination , it proclaims
 That any meeting Bonaparte may slay him ,
 And, whatso language the Allies now hold,
 In that outburst, at least, was well declared
 The noble lord to night would second it,
 Would seem to urge that we full arm, then wait
 For just as long, no longer, than would serve
 The preparations of the other Powers,
 And then—pounce down on France !

CASTLEREAGH

No, no ! Not so

WHITBREAD

Good God, then, what are we to understand ?—
 However, this denial is a gain,
 And my misapprehension owes its birth
 Entirely to that mystery of phrase
 Which taints all rhetoric of the noble lord
 Well, what is urged for new aggression now,

To vamp up and replace the Bourbon line '
 The wittiest man who ever sat here¹ said
 That half our nation's debt had been incurred
 In efforts to suppress the Bourbon power,
 The other half in efforts to restore it, (laughter)
 And I must deprecate a further plunge
 For ends so futile¹ Why, since Ministers
 Craved peace with Bonaparte at Châtillon,
 Should they refuse him peace and quiet now?

This brief amendment therefore I submit
 To limit Ministers' aggressiveness
 And make self-safety all their chartering
 "We at the same time earnestly implore
 That the Prince Regent graciously induce
 Strenuous endeavours in the cause of peace,
 So long as it be done consistently
 With the due honour of the English crown"

(Cheers)

CASTLEREAGH

The arguments of Members opposite
 Posit conditions which experience proves
 But figments of a dream,—that honesty,
 Truth, and good faith in this same Bonaparte
 May be assumed and can be acted on
 This of one who is loud to violate
 Bonds the most sacred, treaties the most grave! . .

It follows not that since this realm was won
 To treat with Bonaparte at Châtillon,
 It can treat now And as for assassination,
 The sentiments outspoken here to-night
 Are much more like to urge to desperate deeds
 Against the persons of our good Allies,
 Than are, against Napoléon, statements signed
 By the Vienna plenipotentiaries!

We are, in fine, too fully warranted
 On moral grounds to strike at Bonaparte,
 If we at any crisis reckon it
 Expedient so to do The Government
 Will act throughout in concert with the Allies,

¹ Sheridan

And Ministers are well within their rights
 To claim that their responsibility
 Be not disturbed by hackneyed forms of speech ("Oh, oh")
 Upon war's horrors, and the bliss of peace,—
 Which none denies! (Cheers)

PONSONBY

I ask the noble lord
 If that his meaning and pronouncement be
 Immediate war?

CASTLEREAGH

I have not phrased it so

OPPOSITION CRIES

The question is unanswered!

There are excited calls and the House divides. The result is announced
 as thirty seven for WHITEHEAD'S amendment, and against it two hundred
 and twenty

The clock strikes twelve as the House adjourns

SCENE VI

WESSEX Durnover Green, CASTERBRIDGE

On a patch of green grass on Durnover Hill, in the purlieu of Caster
 bridge, a rough gallows has been erected, and an effigy of NAPOLEON hung
 upon it. Under the effigy are faggots of brushwood.

It is the dusk of a spring evening, and a great crowd has gathered
 comprising male and female inhabitants of the Durnover suburb and
 villagers from distances of many miles. Also are present some of the
 county yeomanry in white leather breeches and scarlet, volunteers in scarlet
 with green facings and the REVEREND MR PALMER, vicar of the parish,
 leaning against the post of his garden door, and smoking a clay pipe
 of preternatural length. Also PRIVATE CANTLE from Egdon Heath,
 and SOLOMON LONGWAYS of Casterbridge. The Durnover band which
 includes a clarionet, serpent, oboe, tambourine, cymbals, and drum, is
 playing "Lord Wellington's Hornpipe."

A rustic enters at a furious pace by the eastern road, in shirt sleeves, with
 his smock frock on his arm.

RUSTIC (wiping his face)

Says I, please God I'll lose a quarter to zee he burned! And
 I left Stourcastle at three o'clock to a minute. And if I'd known
 that I should be too late to zee the beginning on't, I'd have lost
 a half to be a bit sooner.

YEOMAN

Oh, you be soon enough good-now He's just going to be lighted

RUSTIC

But shall I zee en die ? I wanted to zee if he'd die hard

YEOMAN

Why, you don't suppose that Boney himself is to be burned here ?

RUSTIC

What—not Boney that's to be burned ?

A WOMAN

Why, bless the poor man, no ! This is only a mommet they've made of him, that's got neither chine nor chitlings His innerds be only a lock of straw from Bridle's barton

LONGWAYS

He's made, neighbour, of a' old cast jacket and breeches from our barracks here Likeways Grammer Pawle gave us Cap'n Meggs's old Zunday shirt that she'd saved for tinder-box linnet, and Keeper Tricksey of Mellstock emptied his powder-horn into a barn-bladder, to make his heart wi'

RUSTIC (vehemently)

Then there's no honesty left in Wessex folk nowadays at all ! "Boney's going to be burned on Durnover Green to-night,"—that was what a pa'cel of chaps said to me out Stourcastle way, and I thought, to be sure I did, that he'd been caught sailing from his islant and landed at Budmouth and brought to Caster-bridge Jail, the natural retreat of malefactors !—False deceivers—making me lose a quarter who can ill afford it, and all for nothing !

LONGWAYS

T'sn't a mo'sel o' good for thee to cry out against Wessex folk, when 'twas all thy own stunpoll ignorance

The VICAR OF DURNOVER removes his pipe and spits perpendicularly

VICAR

My dear misguided man, you don't imagine that we should be

so inhuman in this Christian country as to burn a fellow-creature alive?

RUSTIC

Faith, I won't say I didn't! Durnover folk have never had the highest of Christian characters, come to that. And I didn't know but that even a pa'son might backslide to such things in these gory times—I won't say on a Zunday, but on a week-night like this—when we think what a blasphemious rascal he is, and that there's not a more chanel-minded villain towards womenfolk in the whole world.

The effigy has by this time been kindled and thev watch it burn, the flames making the faces of the crowd bright, and lighting the grey tower of Durnover Church hard by.

WOMAN (singing)

Bayonets and fivelocks!

I wouldn't my mammy should know't,
But I've been kissed in a sentry-box,
Wrapped up in a soldier's coat!

PRIVATE CANTLE

Talk of backsliding to burn Boney, I can backslide to anything when my blood is up, or rise to anything, thank God for't! Why, I shouldn't mind fighting Boney single handed, if so be I had the choice o' weapons, and fresh Rambarrow flints in my flint box, and could get at him downhill. Yes, I'm a dangerous hand with a pistol now and then! Hark, what's that? (A horn is heard eastward on the London Road) Ah, here comes the mail. Now we may learn something. Nothing boldens my nerves like news of slaughter!

Enter mail coach and steaming horses. It halts for a minute while the wheel is skidded and the horses stale.

SEVERAL

What was the latest news from abroad, guard, when you left Piccadilly White-Horse-Cellar?

GUARD

You have heard, I suppose, that he's given up to public vengeance, by Government orders? Anybody may take his life in any way, fair or foul, and no questions asked. But Marshal Ney, who was sent to fight him, flung his arms round his neck.

and joined him with all his men Next, the telegraph from Plymouth sends news landed there by *The Sparrow*, that he has reached Paris, and King Louis has fled But the air got hazy before the telegraph had finished, and the name of the place he had fled to couldn't be made out

The VICAR OF DURNOVER blows a cloud of smoke, and again spits perpendicularly

VICAR

Well, I'm d—— Dear me—dear me ! The Lord's will be done

GUARD

And there are to be four armies sent against him—English, Proosian, Austrian, and Roosian the first two under Wellington and Blucher And just as we left London a show was opened of Boney on horseback as large as life, hung up with his head downwards Admission one shilling, children half-price A truly patriot spectacle !—Not that yours here is bad for a simple country-place

The coach drives on down the hill, and the crowd reflectively watches the burning

WOMAN (singing)

I

My Love's gone a-fighting
Where war-trumpets call,
The wrongs o' men righting
Wi' carbine and ball,
And sabre for smiting,
And charger, and all !

II

Of whom does he think there
Where war trumpets call ?
To whom does he drink there
Wi' carbine and ball
On battle's red brink there,
And charger, and all ?

III

Her, whose voice he hears humming
Where war-trumpets call,

"I wait, Love, thy coming
 Wi' carbine and ball,
 And bandsmen a-drumming
 Thee, charge! and all!"

The flames reach the powder in the effigy which is blown to rags. The band marches off playing. When War's Alarms the crowd disperses the victor stands musing and smoking at his garden door till the fire goes out and darkness curtains the scene.

ACT SIXTH

SCENE I

THE BELGIAN FRONTIER

The village of Beaumont stands in the centre foreground of a bird's-eye prospect across the Belgian frontier from the French side, being close to the frontier on the Belgian side. A vast forest recedes from it towards the river Sambre further back in the scene which pursues a crinkled course between high banks from Maubeuge on the left to Charleroi on the right.

In the shadows that muffle all objects innumerable bodies of infantry and cavalry are discerned bivouacking in and around the village. This mass of men forms the central column of NAPOLEON'S army.

The right column is seen at a distance on that hand also near the frontier, on the road leading towards Charleroi, and the left column by Solre-sur-Sambre, where the frontier and the river nearly coincide.

The obscurity thins and the June dawn appears.

DUMB SHOW

The bivouacs of the central column become broken up, and a movement ensues rightwards on Charleroi. The twelve regiments of cavalry which are in advance move off first, in half an hour more bodies move, and more in the next half hour till by eight o'clock the whole central army is gliding on. It defiles in strands by narrow tracks through the forest. Riding impudently on the outskirts of the columns is MARSHAL NEY who has as yet received no command.

As the day develops sights and sounds to the left and right reveal that the two outside columns have also started and are creeping towards the frontier abreast with the centre. That the whole forms one great movement, co-ordinated by one mind, now becomes apparent. Preceded by scouts the three columns converge.

The advance through dense woods by narrow paths takes time. The head of the middle and main column forces back some outposts, and reaches Charleroi, driving out the Prussian general ZIETEN. It seizes the bridge over the Sambre and blows up the gates of the town.

The point of observation now descends close to the scene.

In the midst comes the EMPEROR with the Sappers of the Guard, the Marines, and the Young Guard. The clatter brings the scared inhabitants to their doors and windows. Cheers arise from some of them as NAPOLEON passes up the steep street. Just beyond the town in front of the Bellevue Inn he dismounts. A cheer is brought out, in which he sits and surveys the whole valley of the Sambre. The troops march past cheering him, and drums roll and bugles blow. Soon the EMPEROR is found to be asleep.

When the rattle of their passing ceases the silence wakes him. His listless eye falls upon a half-defaced poster on a wall opposite—the Declaration of the Allies.

NAPOLEON (reading)

“ Bonaparte destroys the only legal title on which his existence depended. He has deprived himself of the protection of the law, and has manifested to the Universe that there can be neither peace nor truce with him. The Powers consequently declare that Napoleon Bonaparte has placed himself without the pale of civil and social relations, and that as an enemy and disturber of the tranquillity of the world he has rendered himself liable to public vengeance.”

His flesh quivers and he turns with a start, as if fancying that some one may be about to stab him in the back. Then he rises mounts and rides on.

Meanwhile the right column crosses the Sambre without difficulty at Châteler a little lower down, the left column at Marchienne a little higher up, and the three limbs combine into one vast army.

As the curtain of the mist is falling the point of vision soars again and there is afforded a brief glimpse of what is doing far away on the other side. From all parts of Europe long and sinister black files are crawling hitherward in serpentine lines, like slowworms through grass. They are the advancing armies of the Allies. The Dumb Show ends.

SCENE II

A BALLROOM IN BRUSSELS¹

It is a June midnight at the DUKE AND DUCHESS OF RICHMOND'S. A band of stringed instruments shows in the background. The room is crowded with a brilliant assemblage of more than two hundred of the distinguished people sojourning in the city on account of the war and other reasons, and of local personages of State and fashion. The ball has opened with “The White Cockade.”

Among those discovered present either dancing or looking on are the

¹ This famous ball has become so embedded in the history of the Hundred Days as to be an integral part of it. Yet in spite of the efforts that have been made to locate the room which saw the memorable gathering (by the present writer more than thirty years back, among other enthusiasts), a dispassionate judgment must deny that its site has as yet been proven. Even Sir W. Fraser is not convincing. The event happened less than a century ago, but the spot is almost as phantasmal in its elusive mystery as towered Camelot, the palace of Priam, or the hill of Calvary.

DUKE and DUCHESS as host and hostess their son and eldest daughter, the Duchess's brother, the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, the PRINCE OF ORANGE, the DUKE OF BRUNSWICK, BARON VAN CAPELLEN the Belgian Secretary of State, the DUKE OF ARENBURG, the MAYOR OF BRUSSELS the DUKLAND DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT, GENERAL ALAVA, GENERAL OUDINARDE LORD HILL, LORD and LADY CONYNGHAM SIR HENRY AND LADY SUSAN CLINTON, SIR H. AND LADY HAMILTON DALRYMPLE SIR WILLIAM AND LADY DE LANCEY, LORD URBIDGE, SIR JOHN BING LORD PORTMINGTON, LORD EDWARD SOMERSET, LORD HAY, COLONEL ABERCROMBY, SIR HUSSEY VIVIAN SIR A. GORDON, SIR W. PONSONBY, SIR DINIS PACK SIR JAMES KEMPT, SIR THOMAS PIERCE GENERAL MAITLAND COLONEL CAMERON, many other officers English Hanoverian, Dutch, and Belgian ladies English and foreign and Scotch reel-dancers from Highland regiments

The 'Hungarian Waltz' having also been danced, the hostess calls up the Highland soldiers to show the foreign guests what a Scotch reel is like. The men put their hands on their hips and tread it out briskly. While they stand aside and rest 'The Hanoverian Dance' is called.

Enter LIEUTENANT WEBSTER A.D.C. to the PRINCE OF ORANGE. The Prince goes apart with him and receives a dispatch. After reading it he speaks to WELLINGTON and the two, accompanied by the DUKE OF RICHMOND, retire into an alcove with serious faces. WEBSTER, in passing back across the ballroom, exchanges a hasty word with two or three of the guests known to him, a young officer among them, and goes out.

YOUNG OFFICER (to partner)

The French have passed the Sambre at Charleroi!

PARTNER

What—does it mean that Bonaparte indeed
Is bearing down upon us?

YOUNG OFFICER

That is so

The one who hurled the news in passing out
Is Aide to the Prince of Orange, bringing him
Dispatches from Rebecque, his chief of Staff,
Now at the front, not far from Braine le Comte,
He says that Nev, leading the French vanguard,
Has burst on Quatre-Bras

PARTNER

O ho! bad time!

Will you, then, have to go and face them there?

YOUNG OFFICER

I shall of course, sweet Promptly too, no doubt
(He gazes about the room)

See—the news spreads, the dance is paralyzed
They are all whispering round (The band stops) Heie
comes one more,
He's the attache from the Prussian force
At our headquarters

Enter GENERAL MUFFLING He looks prepossessed, and goes straight
to WELLINGTON and RICHMOND in the alcove, who by this time have been
joined by the DUKE OF BRUNSWICK

SEVERAL GUESTS (at back of room)

Yes, you see, it's true!
The army will prepare to march at once

PICTON (to another general)

I am damn glad we are to be off Pottering about here
pinned to petticoat tails—it does one no good, but blasted harm!

ANOTHER GUEST

The ball cannot go on, can it? Didn't the Duke know the
French were so near? If he did, how could he let us run risks
so coolly?

LADY HAMILTON DALRYMPLE (to partner)

A deep concern weights those responsible
Who gather in the alcove Wellington
Affects a cheerfulness in outward port,
But cannot rout his real anxiety!

The DUCHESS OF RICHMOND goes to her husband

DUCHESS

Ought I to stop the ball? It hardly seems right to let it
continue if all be true

RICHMOND

I have put that very question to Wellington, my dear He
says that we need not hurry off the guests The men have to
assemble some time before the officers, who can stay on here a
little longer without inconvenience, and he would prefer that
they should, not to create a panic in the city, where the friends
and spies of Napoleon are all agog for some such thing, which
they would instantly communicate to him to take advantage of

DUCHESS

Is it safe to stay on ? Should we not be thinking about getting the children away ?

RICHMOND

There's no hurry at all, even if Bonaparte were really sure to enter. But he's never going to set foot in Brussels—don't you imagine it for a moment.

DUCHESS (anxiously)

I hope not. But I wish we had never brought them here !

RICHMOND

It is too late, my dear, to wish that now. Don't be flurried, make the people go on dancing.

The DUCHESS returns to her guests. The DUKE rejoins WELLINGTON, BRUNSWICK, MUFFLING, and the PRINCE OF ORANGE in the alcove.

WELLINGTON

We need not be astride till five o'clock
If all the men are marshalled well ahead
The Brussels citizens must not suppose
They stand in serious peril. He, I think,
Directs his main attack mistakenly,
It should have been through Mons, not Charleroi.

MUFFLING

The Austrian armies, and the Russian too,
Will show nowhere in this. The thing that's done
Be it a historied feat or nine days' fizz,
Will be done long before they join us here.

WELLINGTON

Yes, faith, and 'tis a pity. But, by God,
Blucher, I think, and I can make a shift
To do the business without troubling 'em !
Though I've an infamous army, that's the truth,—
Weak, and but ill-equipped,—and what's as bad,
A damned unpractised staff !

MUFFLING

We'll hope for luck
For certain Blucher concentrates by now.

Near Ligny, as he says in his dispatch
Your Grace, I glean, will mass at Quatre-Bras ?

WELLINGTON

Ay, now we are sure this move on Charleroi
Is no mere feint Though I had meant Nivelles
Have ye a good map, Richmond, near at hand ?

RICHMOND

In the next room there's one (Exit RICHMOND)

WELLINGTON calls up various general officers and aides from other parts of the room PICTON, UXBRIDGE, HILL, CLINTON, VIVIAN, MAITLAND, PONSONBY, SOMERSET, and others join him in succession, receive orders, and go out severally

PRINCE OF ORANGE

As my divisions seem to lie around
The probable point of impact, it behoves me
To start at once, Duke, for Genappe, I deem ?
Being in Brussels, all for this damned ball,
The dispositions out there have, so far,
Been made by young Saxe Weimar and Peiponcher,
On their own judgment quite I go, your Grace ?

WELLINGTON

Yes, certainly 'Tis now desirable
Farewell ! Good luck, until we meet again,
The battle won !

[Exit PRINCE OF ORANGE, and, shortly after, MUFFLING

RICHMOND returns with a map which he spreads out on the table.
WELLINGTON scans it closely

Napoléon has befooled me,
By God he has,—gained four-and-twenty hours'
Good march upon me !

RICHMOND

What do you mean to do ?

WELLINGTON

I have bidden the army concentrate in strength
At Quatre-Bras But we shan't stop him there,
So I must fight him *here*

(He marks Waterloo with his thumb-nail)

Well, now I have sped
All necessary orders I may sup,
And then must say good-bye (To Brunswick) This very
day
There will be fighting, Duke You are fit to start ?

BRUNSWICK (coming forward)

I leave almost this moment —Yes, your Grace—
And I sheath not my sword till I have avenged
My father's death I have sworn it !

WELLINGTON

My good friend,
Something too solemn knells beneath your words
Take cheertul views of the affair in hand,
And fall to't with *sang froid* !

BRUNSWICK

But I have sworn !
Adieu The rendezvous is Quatre Bias ?

WELLINGTON

Just so The order is unchanged Adieu ,
But only till a later hour to-day ,
I see it is one o'clock

WELLINGTON and RICHMOND go out of the alcove and join the hostess
BRUNSWICK'S black figure being left there alone He bends over the map
for a few seconds

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

*O Brunswick, Duke of Deathwounds ! Even as he
For whom thou wear'st that filial weedery
Was waylaid by my tipstaff nine years since,
So thou this day shalt feel his fendless tap,
And join thy sire !*

BRUNSWICK (starting up)

I am stirred by inner words,
As 'twere my father's angel calling me,—
That prelude to our death my lineage know !

He stands in a reverie for a moment , then, bidding adieu to the DUCHESS
OF RICHMOND and her daughter, goes slowly out of the ballroom by a
side door

DUCHESS

The Duke of Brunswick bore him gravely here
 His sable shape has struck me all the eve
 As one of those romantic presences
 We hear of—seldom see

WELLINGTON (phlegmatically)

Romantic,—well,

It may be so Times often, ever since
 The late Duke's death, his mood has tinged him thus
 He is of those brave men who danger see,
 And seeing front it,—not of those, less brave
 But counted more, who face it sightlessly

YOUNG OFFICER (to partner)

The Generals slip away ! I, Love, must take
 The cobbled highway soon Some hours ago
 The French seized Charleroi, so they loom nigh

PARTNER (uneasily)

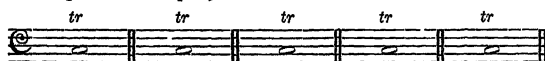
Which tells me that the hour you draw your sword
 Looms nigh us likewise !

YOUNG OFFICER

Some are saying here

We fight this very day Rumours all-shaped
 Fly round like cockchafers !

Suddenly there echoes into the ballroom a long-drawn metallic purr of
 sound, making all the company start



Ah—there it is,

Just as I thought ! They are beating the Générale

The loud roll of side-drums is taken up by other drums further and further
 away till the hollow noise spreads all over the city Dismay is written on
 the faces of the women The Highland non-commissioned officers and
 privates march smartly down the ballroom and disappear

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

*Discerned you stepping out in front of them
 That figure—of a pale drum-major kind,
 Or fugleman—who wore a cold grimace ?*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

*He was my old friend Death, in rarest trim,
The occasion favouring his husbandry '*

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

Are those who marched behind him, then, to fall ?

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

Ay, all well nigh, ere Time have hour'd three-score

PARTNER

Suely this cruel call to instant war
Spares space for one dance more, that memory
May store when you are gone, while I—sad me '—
Wait, wait and weep Yes—one there is to be !

SPIRIT IRONIC

Methinks flirtation grows too tender here !

COUNTRY DANCE "THE PRIME OF LIFE" ¹

The sense of looming tragedy carries emotion to its climax. All the younger officers stand up with their partners, forming several figures of fifteen or twenty couples each. The air is ecstaticizing, and both sexes abandon themselves to the movement.

Nearly half an hour passes before the figure is danced down. Smothered kisses follow the conclusion. The silence is broken from without by more long hollow rolling notes, so near that they thrill the window-panes.

SEVERAL

'Tis the Assemblée Now, then, we must go !

The officers bid farewell to their partners and begin leaving in twos and threes. When they are gone the women mope and murmur to each other by the wall, and listen to the tramp of men and slamming of doors in the streets without.

LADY HAMILTON DALRYMPLE

The Duke has borne him gaily here to-night
The youngest spirits scarcely capped his own

DALRYMPLE

Maybe that, finding himself blade to blade
With Bonaparte at last, his blood gets quick

¹ A favourite figure at this period

French lancers of the Guard were seen at Frasnes
Last midnight, so the clash is not far off

[They leave

DE LANCEY (to his wife)

I take you to our door, and say good-bye,
And go thence to the Duke's and wait for him
In a few hours we shall be all in motion
Towards the scene of—what we cannot tell!
You, dear, will haste to Antwerp till it's past,
As we have arranged

[They leave

WELLINGTON (to Richmond)

Now I must also go,
And snatch a little snooze ere harnessing
The Prince and Brunswick have been gone some while

RICHMOND walks to the door with him EXIT WELLINGTON RICHMOND
returns

DUCHESS (to Richmond)

Some of these left renew the dance, you see
I cannot stop them, but with memory hot
Of those late gone, of where they are gone, and why,
It smacks of heartlessness!

RICHMOND

Let be, let be,
Youth comes not twice to fleet mortality!

The dancing however, is fitful and spiritless few but civilian partners
being left for the ladies Many of the latter prefer to sit in reverie while
waiting for their carriages

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

*When those stout men-at-arms drew doorward there,
I saw a like grimacing shadow march
And pirouette before no few of them
Some of themselves beheld it, some did not*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

Which were so ushered?

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

*Brunswick, who saw and knew,
 One also moved before Sir Thomas Pulton,
 Who coolly conned and dilly spoke to it,
 Another danced in front of Ponsonby,
 Who failed of heeding his —De Lancey, Hay,
 Gordon, and Cameron, and many more
 Were footmanned by like phantoms from the ball*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

*Multiplied shimmerings of my Protean friend,
 Who means to touch them shortly Thou wilt eye
 Many fantastic moulds of him ere long,
 Such as, bethink thee, oft hast eyed before*

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

I have—too often !

The attenuated dance dies out the remaining guests depart, the musicians leave the gallery and depart also RICHMOND goes to a window and pulls back one of the curtains Dawn is buely visible in the sky, and the lamps indistinctly reveal that long lines of British infantry have assembled in the street In the irksomeness of waiting for their officers with marching-orders they have lain down on the pavements where many are soundly sleeping, their heads on their knapsacks and their arms by their side

DUCHESS

Poor men Sleep waylays them How tired they seem !

RICHMOND

They'll be more tired before the day is done
 A march of eighteen miles beneath the heat
 And then to fight a battle ere they rest,
 Is what foreshades —Well, it is more than bed-time,
 But little sleep for us or any one
 To-night in Brussels !

He draws the window curtain and goes out with the DUCHESS Servants enter and extinguish candles The scene closes in darkness

SCENE III

CHARLEROI NAPOLEON'S QUARTERS

The same midnight NAPOLEON is lying on a bed in his clothes In consultation with SOULI, his Chief of Staff, who is sitting near, he dictates to

his Secretary orders for the morrow They are addressed to KELLERMANN, DROUOT, LOBAU, GÉRARD, and other of his marshals SOULT goes out to dispatch them

The Secretary resumes the reading of reports Presently MARSHAL NEY is announced He is heard stumbling up the stairs, and enters

NAPOLÉON

Ah, Ney, why come you back? Have you secured
The all-important Crossways?—safely sconced
Yourself at Quatre Bras?

NEY

Not, sire, as yet
For, marching forwards, I heard gunnery boom,
And, fearing that the Prussians had engaged you,
I stood at pause Just then——

NAPOLÉON

My charge was this
Make it impossible at any cost
That Wellington and Blucher should unite
As it's from Brussels that the English come,
And from Namur the Prussians, Quatre-Bras
Lends it alone for their forgoing
So, why exists it if not in your hands?

NEY

My reason, sire, was rolling from my tongue —
Haid on the boom of guns, dim files of foot
Which read to me like massing Englishry—
The vanguard of all Wellington's array—
I half-discerned So, in pure wariness,
I left the Bachelu columns there at Frasnes,
And hastened back to tell you

NAPOLÉON

Ney, O Ney!

I fear you are not the man that once you were,
Of yore so daunt, such a faint-heart now!
I have ground to know the foot that flustered you
Were but a few stray groups of Netherlanders,
For my good spies in Brussels send me cue
That up to now the English have not stirred,
But cloy themselves with nightly revel there

NEY (bitterly)

Give me one rich last opportunity
Before you speak like that !

NAPOLÉON

You soon will have one !
But now—no more of this I have other glooms
Upon my soul—the much-disquieting news
That Bourmont has deserted to our foes
With his whole staff

NEY

We can afford to let him

NAPOLÉON

It is what such betokens, not their worth,
That whets it ! Love, respect for me, have waned ,
But I will fight that We've good chances still
You must return foot-hot to Quatre Bras ,
There Kellermann's cuirassiers will promptly join you
To bear the English backward Brussels way
I go on towards Fleurus and Ligny now —
If Blucher's force retreat, and Wellington's
Lie somnolent in Brussels one day more,
I gain that city sans a single shot !

Now, friend, downstairs you'll find some supper ready,
Which you must tuck in sharply, and then off
The past day has not ill-advantaged us ,
We have stalked upon the two chiefs unawares,
And in such sites that they must fight apart
Now for a two hours' rest —Comrade, adieu
Until to-morrow !

NEY

Till to-morrow, sire !

[Exit NEY]

NAPOLÉON falls asleep and the Secretary waits till dictation shall be resumed BUSSY the orderly officer, comes to the door

BUSSY

Letters—arrived from Paris (Hands letters)

SECRETARY

 He shall have them
The moment he awakes These eighteen hours
He's been astide , and is not what he was —
Much news from Paris ?

BUSSY

 I can only say
What's not the news The courier has just told me
He'd nothing from the Empress at Vienna
To bring his Majesty She writes no more

SECRETARY

And never will again ! In my regard
That bird's forsook its nest for good and all

BUSSY

All that they hear in Paris from her court
Is through our spies there One of them reports,
This rumour of her that the Archduke John,
In taking leave to join our enemies here,
Said, " Oh, my poor Louise , I am grieved for you
And what I hope is, that he'll be run through,
Or shot, or break his neck, for your own good
No less than ours "

NAPOLÉON (waking)

By " he " denoting me ?

BUSSY (starting)

Just so, your Majesty

NAPOLÉON (peremptorily)

What said the Empress ?

BUSSY

She gave no answer, sire, that rumour bears

NAPOLÉON

Count Neipperg, whom they have made her chamberlain,
Interred his wife last spring—is it not so ?

BUSSY

He did, your Majesty

NAPOLÉON

H'm You may go

[Exit BUSSY]

The Secretary reads letters aloud in succession. He comes to the last, begins it, reaches a phrase and stops abruptly.

Mind not! Read on. No doubt the usual threat,
Or prophecy, from some mad scribe? Who signs it?

SECRETARY

The subscript is "The Duke of Enghien!"

NAPOLÉON (starting up)

Bah, man! A treacherous trick! A hoax—no more!
Is that the last?

SECRETARY

The last, your Majesty

NAPOLÉON

Then now I'll sleep. In two hours have me called.

SECRETARY

I'll give the order, sire

[The Secretary goes]

The candles are removed except one and NAPOLÉON endeavours to compose himself.

SPIRIT IRONIC

A little moral panorama would do him no harm, after that reminder of the Duke of Enghien. Shall it be, young Compassion?

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

*What good—if that old Year's tells us be true?
But I say naught. To ordain is not for me!*

Thereupon a vision passes before NAPOLÉON as he lies, comprising hundreds of thousands of skeletons and corpses in various stages of decay. They rise from his various battlefields, the flesh dropping from them, and gaze reproachfully at him. His intimate officers who have been slain he recognizes among the crowd. In front is the DUKE OF ENGHEN as showman.

L

NAPOLÉON (in his sleep)

Why, why should this reproach be dealt me now ?

Why hold me my own master, if I be

Ruled by the pitiless Planet of Destiny ?

He jumps up in a sweat and puts out the last candle, and the scene is curtained by darkness

SCENE IV

A CHAMBER OVERLOOKING A MAIN STREET IN BRUSSELS

A June sunrise, the beams struggling through the window-curtains. A canopied bed in a recess on the left. The quick notes of "Brighton Camp, or the Girl I've left behind me," strike sharply into the room from fifes and drums without. A young lady in a dressing-gown, who has evidently been awaiting the sound, springs from the bed like a hare from its form, undraws the window-curtains and opens the window.

Columns of British soldiery are marching past from the Parc southward out of the city by the Namur Gate. The windows of other houses in the street rattle open, and become full of gazers.

A tap at the door. An older lady enters, and comes up to the first.

YOUNGER LADY (turning)

O mamma—I didn't hear you !

ELDER LADY

I was sound asleep till the thumping of the drums set me fantastically dreaming, and when I awoke I found they were real. Did they wake you too, my dear ?

YOUNGER LADY (reluctantly)

I didn't require waking. I hadn't slept since we came home.

ELDER LADY

That was from the excitement of the ball. There are dark rings round your eyes. (The fifes and drums are now opposite, and thrill the air in the room.) Ah—that "Girl I've left behind me!"—which so many thousands of women have throbbled an accompaniment to, and will again to-day if ever they did !

YOUNGER LADY (her voice faltering)

It is rather cruel to say that just now, mamma. There, I can't look at them after it ! (She turns and wipes her eyes.)

ELDER LADY

I wasn't thinking of ourselves—certainly not of you—How they press on—with those great knapsacks and firelocks and, I am told, fifty-six pounds of ball-cartridge, and four days' provisions in those haversacks. How can they carry it all near twenty miles and fight with it on their shoulders! Don't cry, dear. I thought you would get sentimental last night over somebody. I ought to have brought you home sooner. How many dances did you have? It was impossible for me to look after you in the excitement of the war-tidings.

YOUNGER LADY

Only three—four

ELDER LADY

Which were they?

YOUNGER LADY

"Enrico," the "Copenhagen Waltz" and the "Hanoverian," and the "Prime of Life"

ELDER LADY

It was very foolish to fall in love on the strength of four dances

YOUNGER LADY (evasively)

Fall in love? Who said I had fallen in love? What a funny idea!

ELDER LADY

Is it? Now here come the Highland Brigade with their pipes and their "Hieland Laddie." How the sweethearts cling to the men's arms. (Reaching forward.) There are more regiments following. But look, that gentleman opposite knows us. I cannot remember his name. (She bows and calls across.) Sir, which are these?

GENTLEMAN OPPOSITE

The Ninety-second. Next come the Forty-ninth, and next the Forty-second—Sir Denis Pack's brigade

ELDER LADY

Thank you—I think it is that gentleman we talked to at the Duchess's, but I am not sure. (A pause. Another band.)

GENTLEMAN OPPOSITE

That's the Twenty-eighth (They pass, with their band and colours)
 Now the Thirty-second are coming up—part of Kempt's brigade
 Endless, are they not !

ELDER LADY

Yes, Sir Has the Duke passed out yet ?

GENTLEMAN OPPOSITE

Not yet Some cavalry will go by first, I think The foot
 coming up now are the Seventy-ninth (They pass) These
 next are the Ninety-fifth (They pass) These are the First
 Foot-guards (They pass, playing " British Grenadiers) The
 Fusileer-guards now (They pass) Now the Coldstreamers
 (They pass He looks up towards the Parc) Several Hanoverian
 regiments under Colonel Best are coming next (They pass, with
 their bands and colours An interval)

ELDER LADY (to daughter)

Here are the hussars How much more they carry to battle
 than at reviews The hay in those great nets must encumber
 them (She turns and sees that her daughter has become pale) Ah,
 now I know ! *He* has just gone by You exchanged signals
 with him, you wicked girl ! How do you know what his character
 is, or if he'll ever come back ?

The younger lady goes and flings herself on her face upon the bed,
 sobbing silently Her mother glances at her but leaves her alone An
 interval The prancing of a group of horsemen is heard on the cobble stones
 without

GENTLEMAN OPPOSITE (calling)

Here comes the Duke !

ELDER LADY (to younger)

You have left the window at the most important time ! The
 Duke of Wellington and his staff-officers are passing out

YOUNGER LADY

I don't want to see him I don't want to see anything any
 more !

Riding down the street comes WELLINGTON in a grey frock-coat and
 small cocked hat, frigid and undemonstrative, accompanied by four or five
 Generals of his suite, the Deputy Quartermaster-general DR LANCEY, LORD
 FITZROY SOMERSET, Aide-de-camp, and GENERAL MUFFLING

GENTLEMAN OPPOSITE

He is the Prussian officer attached to our headquarters, through whom Wellington communicates with Blücher, who, they say, is threatened by the French at Ligny at this moment

The elder lady turns to her daughter, and going to the bed bends over her, while the horses tramp of WELLINGTON and his staff clatters more faintly in the street, and the music of the last dancing band dies away towards the Forest of Soignes

Finding that her daughter is hysterical with grief she quickly draws the window curtains to screen the room from the houses opposite Scene ends

SCENE V

THE FIELD OF LIGNY

The same day later A prospect of the battlefield of Ligny southward from the roof of the windmill of Bussy which stands at the centre and highest point of the Prussian position about six miles south east of Quatre-Bras

The ground slopes downward along the whole front of the scene to a valley through which wanders the Ligne a muddy stream bordered by willows On both sides of the stream in the middle plane of the picture stands the village of Ligny, composed of thatched cottages gardens, and farm-houses with stone walls, the main features, such as the church, churchyard and village-green being on the further side of the Ligne

On that side the land ascends in green wheatfields to an elevation somewhat greater than that of the foreground reaching away to Fleurus in the right-hand distance

In front, on the slopes between the spectator and the village is the First Corps of the Prussian army commanded by ZIETEN its First Brigade under STEINMETZ occupying the most salient point The Corps under HILLMANN is ranged to the left, and that of PIRCH to the rear, in reserve to ZIETEN In the centre front just under the mill BLÜCHER on a fine grey charger is intently watching with his staff

Something dark is seen to be advancing over the horizon by Fleurus, about three miles off It is the van of NAPOLEON'S army approaching to give battle

At this moment hoofs are heard clattering along a road that passes behind the mill and there come round to the front the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, his staff-officers, and a small escort of cavalry

WELLINGTON and BLÜCHER greet each other at the foot of the windmill They disappear inside and can be heard ascending the ladders

Enter on the roof WELLINGTON and BLÜCHER, followed by FITZROY SOMERSET, GNEISENAU, MUFFLING, and others Before renewing their conversation they peer through their glasses at the dark movements on the horizon WELLINGTON'S manner is deliberate, judicial, almost indifferent, BLÜCHER'S eager and impetuous

WELLINGTON

They muster not as yet in near such strength
At Quatre-Bras as here

BLUCHER

'Tis from Fleuius
They come debouching I, perforce, withdrew
My forward posts of cavalry at dawn
In face of their light cannon They'll be here,
I reckon, soon !

WELLINGTON (still with glass)

I clearly see his staff,
And if my eyes don't lie, the Arch-one too
It is the whole Imperial army, Prince,
That we've before us (A silence) Well, we'll cope with
them !
What would you have me do ?

BLUCHER is so absorbed in what he sees that he does not heed

GNEISENAU

Duke, this I'd say
Events suggest to us that you come up
With all your force, behind the village here,
And act as our reserve

MUFFLING

But Bonaparte,
Pray note, has redistributed his strength
In fashion that you fail to recognize
I am against your scheme

BLUCHER (lowering his glass)

Signs notify
Napoléon's plans as changed ! He purports now
To strike our left—between Sombieffe and Brye .
If so, I have to readjust my ward

WELLINGTON

One of his two divisions that we scan
Outspreading from Fleuius, seems bent on Ligny,
The other on Saint-Amand

BLUCHER

Well, I shall see
In half an hour, your Grace If what I deem

Be what he means, Von Zieten's corps forthwith
Must stand to their positions Push out here,
Henckel at Ligny, Steinmetz at La Haye

WELLINGTON

So that, your Excellency, as I opine,
I go and sling my strength on their left wing—
Manœuvring to outflank 'em on that side

BLUCHER

True, true Our plan uncovers of itself,
You bear down everything from Quatre Bras
Along the road to Frasnes

WELLINGTON

I will, by God
I'll bear straight on to Gosselies, if needs '!

GNEISENAU

Your Excellencies, if I may be a judge,
Such movement will not tend to unity,
It leans too largely on a peradventure,
Most speculative in its contingencies '!

A silence, till the officers of the staff remark to each other that concentration is best in any circumstances A general discussion ensues

BLUCHER (concludingly)

We will expect you, Duke, to our support

WELLINGTON

I must agree that, in the sum, it's best
So be it then If not attacked myself
I'll come to you —Now I return with speed
To Quatre-Bras

BLUCHER

And I descend from here
To give close eye and thought to things below,
No more can well be studied where we stand

Exeunt from roof WELLINGTON, BLUCHER and the rest They reappear below, and WELLINGTON and his suite gallop furiously away in the direction of Quatre Bras

An interval

DUMB SHOW (below)

Three reports of a cannon give the signal for the French attack. NAPOLÉON'S army advances down the slopes of green corn opposite, bands and voices joining in songs of victory. The French come in three grand columns, VANDAMME'S on the left (the spectator's right) against Saint-Amand, the most forward angle of the Prussian position. GÉRARD'S in the centre bears down upon Ligny. GROUCHI'S on the French right is further back. Far to the rear can be discerned NAPOLÉON, the Imperial Guard, and MILHAUD'S cuirassiers halted in reserve.

This formidable advance is preceded by swarms of tirailleurs, who tread down the high wheat, exposing their own men in the rear.

Amid cannonading from both sides they draw nearer to the Prussians, though lanes are cut through them by the latter's guns. They drive the Prussians out of Ligny, who however rally in the houses, churchyard, and village green.

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

*I see an unnatural Monster, loosely jointed,
With an Apocalyptic Being's shape,
And limbs and eyes a hundred thousand strong,
And fifty thousand heads, which coils itself
About the buildings there*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

*Thou dost indeed
It is the Monster Devastation Watch*

Round the church they fight without quarter shooting face to face, stabbing with unfixed bayonets, and braining with the butts of muskets. The village catches fire, and soon becomes a furnace. The crash of splitting timbers as doors are broken through, the curses of the fighters rise into the air, with shouts of "En avant!" from the further side of the stream, and "Vorwärts!" from the nearer.

The battle extends to the west by Le Hameau and Saint Amand la Haye, and Ligny becomes invisible under a shroud of smoke.

VOICES (at the base of the mill)

This sun will go down bloodily for us!
The English, sharply sighed for by Prince Blucher,
Cannot appear. Wellington words across
That hosts have set on him at Quatre-Bras,
And leave him not one bayonet to spare!

The truth of this intelligence is apparent. A low dull sound heard lately from the direction of Quatre-Bras has increased to a roaring cannonade.

The scene abruptly closes

SCENE VI

THE FIELD OF QUATRE BRAS

The same day The view is southward and the straight gaunt highway from Brussels (behind the spectator) to Charleroi over the hills in front bisects the picture from foreground to distance. Near at hand where it is elevated and open, there crosses it obliquely at a point called Les Quatre-Bras, another road which comes from Nivelles five miles to the gazer's right rear, and goes to Namur, twenty miles ahead to the left. At a distance of five or six miles in this latter direction it passes near the previous scene, Ligny, whence the booming of guns can be continuously heard.

Between the cross-roads in the centre of the scene and the far horizon the ground dips into a hollow on the other side of which the same straight road to Charleroi is seen climbing the crest and over it till out of sight. From a hill on the right hand of the mid distance a large wood, the wood of Bossu, reaches up nearly to the crossways, which give their name to the buildngs thereat consisting of a few farm houses and an inn.

About three quarters of a mile off, nearly hidden by the horizon towards Charleroi, there is also a farmstead, Gemioncourt, another, Piraumont, strnds on an eminence a mile to the left of it, and somewhat in front of the Namur road.

DUMB SHOW

As this scene uncovers the battle is beheld to be raging at its height, and to have reached a keenly tragic phase. WELLINGTON has returned from Ligny and the main British and Hanoverian position held by the men who marched out of Brussels in the morning under officers who danced the previous night at the Duchess's is along the Namur road to the left of the perspective, and round the cross road itself. That of the French, under Ney, is on the crests further back, from which they are descending in imposing numbers. Some advanced columns are assailing the English left, while through the smoke hazes of the middle of the field two lines or skirmishers are seen firing at each other—the southernmost dark blue the northernmost dull red. Time lapses till it is past four o'clock.

SPIRIT OF RUMOUR

*The cannonade of the French ordnance-lines
Has now redoubled. Columns new and dense
Of foot, supported by fleet cavalry,
Straightly impinge upon the Brunswick bands
That hug the tangled tree-clumps of Bossu
Above some regiments of the assaulting French
A flag like midnight swims upon the air,
To say no quarter may be looked for there!*

The Brunswick soldiery, much notched and torn by the French grape-shot, now lie in heaps. The DUKE OF BRUNSWICK himself, desperate to keep them steady, lights his pipe, and rides slowly up and down in front of his lines previous to the charge which follows.

SPIRIT OF RUMOUR

*The French have heaved them on the Brunswickers,
And borne them back Now comes the Duke's told time
He gallops at the head of his hussars—
Those men of solemn and appalling guise,
Full-clothed in black, with nodding hearsy plumes,
A shining silver skull and cross of bones
Set upon each, to byspeak his slain sire
Concordantly, the expected bullet starts
And finds the living son*

BRUNSWICK reels to the ground His troops, disheartened, lose their courage and give way

The French front columns and the cavalry supporting them, shout as they advance The Allies are forced back upon the English main position WELLINGTON is in personal peril for a time but he escapes it by a leap of his horse

A curtain of smoke drops An interval The curtain ascends

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

*Behold again the Dynasts' gory gear !
Since we regarded, what has progressed here ?*

RECORDING ANGEL (in recitative)

*Musters of English foot and their allies
Came palely panting by the Brussels way,
And, swiftly stationed, checked their counter-braves
Ney, vered by lack of like auxiliaries,
Bade then the columned cuirassiers to charge
In all their edged array of weaponcraft
Yea, thrust replied to thrust, and fire to fire,
The English broke, till Picton prompt to prop them
Sprang with fresh foot-folk from the covering rye
Next Pire's cavalry took up the charge
And so the action sways The English left
Is turned at Piraumont, whilst on their right
Perils infest the greenwood of Bossu,
Wellington gazes round with dubious view,
England's long fame in fight seems sepulchred,
And ominous roars swell louder Ligny-ward*

SPIRIT OF RUMOUR

*New rage has wrenched the battle since thou'st writ,
Hot-hasting succours of light cannonry*

*Lately come up, relieve the English stress,
 Kellermann's cuirassiers, both man and horse
 All plated over with the brass of war,
 Are rolling on the highway. More brigades
 Of British, soiled and sweltering, now are nigh,
 Who plunge within the boscaige of Bossu,
 Where in the hidden shades and sinuous creeps
 Life-struggles can be heard, seen but in glimps
 Therewith the foe's accessions harass Ney,
 Racked that no needful d'Erlon darks the way!*

Inch by inch NEY has to draw off. WELLINGTON promptly advances. At dusk NEY'S army finds itself back at Frasnes where he meets D'ERLON coming up to his assistance, too late.

The weary English and their allies who have been on foot ever since one o'clock the previous morning prepare to bivouac in front of the cross-roads. Their fires flash up for a while, and by and by the dead silence of heavy sleep hangs over them. WELLINGTON goes into his tent, and the night darkens.

A Prussian courier from Ligny enters, who is conducted into the tent to WELLINGTON.

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

*What tidings can a courier bring that count
 Here, where such mighty things are native born?*

RECORDING ANGEL (in recitative)

*The fury of the tumult there begun
 Scourged quivering Ligny through the afternoon
 Napoléon's great intent grew substantive,
 And on the Prussian path and pulse he bent
 His foretold blow. Blucher, to butt the shock,
 Called up his last reserves, and heading on,
 With blade high brandished by his aged arm,
 Spurred forward his white steed. But they, outspent,
 Failed far to follow. Darkness coped the sky,
 And storm, and rain with thunder. Yet once more
 He cheered them on to charge. His horse, the while,
 Pierced by a bullet, fell on him it bore.
 He, trampled, bruised, faint, and in dismay
 Dragged to another mount, was led away
 His ragged lines withdraw from sight and sound,
 And their assailants camp upon the ground.*

The scene shuts with midnight

SCENE VII

BRUSSELS THE PLACE ROYALE

The same night, dark and sultry A crowd of citizens throng the broad Place They gaze continually down the Rue de Namur along which arrive minute by minute carts and waggons laden with wounded men Other wounded limp into the city on foot At much greater speed enter fugitive soldiers from the miscellaneous contingents of WELLINGTON'S army at Quatre-Bras who gesticulate and explain to the crowd that all is lost and that the French will soon be in Brussels

Baggage carts and carriages, with and without horses, stand before an hotel, surrounded by a medley of English and other foreign nobility and gentry with their valets and muds Bulletins from the battlefield are affixed on the corner of the Place and people peer at them by the dim oil lights

A rattle of hoofs reaches the ears entering the town by the same Namur gate The riders disclose themselves to be Belgian hussars, also from the field

SEVERAL HUSSARS

The French approach ! Wellington is beaten Bonaparte is at our heels

Consternation reaches a crisis Horses are hastily put-to at the hotel people crowd into the carriages and try to drive off They get jammed together and hemmed in by the throng Unable to move they quarrel and curse despairingly in sundry tongues

Enter the MAYOR OF BRUSSELS, the BARON CAPELLEN, the DUC D'URSEL, and officials

BARON CAPELLEN

Affix the new bulletin It is a more assuring one, and may quiet them a little

A new bulletin is nailed over the old one

MAYOR

Good people, calm yourselves No victory has been won by Bonaparte The noise of guns heard all the afternoon became fainter towards the end, showing beyond doubt that the retreat was away from the city

A CITIZEN

The French are said to be forty thousand strong at Les Quatre-Bras, and no forty thousand British marched out against them this morning !

ANOTHER CITIZEN

And it is whispered that the city archives and the treasure-chest have been sent to Antwerp !

MAYOR

Only as a precaution No good can be gained by panic Sixty or seventy thousand of the Allies, all told, face Napoleon by this hour Meanwhile who is to attend to the wounded that are being brought in faster and faster ? Fellow-citizens, do your duty by these unfortunates, and believe me that when engaged in such an act of mercy no enemy will hurt you

CITIZENS

What can we do ?

MAYOR

I invite all those who have such, to bring mattresses, sheets, and coverlets to the Hôtel de Ville, also old linen and lint from the houses of the cures

Many set out on this errand An interval Enter a courier who speaks to the MAYOR and the BARON CAPELLEN

BARON CAPELLEN (to Mayor)

Better inform them immediately, to prevent a panic

MAYOR (to Citizens)

I grieve to tell you that the Duke of Brunswick, whom you saw ride out this morning, was killed this afternoon at Les Quatre-Bras A musket-ball passed through his bridle-hand and entered his belly His body is now arriving Carry yourselves gravely

A lane is formed in the crowd in the direction of the Rue de Namur, and they wait Presently an extemporized funeral procession with the body of the DUKE on a gun-carriage, and a small escort of Brunswickers with carbines reversed, comes slowly up the street, their silver death's heads shining in the lamplight The agitation of the citizens settles into a silent gloom as the mournful train passes

MAYOR (to Baron Capellen)

I noticed the strange look of prepossession on his face at the ball last night, as if he knew what was going to be

BARON CAPEILEN

The Duchess mentioned it to me He hated the French,
if any man ever did, and so did his father before him ! Here
comes the English Colonel Hamilton, straight from the field
He will give us trustworthy particulars

Enter COLONEL HAMILTON by the Rue de Namur He converses with
the MAYOR and the BARON on the issue of the struggle

MAYOR

Now I will go to the Hôtel de Ville, and get it ready for
those wounded who can find no room in private houses

[Exit MAYOR, CAPEILEN, D'URSEL, HAMILTON, etc. severally

Many citizens descend in the direction of the Hôtel de Ville to assist
Those who remain silently watch the carts bringing in the wounded till a late
hour The doors of houses in the Place and elsewhere are kept open, and
the rooms within lighted in expectation of more arrivals from the field

A courier gallops up, who is accosted by idlers

COURIER (hastily)

The Prussians are defeated at Ligny by Napoléon in person
He will be here to-morrow

[Exit courier

FIRST IDLER

The devil ! Then I am for welcoming him No Antwerp
for me !

OTHER IDLERS (sotto voce)

Vive l'Empereur !

A warm summer fog from the Lower Town covers the Parc and the
Place Royale

SCENE VIII

THE ROAD TO WATERLOO

The view is now from Quatre-Bras backward along the road by which the
English arrived Diminishing in a straight line from the foreground to the
centre of the distance it passes over Mont Saint-Jean and through Waterloo
to Brussels

It is now tinged by a moving mass of English and Allied infantry in
retreat to a new position at Mont Saint Jean The sun shines brilliantly
upon the foreground as yet, but towards Waterloo and the Forest of Soignes
on the north horizon it is overcast with black clouds which are steadily
advancing up the sky

To mask the retreat the English outposts retain their position on the battlefield in the face of NEY'S troops, and keep up a desultory firing the cavalry for the same reason remain, being drawn up in lines beside the intersecting Namur road

Enter WELLINGTON, UXBRIDGE (who is in charge of the cavalry), MUFFLING, VIVIAN, and others. They look through their field glasses towards Frasnes, NEY'S position since his retreat of yesterday, and also towards NAPOLÉON'S at Ligny.

WELLINGTON

The noonday sun, striking so strongly there,
Makes mirrors of their arms That they advance
Their growing radiance shows Those gleams by Marbais
Suggest fixed bayonets

UXBRIDGE

Vivian's glass reveals
That they are cuirassiers Ney's troops, too, near
At last, methinks, along this other road

WELLINGTON

One thing is sure that here the whole French force
Schemes to unite and sharply follow us
It formulates our fence The cavalry
Must linger here no longer, but recede
To Mont Saint-Jean, as rearguard of the foot
From the intelligence that Gordon brings
'Tis pretty clear old Blücher had to take
A damned good drubbing yesterday at Ligny,
And has been bent hard back! So that, for us,
Bound to the plighted plan, there is no choice
But to do like No doubt they'll say at home
That we've been well thrashed too It can't be helped,
They must! (He looks round at the sky) A heavy rain-
fall threatens us,
To make it all the worse!

The speaker and his staff ride off along the Brussels road in the rear of the infantry, and UXBRIDGE begins the retreat of the cavalry

CAPTAIN MERCER enters with a light battery

MERCER (excitedly)

Look back, my lord,
Is it not Bonaparte himself we see
Upon the road I have come by?

UXBRIDGE (looking through glass)

Yes, by God,

His face as clear-cut as the edge of a cloud
The sun behind shows up! His suite and all!
Fire—fire! And aim you well

The battery hastily makes ready and fires

No! It won't do

He brings on mounted ordnance of his Guard,
So we're in danger here Then limber up,
And off as soon as may be

The English artillery and cavalry retreat at full speed just as the weather bursts with flashes of lightning and drops of rain. They all clatter off along the Brussels road, UXBRIDGE and his aides galloping beside the column, till no British are left at Quatre-Bras except the slain.

The focus of the scene follows the retreating English army the highway and its margins panoramically gliding past the vision of the spectator. The phantoms chant monotonously while the retreat goes on.

CHORUS OF RUMOURS (aerial music)

*Day's nether hours advance, storm supervenes
In heaviness unparalleled, that screens
With water-woven gauzes, vapour-bred,
The creeping clumps of half-obliterate red—
Severely harassed past each round and ridge
By the musical lance They gain the bridge
And village of Ginappe, in equal fence
With weather and the enemy's violence
—Canon upon the foul and flooded road,
Cavalry in the cornfields mire-bestowed,
With frothy horses floundering to their knees,
Make wayfaring a moil of miseries!
Till Britishry and Bonapartists lose
Their clashing colours for the tawny hues
That twilight sets on all its stealing tinct imbues*

The rising ground of Mont Saint-Jean, in front of Waterloo, is gained by the English vanguard and main masses of foot and by degrees they are joined by the cavalry and artillery. The French are but little later in taking up their position amid the cornfields around La Belle Alliance.

Fires begin to shine up from the English bivouacs. Camp kettles are slung, and the men pile arms and stand round the blaze to dry themselves. The French opposite lie down like dead men in the dripping green wheat and rye, without supper and without fire.

By and by the English army also lies down the men huddling together on the ploughed mud in their wet blankets while some sleep sitting round the dying fires

CHORUS OF THE YEARS (aerial music)

*The eyelids of eve fall together at last,
And the forms so foreign to field and tree
Lie down as though native, and slumber fast !*

CHORUS OF THE PITIES

*Sore are the thrills of misgiving we see
In the artless campaign at this harlequinade,
Distracting a vigil where calm should be !
The green seems oppress, and the Plain afraid
Of a Something to come, where of these are the proofs,—
Neither earthquake, nor storm, nor eclipse's shade !*

CHORUS OF THE YEARS

*Yea, the conies are scared by the thud of hoofs,
And their white scuts flash at their vanishing heels,
And swallows abandon the hamlet-roofs
The mole's tunnelled chambers are crushed by wheels,
The lark's eggs scattered, their owners fled,
And the hedgehog's household the sapper unseals
The snail draws in at the terrible tread,
But in vain, he is crushed by the fellow-iron,
The worm asks what can be overhead,
And wriggles deep from a scene so grim,
And guesses him safe, for he does not know
What a foul red flood will be soaking him !
Beaten about by the hiel and toe
Are butterflies, sick of the day's long rheum,
To die of a worse than the weather-foe
Trodden and bruised to a sorry tomb
Are ears that have greened but will never be gold,
And flowers in the bud that will never bloom*

CHORUS OF THE PITIES

*So the season's intent, ere its fruit unfold,
Is frustrate, and mangled, and made succumb,
Like a youth of promise struck stark and cold !
And what of these who to-night have come ?*

CHORUS OF THE YEARS

*The young sleep sound, but the weather awakes
In the veterans, pains from the past that numb,
Old stabs of Ind, old Pennsular aches,
Old Friedland chills, haunt their moist mud bed,
Cramps from Austerlitz, till their slumber breaks*

CHORUS OF SINISTER SPIRITS

*And each soul shivers as sinks his head
On the loam he's to lease with the other dead
From to-morrow's mist-fall till Time be sped !*

The fires of the English go out and silence prevails, save for the soft hiss of the rain that falls impartially on both the sleeping armies

ACT SEVENTH

SCENE I

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO

An aerial view of the battlefield at the time of sunrise is disclosed

The sky is still overcast, and rain still falls. A green expanse, almost unbroken of rye wheat and clover in oblong and irregular patches undivided by fences, covers the undulating ground, which sinks into a shallow valley between the French and English positions. The road from Brussels to Charleroi runs like a spit through both positions, passing at the back of the English into the leafy forest of Soignes.

The latter are tuning out from their bivouacs. They move stiffly from their wet rest, and hurry to and fro like ants in an ant-hill. The tens of thousands of moving specks are largely of a brick-red colour, but the foreign contingent is darker.

Breakfasts are cooked over smoky fires of green wood. Innumerable groups, many in their shirt-sleeves, clean their rusty firelocks drawing or exploding the charges, scrape the mud from themselves, and pipeclay from their cross belts the red dye washed off their jackets by the rain.

At six o'clock they parade, spread out and take up their positions in the line of battle the front of which extends in a wavy riband three miles long, with three projecting bunches at Hougomont, La Haye Sainte, and La Haye.

Looking across to the French positions we observe that after advancing in dark streams from where they have passed the night they too, deploy and wheel into their fighting-places—figures with red epaulettes and hairy knapsacks, their arms glittering like a display of cutlery at a hill side fair.

They assume three concentric lines of crescent shape, that converge on the English midst, with great blocks of the Imperial Guard at the back of them. The rattle of their drums, their fanfarades, and their bands playing

'Veillons au salut de l'Empire' contrast with the quiet reigning on the English side

A knot of figures, comprising WELLINGTON with a suite of general and other staff-officers ride backwards and forwards in front of the English lines, where each regimental colour floats in the hands of the junior ensign. The DUKE himself, now a man of forty-six, is on his bay charger Copenhagen, in light pantaloons, a small plumless cocked hat and a blue cloak, which shows its white lining when blown back.

On the French side too a detached group creeps along the front in preliminary survey. BONAPARTE—also forty-six—in a grey overcoat, is mounted on his white war Marengo, and accompanied by SOULT, NEY, JÉRÔME DROUOT, and other marshals. The figures of aides move to and fro like shuttle-cocks between the group and distant points in the field. The sun has begun to gleam.

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

*Discriminate thine, and what they are,
Who stand so stalworthly to war*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

Report, ye Rumourers of things afar

SEMICHORUS I OF RUMOURS (chanting)

*Sweep first the Frenchmen's leftward lines along,
And eye the peaceful panes of Hougomont—
That seemed to hold prescriptive right of peace
In fee from Time till Time itself should cease!—
Jarred now by Reille's fierce foot-divisions three,
Flanked on their left by Piré's cavalry—
The fourfold corps of d'Erlon, spread at length,
Compose the right, east of the famed chaussée—
The shelterless Charleroi-and-Brussels way, —
And Jacquino's alert light-steeded strength
Still further right, their sharpened swords display
Thus stands the first line*

SEMICHORUS II

*Next behind its back
Comes Count Lobau, left of the Brussels track,
Then Domon's horse, the horse of Subervie,
Kellermann's cuirassed troopers twinkling-tipt,
And, backing d'Erlon, Milhaud's horse, equipt
Likewise in burnished steelwork sunshine-dipt
So ranks the second line refulgently*

SEMICHORUS I

*The third and last embattlement reveals
D'Erlon's, Lobau's, and Reille's foot-cannonniers,
And horse-drawn ordnance too, on massy wheels,
To strike with cavalry where space appears*

SEMICHORUS II

*The English front, to left, as flanking force,
Has Vandeleur's hussars, and Vivian's horse,
Next them pace Picton's rows along the crest,
The Hanoverian foot-folk, Wincké, Best,
Bylandt's brigade, set forward fencelessly,
Pack's northern clansmen, Kempt's tough infantry,
With gaster, epaulet, spat, and phibeg,
While Halkett, Ompteda, and Kielmansegge
Prolong the musters, near whose forward edge
Baring invests the Farm of Holy Hedge*

SEMICHORUS I

*Maitland and Byng in Cooke's division range,
And round dun Hougoumont's old lichen'd sides
A dense array of watching Guardsmen hides
Amid the peaceful produce of the grange,
Whose new-kern'd apples, hazy gooseberries green,
And mint, and thyme, the ranks intrude between—
Last, westward of the road that finds Nivelles,
Duplat draws up, and Aaam parallel*

SEMICHORUS II

*The second British line—embattled horse—
Holds the reverse slopes, screened, in ordered course,
Dornberg's, and Arentsschuld's, and Colquhoun-Grant's,
And left of them, behind where Alten plants
His regiments, come the "Household" Cavalry,
And nigh, in Picton's rear, the trumpets call
The "Union" brigade of Ponsonby
Behind these the reserves In front of all,
Or interspaced, with slow-matched gunners manned,
Upthroated rows of threatful ordnance stand*

The clock of Nivelles convent church strikes eleven in the distance
Shortly after, coils of starch-blue smoke burst into being along the French

lines, and the English batteries respond promptly, in an ominous roar that can be heard at Antwerp

A column from the French left, six thousand strong, advances on the plantation in front of the chateau of Hougomont. They are played upon by the English ordnance, but they enter the wood, and dislodge some battalions there. The French approach the buildings but are stopped by a loop-holed wall with a mass of English guards behind it. A deadly fire bursts from these through the loops and over the summit.

NAPOLÉON orders a battery of howitzers to play upon the building. Flames soon burst from it, but the foot-guards still hold the courtyard.

SCENE II

THE SAME THE FRENCH POSITION

On a hillock near the farm of Rossomme a small table from the farmhouse has been placed, maps are spread thereon and a chair is beside it. NAPOLÉON, SOULT, and other marshals are standing round, their horses waiting at the base of the slope.

NAPOLÉON looks through his glass at Hougomont. His elevated face makes itself distinct in the morning light as a gloomy, resentful countenance, blue-black where shaven, and stained with snuff, with powderings of the same on the breast of his uniform. His stumpy figure, being just now thrown back, accentuates his stoutness.

NAPOLÉON

Let Reille be warned that these his surly sets
On Hougomont château, can scarce defray
Their mounting bill of blood. They do not touch
The core of my intent—to pierce and roll
The centre upon the right of those opposed
Thereon will turn the outcome of the day,
In which our odds are ninety to their ten!

SOULT

Yes—prove there time and promptitude enough
To call back Grouchy here. Of his approach
I see no sign.

NAPOLÉON (roughly)

Hours past he was bid come
—But naught imports it! We are enough without him.
You have been beaten by this Wellington,
And so you think him great. But let me teach you
Wellington is no foe to reckon with.
His army, too, is poor. This clash to-day.

Is not more serious for our seasoned files
Than breakfasting

SOULT

Such is my earnest hope

NAPOLÉON

Observe that Wellington still labours on,
Stoutening his right behind Gomont château,
But leaves his left and centre as before—
Weaker, if anything He plays our game!

WELLINGTON can, in fact, be seen detaching from his main line several companies of Guards to check the aims of the French on Hougomont

Let me re-word my tactics Ney leads off
By seizing Mont Saint Jean Then d'Erlon stuns,
And heaves up his division from the left
The second corps will move abreast of him,
The sappers meaning to entrench themselves
Within the aforesaid farm

Enter an aide-de-camp

AIDE

From Marshal Ney,
Sire, I bring hasty word that all is poised
To strike the vital stroke, and only waits
Your Majesty's command

NAPOLÉON

Which he shall have
When I have scanned the hills for Grouchy's helms

NAPOLÉON turns his glass to an upland four or five miles off on the right, known as St Lambert's Chapel Hill Gazing more and more intently he takes rapid pinches of snuff in excitement, NIVS columns meanwhile standing for the word to advance, eighty guns being ranged in front of La Belle Alliance in support of them

I see a darkly crawling, slug-like shape
Embodying far out there,—troops seemingly—
Grouchy's van-guard What think you?

SOULT (also examining closely)

Verly troops,
And, maybe, Grouchy's But the air is hazed

NAPOLÉON

If troops at all, they are Grouchy's Why misgive,
And force on ills you fear !

ANOTHER MARSHAL

It seems a wood
Trees don bold outlines in their new-leaved pride

ANOTHER MARSHAL

It is the creeping shadow from a cloud

ANOTHER MARSHAL

It is a mass of stationary foot,
I can descry piled arms

NAPOLÉON sends off the order for NEY'S attack—the grand assault on the English midst, including the farm of La Haye Sainte. It opens with a half-hour's thunderous discharge of artillery, which ceases at length to let D'EKLON'S infantry pass.

Four huge columns of these, shouting defiantly, push forwards in face of the reciprocal fire from the canon of the English. The reffrontery carries them so near the Anglo Allied lines that the latter waver. But PICTON brings up PACHA'S brigade, before which the French in turn recede, though they make an attempt on La Haye Sainte whence BARRING'S Germans pour a resolute fire.

WELLINGTON who is seen afar as one of a group standing by a great elm orders OMPTÉDA to send assistance to BARRING as may be gathered from the darting of aides to and fro between the points, like house-flies dancing their quadrilles.

East of the great highway the right columns of D'EKLON'S corps have climbed the slopes. BYLANDT'S sorely exposed Dutch are broken, and in their flight disorder the ranks of the English Twentieth the Carabineers of the Ninety-fifth being also dislodged from the sand pit they occupied.

NAPOLÉON

All prospers marvellously ! Gomont is hemmed,
La Haye Sainte too, their centre jeopardized,
Traveis and d'Erlon dominate the crest,
And further strength of foot is following close
Then troops are raw, the flower of England's force
That fought in Spain, America now holds —
To-night we sleep in Brussels !

SIR THOMAS PICTON seeing what is happening orders KEMPT'S brigade forward. It volleys murderously DONZELOT'S columns of D'EKLON'S corps and repulses them. As they recede PICTON'S beheld shouting an order to charge.

SPIRIT OF RUMOUR

*I catch a voice that cautions Picton now
 Against his rashness "What the hell care I,—
 Is my curst carcase worth a moment's mind?—
 Come on!" he answers Onwardly he goes!*

His tall, stern, saturnine figure with its bronzed complexion is on nearer approach discerned heading the charge. As he advances to the slope between the cross-roads and the sand-pit riding very conspicuously, he falls dead, a bullet in his forehead. His aide, assisted by a soldier, drags the body beneath a tree and hastens on. KEMPT takes his command.

Next MARCOGNET is repulsed by PACK'S brigade. D'ERLON'S infantry and TRAVERS'S cuirassiers are charged by the Union Brigade of Scotch¹ Greys, Royal Dragoons, and Inniskillens, and cut down everywhere, the brigade following them so furiously that LORD UXBRIDGE tries in vain to recall it. On its coming near the French it is overwhelmed by MILHAUD'S cuirassiers, scarcely a fifth of the brigade returning.

An aide enters to NAPOLÉON from GENERAL DOMON.

AIDE

The General, on a far reconnaissance,
 Says, sire, there is no room for longer doubt
 That those debouching on St Lambert's Hill
 Are Prussian files.

NAPOLÉON

Then where is General Grouchy?

Enter COLONEL MARBOT with a prisoner.

Aha—a Prussian, too! How comes he here!

MARBOT

Sire, my hussars have captured him near Lasnes—
 A subaltern of the Silesian Horse
 A note from Bulow to Lord Wellington,
 Announcing that a Prussian corps is close,
 Was found on him. He speaks our language, sire.

NAPOLÉON (to prisoner)

What force looms yonder on St Lambert's Hill?

PRISONER

General Count Bulow's van, your Majesty.

A thoughtful scowl crosses NAPOLÉON'S sallow face.

¹ The spelling of the date is used

NAPOLÉON

Where, then, did your main army lie last night ?

PRISONER

At Wavre

NAPOLÉON

But clashed it with no Frenchmen there ?

PRISONER

With none We deemed they had marched on Plancenoit

NAPOLÉON (shortly)

Take him away (The prisoner is removed) Has Grouchy's
 whereabouts

Been sought, to apprize him of this Prussian trend ?

SOULT

Certainly, sire I sent a messenger

NAPOLÉON (bitterly)

A messenger ! Had my poor Berthier been here
Six would have sufficed ! Now then seek Ney ,
Bid him to sling the valour of his braves
Fiercely on England ere Count Bulow come ,
And advertize the succours on the hill
As Grouchy's (Aside) This is my one battle-chance ,
The Allies have many such ' (To SOULT) If Bulow nears,
He cannot join in time to share the fight
And if he could, 'tis but a corps the more
This morning we had ninety chances ours,
We have threescore still If Grouchy but retrieve
His fault of absence, conquest comes with eve !

The scene shifts

SCENE III

SAINT LAMBERT'S CHAPEL HILL

A hill half-way between Wavre and the field of Waterloo, five miles to the north-east of the scene preceding The hill is wooded, with some open land around To the left of the scene, towards Waterloo, is a valley

DUMB SHOW

Marching columns in Prussian uniforms coming from the direction of Wavre debouch upon the hill from the road through the wood

They are the advance guard and two brigades of BULOW'S corps that have been joined there by BLUCHER. The latter has just risen from the bed to which he has been confined since the battle of Ligny, two days back. He still looks pale and shaken by the severe fall and trampling he endured near the end of the action.

On the summit the troops halt and a discussion between BLUCHER and his staff ensues.

The cannonade in the direction of Waterloo is growing more and more violent. BLUCHER after looking this way and that, decides to fall upon the French right at Plancenoit as soon as he can get there, which will not be yet.

Between this point and that the ground descends steeply to the valley on the spectator's left where there is a mud-bottomed stream, the Lasne; the slope ascends no less abruptly on the other side towards Plancenoit. It is across this defile alone that the Prussian army can proceed thither—a route of unusual difficulty for artillery, where moreover, the enemy is suspected of having placed a strong outpost during the night to intercept such an approach.

A figure goes forward—that of MAJOR FALKENHAUSEN, who is sent to reconnoitre, and they wait a tedious time, the firing at Waterloo growing more tremendous. FALKENHAUSEN comes back with the welcome news that no outpost is there.

There now remains only the difficulty of the defile itself, and the attempt is made. BLUCHER is descried riding hither and thither as the guns drag heavily down the slope into the muddy bottom of the valley. Here the wheels get stuck and the men already tired by marching since five in the morning, seem inclined to leave the guns where they are. But the thunder from Waterloo still goes on, BLUCHER exhorts his men by words and eager gestures, and they do at length get the guns across, though with much loss of time.

The advance guard now reaches some thick trees called the Wood of Paris. It is followed by the LOSTHIN and HILLER divisions of foot, and in due course by the remainder of the two brigades. Here they halt, and await the arrival of the main body of BULOW'S corps, and the third corps under THIELEMANN.

The scene shifts

SCENE IV

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO THE ENGLISH POSITION

WELLINGTON on Copenhagen, is again under the elm-tree behind La Haye Sainte. Both horse and rider are covered with mud-splashes, but the weather having grown finer the DUKE has taken off his cloak.

UNBRIDGE, FITZROY SOMERSET, CLINTON, ALTEN, COLVILLE, DE LANCEY, HERVEY, GORDON, and other of his staff officers and aides are near him, there being also present GENERALS MUFFLING, HUGEL, and ALAYA, also TYLER, PICTON'S aide. The roar of battle continues.

WELLINGTON

I am grieved at losing Picton, more than grieved
He was as good a devil as ever lived,
And roughish-mouthed withal But never a man
More stout in fight, more stoical in blame'

TYLER

Before he left for this campaign he said,
"When you shall hear of *my* death, mark my words,
You'll hear of a bloody day!" and, on my soul,
'Tis true

Enter another aide de-camp

AIDE

Sir William Ponsonby, my lords, has fallen
His horse got mud-stuck in a new-ploughed plot,
Lancers surrounded him and bore him down,
And saw then ran him through The occasion sprung
Mainly from the Brigade's too reckless rush,
Sheer to the French front lines

WELLINGTON (gravely)

Ah—so it comes!

The Greys were bound to pay—'tis always so—
Full dearly for their dash so far afield
Valour unballasted but lands its freight
On the enemy's shore—What has become of Hill?

AIDE

We have not seen him latterly, your Grace

WELLINGTON

By God, I hope I haven't lost him, too?

BRIDGMAN (just come up)

Lord Hill's bay charger, being shot dead, your Grace,
Rolled over him in falling He is bruised,
But hopes to be in place again betimes

WELLINGTON

Praise Fate for thinking better of that frown!

It is now nearing four o'clock. La Haye Sainte is devastated by the second attack of NEY. The farm has been enveloped by DONZELOT'S division: its garrison, the King's German Legion, having fought till all ammunition was exhausted. The gates are forced open, and in the retreat of the late defenders to the main Allied line they are nearly all cut or shot down.

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

*O Farm of sad vicissitudes and strange !
Farm of the Holy Hedge, yet fool of change !
Whence lit so sanct a name on thy now violate grange ?*

WELLINGTON (to Muffling, resolutely)

Despite their fierce advantage here, I swear
By every God that wai can call upon
To hold our present place at any cost,
Until your force cooperate with our lines !
To that I stand, although 'tis bruited now
That Bulow's corps has only reached Ohain
I've sent Freemantle hence to seek them there,
And give them inkling we shall need them soon

MUFFLING (looking at his watch)

I had hoped that Blucher would be here ere this
The staff turn their glasses on the French position

UXBRIDGE

What movement can it be they contemplate ?

WELLINGTON

A shock of cavalry on the hottest scale,
It seems to me (To aide) Bid him to reinforce
The front line with some second-line brigades,
Some, too, from the reserve

The Brunswickers advance to support MAITLAND'S Guards, and the MITCHELL and ADAM Brigades establish themselves above Hougoumont, which is still in flames.

NEY, in continuation of the plan of throwing his whole force on the British centre before the advent of the Prussians, now intensifies his onslaught with the cavalry. Terrific discharges of artillery initiate it to clear the ground. A heavy round-shot dashes through the tree over the heads of WELLINGTON and his generals, and boughs and leaves come flying down on them.

WELLINGTON

Good practice that ! I vow they did not fire
 So dexterously in Spain (He calls up an aide) Bid
 Ompteda
 Direct the infantry to lie tight down
 On the reverse ridge-slope, to screen themselves
 While these close shots and shells are teasing us,
 When the charge comes they'll cease

[The order is carried out]

NEY'S cavalry attack now matures MILHAUD'S cuirassiers in twenty four squadrons advance down the opposite decline followed and supported by seven squadrons of lancers and twelve squadrons of chasseurs under DESNOETTES They disappear for a minute in the hollow between the armies

UNABRIDGED

Ah—now we have got their long-brewed plot explained !

WELLINGTON (nodding)

That this was rigged for some picked time to-day
 I had inferred But that it would be risked
 Sheet on our lines, while still they stand unswayed,
 In conscious battle-trim, I reckoned not
 It looks a madman's cruel enterprise !

FITZROY SOMERSET

We have just heard that Ney embarked on it
 Without an order, ere its aptness ripened

WELLINGTON

It may be so he's rash And yet I doubt
 I know Napoleon If the onset fail
 It will be Ney's, if it succeed he'll claim it !

A dull reverberation of the tread of innumerable hoofs comes from behind the hill, and the foremost troops rise into view

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

*Behold the gorgeous coming of those horse,
 Accountred in kaleidoscopic hues
 That would persuade us war has beauty in it !—
 Discern the troopers' mien, each with the air
 Of one who is himself a tragedy
 The cuirassiers, steeled, mirroring the day,*

*Red lancers, green chasseurs behind the blue
The red, the red before the green
A lingering-on, till late in Christendom,
Of the barbaric trick to terrorize
The foe by aspect !*

WELLINGTON directs his glass to an officer in a rich uniform with many decorations on his breast who rides near the front of the approaching squadrons The DUKE'S face expresses admiration

WELLINGTON

It's Marshal Ney himself who heads the charge
The finest cavalry commander, he,
That wears a foreign plume, ay, probably
The whole world through !

SPIRIT IRONIC

*And when that matchless chief
Sentenced shall lie to ignominious death
But technically deserved, no finger he
Who speaks will lift to save him !*

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

*To his shame
We must discount war's generous impulses
I sadly see*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

*Be mute, and let spin on
This whirlwind of the Will !*

As NEY'S cavalry ascends to the English position the swish of the horses' breasts through the standing corn can be heard, and the reverberation of hoofs increases in strength The English gunners stand with their port-fires ready which are seen glowing luridly in the daylight There is comparative silence

A VOICE

Now, captains, are you loaded ?

CAPTAINS

Yes, my lord

VOICE

Point carefully, and wait till their whole height
Shows 'up above the ridge

When the squadrons rise in full view, within sixty yards of the cannon mouths, the batteries fire with a concussion that shakes the hill itself. Their shot punch holes through the front ranks of the cuirassiers and horses and riders fall in heaps. But they are not stopped, hardly checked, galloping up to the mouths of the guns, passing between the pieces and plunging among the Allied infantry behind the ridge who with the advance of the horsemen have sprung up from their prone position and formed into squares.

SPIRIT OF RUMOUR

*Ney guides the fore-front of the carabineers
Through charge and charge, with rapid recklessness
Horses, cuirasses, sabres, helmets, men,
Impinge confusedly on the pointed pikes
Of the English kneeling there, whose dim red shapes
Behind their slanted steel seem trampled flat
And sworded to the sword. The charge recedes,
And lo, the tough lines rank there as before,
Save that they are shrunken.*

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

*Hero of heroes, too,
Ney, (not forgetting those who gird against him) —
Simple and single-souled lieutenant he,
Why should men's many-valued motions take
So barbarous a groove!*

The cuirassiers and lancers surge round the English and Allied squares like waves, striking furiously on them and well nigh breaking them. They stand in dogged silence amid the French cheers.

WELLINGTON (to the nearest square)

Hard pounding this, my men! I truly trust
You'll pound the longest!

SQUARE

Hip-hip-hip-hurrah!

MUFFLING (again referring to his watch)

However firmly they may stand, in faith,
Their firmness must have bounds to it, because
There are bounds to human strength! Your Grace,

I ride

To leftward now, to spirit Zieten on

WELLINGTON

Good It is time ! I think he will be late,
However, in the field

MUFFLING goes Enter an aide, breathless

AIDE

Your Grace, the Ninety-fifth are patience-spent
With standing under fire so passing long
They writhe to charge—or anything but stand !

WELLINGTON

Not yet They shall have at 'em later on
At present keep them firm

[Exit aide]

The Allied squares stand like little red-brick castles, independent of each other, and motionless except at the dry hurried command "Close up" repeated every now and then as they are slowly thinned. On the other hand under their firing and bayonets a disorder becomes apparent among the charging horse on whose cuirasses the bullets snap like stones on window-panes. At this the Allied cavalry waiting in the rear advance, and by degrees they deliver the squares from their enemies, who are withdrawn to their own position to prepare for a still more strenuous assault.

The point of view shifts

SCENE V

THE SAME THE WOMEN'S CAMP NEAR MONT SAINT-JEAN

On the sheltered side of a clump of trees at the back of the English position camp-fires are smouldering. Soldiers' wives, mistresses and children from a few months to five or six years of age sit on the ground round the fires or on armfuls of straw from the adjoining farm. Wounded soldiers lie near the women. The wind occasionally brings the smoke and smell of the battle into the encampment, the noise being continuous. Two waggons stand near, also a surgeon's horse in charge of a batman, laden with bone-saws, knives, probes, tweezers, and other surgical instruments. Behind lies a woman who has just given birth to a child, which a second woman is holding.

Many of the other women are shredding lint, the elder children assisting. Some are dressing the slighter wounds of the soldiers who have come in here instead of going further. Along the road near is a continual procession of bearers of wounded men to the rear. The occupants of the camp take hardly any notice of the thundering of the cannon. A camp-follower is playing a fiddle near.

Another woman enters

WOMAN

There's no sign of my husband any longer His battalion is half-a-mile from where it was He looked back as they wheeled off towards the fighting-line, as much as to say, "Nancy, if I don't see 'ee again, this is good-bye, my dear" Yes, poor man! Not but what 'a had a temper at times!

SECOND WOMAN

I'm out of all that My husband—as I used to call him for form's sake—is quiet enough He was wounded at Quarter-Brass the day before yesterday, and died the same night But I didn't know it till I got here, and then says I, "Widder or no widder, I mean to see this out"

A sergeant staggers in with blood dropping from his face

SERGEANT

Damned if I think you will see it out, mis'ess, for if I don't mistake there'll be a retreat of the whole army on Brussels soon We can't stand much longer!—For the love of God, have ye got a cup of water, if nothing stronger? (They hand a cup)

THIRD WOMAN (entering and sinking down)

The Lord send that I may never see again what I've been seeing while looking for my poor galliant Joe! The surgeon asked me to lend a hand, and 'twas worse than opening innerds at a pig-killing! (She faints)

FOURTH WOMAN (to a little girl)

Never mind her, my dear, come and help me with this one (She goes with the girl to a soldier in red with buff facings who lies some distance off) Ah—'tis no good He's gone

GIRL

No, mother! His eyes are wide open, a staring to get a sight of the battle!

FOURTH WOMAN

That's nothing Lots of dead ones stare in that silly way It depends upon where they were hit I was all through the

Peninsula, that's how I know (She covers the horny gaze of the man
Shouts and louder discharges are heard)—Heaven's high tower, what's
that?

Enter an officer's servant¹

SERVANT

Waiting with the major's spare horse—up to my knees in
mud from the rain that had come down like bacchy-pipe stems all
the night and morning—I have just seen a charge never beheld
since the days of the Amalekites! The squares still stand, but
Ney's cavalry have made another attack. Their swords are
streaming with blood, and their horses' hoofs squash out our poor
fellow's bowels as they lie. A ball has sunk in Sir Thomas Picton's
forehead and killed him like Goliath the Philistine. I don't see
what's to stop the French. Well, it's the Lord's doing and
marvellous in our eyes. Hulloo, who's he? (They look towards the
road.) A fine hale old gentleman, isn't he? What business has
a man of that sort here?

Enter on the highway near, the DUKE OF RICHMOND in plain clothes, on
horseback, accompanied by two youths his sons. They draw rein on an
eminence, and gaze towards the battlefield.

RICHMOND (to son)

Everything looks as bad as possible just now. I wonder
where your brother is? However, we can't go any nearer.
We'd better perhaps return, or we shall be caught in the stream
of retreat, and they will be uneasy at home. Yes, the bat-
tles are already being moved off, and there are more and
more fugitives. A ghastly finish to your mother's ball, by Gad
if it isn't!

They turn their horses towards Brussels. Enter, meeting them, MR
LEGH, a Wessex gentleman, also come out to view the battle.

LEGH

Can you tell me, sir, how the battle is going?

RICHMOND

Badly, badly, I fear, sir. There will be a retreat soon,
seemingly.

¹ Samuel Clark, born 1779, died 1857. Buried at West Stafford, Dorset.

LEGH

Indeed ! Yes, a crowd of fugitives are coming over the hill even now What will these poor women do ?

RICHMOND

God knows ! They will be hidden over, I suppose Though it is extraordinary how they do continue to escape destruction while hanging so close to the rear of an action ! They are moving, however Well, we will move too

Exeunt DUKE OF RICHMOND, sons and MR. LEGH

The point of view shifts

SCENE VI

THE SAME THE FRENCH POSITION

NEY's charge of cavalry against the opposite upland has been three times renewed without success He collects the scattered squadrons to renew it a fourth time The glittering host again ascends the confronting slopes over the bodies of those previously left there and amid horses wandering about without riders, or crying as they lie with entrails trailing or limbs broken

NAPOLÉON falls into a drowsy stupefaction as he looks on near the farm of Rossomme, till he nods in momentary sleep

NAPOLÉON (starting up)

A horrible dream has gripped me—horrible !
I saw before me Lannes—just as he looked
That day at Aspern mutilated, bleeding !
“What—blood again ?” he said to me “Still blood ?”

He further arouses himself, takes snuff vehemently, and looks through his glass

What time is it ?—Ah, these assaults of Ney's !
They are a blunder, they've been enterprised
An hour too early ! There Lheritier goes
Onward with his division next Milhaud,
Now Kellermann must follow up with his
So one mistake makes many Yes, ay, yes !

SOULT

I fear that Ney has compromised us here
Just as at Jena, even worse !

NAPOLÉON

No less
Must we support him now he is launched on it
The miracle is that he is still alive !

NEY and his mass of cavalry again pass the English batteries and disappear amid the squares beyond

Their cannon are abandoned , and their squares
Again envuoned—see ! I would to God
Murat could but be here ! Yet I disdained
His proffered service All my star asks now
Is to break some half-dozen of those blocks
Of English yonder He was the man to do it

NEY and D'ERLON'S squadrons are seen emerging from the English squares in a disorganized state the attack having failed like the previous ones

An aide de-camp enters to NAPOLÉON

AIDE

The Prussians have debouched on our right rear
From Paris-wood , and Losthin's infantry
Appear by Plancenoit , Hiller's to leftwards
Two regiments of their horse protect their front,
And three light batteries

A haggard shade crosses NAPOLÉON's face

NAPOLÉON

What then ! That's not a startling force as yet
A counter-stroke by Domon's cavalry
Must shatter them Lobau must bring his foot
Up forward, heading for the Prussian front,
Unrecking losses by their cannonade

[Exit aide

The din of battle continues DOMON'S horse are soon seen advancing towards and attacking the Prussian hussars in front of the infantry , and he next attempts to silence the Prussian batteries playing on him by leading up his troops and cutting down the gunners But he has to fall back upon the infantry of LOBAU

Enter another aide-de-camp

AIDE

These tidings I report, your Majesty —
Von Ryssel's and von Hacké's Prussian foot
Have lately sallied from the Wood of Paris,

Bearing on us, no vast array as yet,
But twenty thousand loom not far behind
These vanward marches!

NAPOLÉON

Ah! They swarm thus thickly?
But be they hell's own legions we'll defy them!—
Lobau's men will stand firm

He looks in the direction of the English lines, where NEY'S cavalry assaults
still linger furiously on

But who rides hither,
Spotting the sky with clods in his high haste?

SOULT

It looks like Colonel Heymès—come from Ney

NAPOLÉON (sullenly)

And his face shows what clef his music's in!
~~Enter~~ COLONEL HEYMÈS, blood stained, muddy, and breathless

HEYMÈS

The Prince of Moscow, sire, the Marshal Ney,
Bids me implore that infantry be sent
Immediately, to further his attack
They cannot be dispensed with, save we fail!

NAPOLÉON (furiously)

Infantry! Where the sacred God thinks he
I can find infantry for him! Forsooth,
Does he expect me to create them—eh?
Why sends he such a message, seeing well
How we are straitened here!

HEYMÈS

Such was the prayer
Of my commission, sire And I may say
That I myself have seen his strokes must waste
Without such backing

NAPOLÉON

Why?

HEYMES

Our cavalry
 Lie stretched in swathes, fronting the furnace-throats
 Of the English cannon as a breastwork built
 Of reeking corpses Marshal Ney's third horse
 Is shot Besides the slain, Donop, Guyot,
 Deloit, Lhentier, Piquet, Travers, more,
 Are vilely wounded On the other hand
 Wellington has sought refuge in a square,
 Few of his generals are not killed or hit,
 And all is tickle with him But I see,
 Likewise, that I can claim no reinforcement,
 And will return and say so [Exit HEYMES]

NAPOLÉON (to Soult, sadly)

Ney does win me !
 I fain would strengthen him — Within an ace
 Of breaking down the English as he is,
 'Twould write upon the sunset "Victory !" —
 But whom may spare we from the right here now
 No single man !

An interval

Life's curse begins, I see,
 With helplessness ! All I can compass is
 To send Durutte to fall on Papelotte,
 And yet more strongly occupy La Haye,
 To cut off Bulow's right from bearing up
 And checking Ney's attack Further than this
 None but the Gods can scheme !

SOULT hastily begins writing orders to that effect
 The point of view shifts

SCENE VII

THE SAME THE ENGLISH POSITION

The din of battle continues WELLINGTON, UXBRIDGE, HILL, DE
 LANCEY, GORDON, and others discovered near the middle of the line

SPIRIT OF RUMOUR

*It is a moment when the steadiest pulse
 Thuds pit-a-pat The crisis shapes and nears
 For Wellington as for his counter-chief*

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

*The hour is shaking him, unshakeable
As he may seem '*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

*Know'st not at this stale time
That shaken and unshaken are alike
But demonstrations from the Back of Things ?
Must I again reveal It as It hauls
The halyards of the world ?*

A transparency as in earlier scenes again pervades the spectacle, and the ubiquitous urging of the Immanent Will becomes visualized. The web connecting all the apparently separate shapes includes WELLINGTON in its tissue with the rest, and shows him, like them, as acting while discovering his intention to act. By the lurid light the faces of every low square group, and column of men, French and English, wear the expression of that of people in a dream.

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES (tremulously)

*Yea, sire, I see
Disquiet me, pray, no more '*

The strange light passes, and the embattled hosts on the field seem to move independently as usual.

WELLINGTON (to Uxbridge)

Manceuvring does not seem to animate
Napoleon's methods now. Forward he comes,
And pounds away on us in the ancient style,
Till he is beaten back in the ancient style,
And so the see-saw sways '

The din increases. WELLINGTON'S aide-de camp, SIR A. GORDON, a little in his rear, falls mortally wounded. The DUKE turns quickly.

But where is Gordon ?
Ah—hit is he ! That's bad, that's bad, by God

[GORDON is removed. An aide enters.]

AIDE

Your Grace, the Colonel Ompteda has fallen,
And La Haye Sainte is now a bath of blood.
Nothing more can be done there, save with help.
The Rifles suffer sharply '

An aide is seen coming from KEMPT

WELLINGTON

What says he ?

DE LANCEY

He says that Kempt, being riddled through and thinned,
Sends him for reinforcements

WELLINGTON (with heat)

Reinforcements ?

And where am I to get him reinforcements
In Heaven's name ! I've no reinforcements here,
As he should know

AIDE (hesitating)

What's to be done, your Grace ?

WELLINGTON

Done ? Those he has left him, be they many or few,
Fight till they fall, like others in the field !

[Exit aide]

The Quartermaster-General DE LANCEY, riding by WELLINGTON, is
struck by a lobbing shot that hurls him over the head of his horse
WELLINGTON and others go to him

DE LANCEY (faintly)

I may as well be left to die in peace !

WELLINGTON

He may recover Take him to the rear,
And call the best attention up to him

DE LANCEY is carried off The next moment a shell bursts close to
WELLINGTON

HILL (approaching)

I strongly feel you stand too much exposed !

WELLINGTON

I know, I know It matters not one damn !
I may as well be shot as not perceive
What ills are raging here

HILL

Conceding such,
And as you may be ended momentarily,

A truth there is no blinking, what commands
Have you to leave me, should fate shape it so ?

WELLINGTON

These simply to hold out unto the last,
As long as one man stands on one lame leg
With one ball in his pouch !—then end as I

He rides on slowly with the others. NEY'S charges, though fruitless so far, are still fierce. His troops are now reduced to one-half. Regiments of the BACHELU division, and the JAMIN brigade, are at last moved up to his assistance. They are partly swept down by the Allied batteries, and partly notched away by the infantry, the smoke being now so thick that the position of the battalions is revealed only by the flashing of the priming-pans and muzzles, and by the furious oaths heard behind the cloud. WELLINGTON comes back.

Enter another aide de camp

AIDE

We bow to the necessity of saving
That our brigade is lessened to one-third,
Your Grace. And those who are left alive of it
Are so unmuscled by fatigue and thirst
That some relief, however temporary,
Becomes sore need

WELLINGTON

Inform your general
That his proposal asks the impossible !
That he, I, every Englishman afield,
Must fall upon the spot we occupy,
Our wounds in front

AIDE

It is enough, your Grace
I answer for't that he, those under him,
And I withal, will bear us as you say

[Exit aide

The din of battle goes on. WELLINGTON is grave but calm. Like those around him, he is splashed to the top of his hat with partly dried mire, mingled with red spots, his face is grimed in the same way, little courses showing themselves where the sweat has trickled down from his brow and temples

CLINTON (to Hill)

A rest would do our chieftain no less good,
In faith, than that unfortunate brigade !

He is tried damnably , and much more strained
Than I have ever seen him

HILL

Endless risks
He's running likewise What the hell would happen
If he were shot, is more than I can say !

WELLINGTON (calling to some near)

At Talavera, Salamanca, boys,
And at Vitoria, we saw smoke together ,
And though the day seems wearing doubtfully,
Beaten we must not be ! What would they say
Of us at home, if so ?

A CRY (from the French)

Their centre breaks !

Vive l'Empereur !

It comes from the FOY and BACHELU divisions, which are rushing forward HALKETT's and DUPLAT's brigades intercept DUPLAT falls, shot dead , but the venturesome French regiments, pierced with converging fires, and cleft with shells, have to retreat

HILL (rejoining WELLINGTON)

The French artillery-fire
To the right still renders regiments restive there
That have to stand The long exposure galls them

WELLINGTON

They must be stayed as our poor means afford
I have to bend attention steadfastly
Upon the centre here The game just now
Goes all against us , and if staunchness fail
But for one moment with these thinning foot,
Defeat succeeds !

The battle continues to sway hither and thither with concussions, wounds, smoke, the fumes of gunpowder, and the steam from the hot viscera of grape torn horses and men. One side of a Hanoverian square is blown away , the three remaining sides form themselves into a triangle. So many of his aides are cut down that it is difficult for WELLINGTON to get reports of what is happening afar. It begins to be discovered at the front that a regiment of hussars and others without ammunition, have deserted, and that some officers in the rear, honestly concluding the battle to be lost, are riding quietly off to Brussels. Those who are left unwounded of WELLINGTON's staff show gloomy misgivings at such signs, despite their own firmness

SPIRIT SINISTER

*One need's must be a ghost
To move here in the midst 'twixt host and host !
Their balls scream brisk and breezy tunes through me
As I were an organ-stop It's merry so,
What damage mortal flesh must undergo !*

A Prussian officer enters to MUFFLING, who has again rejoined the Duke's suite MUFFLING hastens forward to WELLINGTON

MUFFLING

Blucher has just begun to operate ,
But owing to Gneisenau's stolid stagnancy
The body of our army looms not yet '
As Zieten's corps still plod behind Smoham
Their coming must be late Blucher's attack
Strikes the remote right rear of the enemy,
Somewhere by Plancenoit

WELLINGTON

A timely blow ,
But would that Zieten sped ! Well, better late
Than never We'll still stand

The point of observation shifts

SCENE VIII

THE SAME LATER

NEY'S long attacks on the centre with cavalry having failed those left of the squadrons and their infantry-supports fall back pell mell in broken groups across the depression between the armies

Meanwhile BULOW, having engaged LOBAU'S Sixth Corps, carries Plancenoit

The artillery fire between the French and the English continues An officer of the Third Foot guards comes up to WELLINGTON and those of his suite that survive

OFFICER

Our Colonel Canning—coming I know not whence—

WELLINGTON

I lately sent him with important words
To the remoter lines

OFFICER

As he returned
A grape-shot struck him in the breast, he fell,
At once a dead man General Halkett, too,
Has had his cheek shot through, but still keeps going

WELLINGTON

And how proceeds De Lancey?

OFFICER

I am told
That he forbids the surgeons waste their time
On him, who well can wait till worse are eased

WELLINGTON

A noble fellow

NAPOLÉON can now be seen, across the valley, pushing forward a new scheme of some sort urged to it obviously by the visible nearing of further Prussian corps. The EMPEROR is as critically situated as WELLINGTON, and his army is now formed in a right angle ("en potence") the main front to the English, the lesser to as many of the Prussians as have yet arrived. His gestures show him to be giving instructions of desperate import to a general whom he has called up

SPIRIT IRONIC

*He bids La Bedoyère to speed away
Along the whole sweep of the surging line,
And there announce to the breath-shotten bands
Who toil for a chimæra trustfully,
With seventy pounds of luggage on their loins,
That the dim Prussian masses seen afar
Are Grouchy's three-and-thirty thousand, come
To clinch a victory*

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

But Ney demurs!

SPIRIT IRONIC

*Ney holds indignantly that such a feint
Is not war-worthy Says Napoleon then,
Snuffing anew, with sour sardonic scowl,
That he is choiceless*

SPIRIT SINISTER

*Excellent Emperor !**He tops all human greatness, in that he
To lesser grounds of greatness adds the prime,
Of being without a conscience*

LA BEDOYERE and orderlies start on their mission The false intelligence is seen to spread, by the excited motion of the columns, and the soldiers can be heard shouting as their spirits revive

WELLINGTON is beginning to discern the features of the coming onset, when COLONEL FRASER rides up

FRASER

We have just learnt from a deserting captain,
One of the carabineers who charged of late,
That an assault which dwarfs all instances—
The whole Imperial Guard in welded weight—
Is shortly to be made

WELLINGTON

For you smart speed
My thanks My observation is confirmed
We'll hasten now along the battle-line (to Staff),
As swiftest means for giving orders out
Whereby to combat this

The speaker accompanied by HILL, UXBRIDGE and others—all now looking as worn and besmudged as the men in the ranks—proceed along the lines, and dispose the brigades to meet the threatened shock The infantry are brought out of the shelter they have recently sought the cavalry stationed in the rear and the batteries of artillery hitherto kept in reserve are moved to the front

The last Act of the battle begins

There is a preliminary attack by DONZELOT'S columns, combined with swarms of sharpshooters, to the disadvantage of the English and their allies WELLINGTON has scanned it closely FITZROY SOMERSET, his military secretary, comes up

WELLINGTON

What casualty has thrown its shade among
The regiments of Nassau, to shake them so ?

SOMERSET

The Prince of Orange has been badly struck—
A bullet through his shoulder—so they tell,
And Kielmansegge has shown some signs of stress

Kincaird's tried line wanes leaner and more lean—
Whittled to a weak skein of skirmishers,
The Twenty-seventh lie dead

WELLINGTON

Ah yes—I know!

While they watch developments a cannon-shot passes and knocks
SOMERSET'S right aim to a mash He is assisted to the rear

NEY and FRIANT now lead forward the last and most desperate assault of
the day, in charges of the Old and Middle Guard, the attack by DONZELOT
and ALLIX further east still continuing as a support It is about a quarter-
past eight, and the midsummer evening is fine after the wet night and
morning, the sun approaching its setting in a sky of gorgeous colours

The picked and toughened Guard, many of whom stood in the ranks at
Austerlitz and Wagram, have been drawn up in three or four echelons, the
foremost of which now advances up the slopes to the Allies' position The
others follow at intervals, the drummers beating the "pas de charge"

CHORUS OF RUMOURS (aerial music)

*Twice thirty throats of couchant cannonry—
Ranked in a hollow curve, to close their blaze
Upon the advancing files—wait silently
Like to black bulls at gaze*

*The Guard approaches nearer and more near
To touch-hole moves each match of smoky sheen
The ordnance roars the van-ranks disappear
As if wiped off the scene*

*The aged Friant falls as it resounds,
Ney's charger drops—his fifth on this sore day—
Its rider from the quivering body bounds
And forward foots his way*

*The cloven columns tread the English height,
Seize guns, repulse battalions rank by rank,
While horse and foot artillery heavily bite
Into their front and flank*

*It nulls the power of a flesh-built frame
To live within that zone of missiles Back
The Old Guard, staggering, climbs to whence it came
The fallen define its track*

The second echelon of the Imperial Guard has come up to the assault
Its columns have borne upon HALKETT'S right HALKETT, desperate to

keep his wavering men firm himself seizes and waves the flag of the Thirty-third in which yet he falls wounded But the men rally Meanwhile the Fifty-second covered by the Seventy-first has advanced across the front, and charges the Imperial Guard on the flank

The third echelon next arrives at the English lines and squares, rushes through the very focus of their fire, and seeing nothing more in front, raises a shout

IMPERIAL GUARD

The Emperor ' It's victory !

WELLINGTON

Stand up, Guards !

Form line upon the front face of the square !

Two thousand of MAITLAND'S Guards, hidden in the hollow roadway, thereupon spring up, form as ordered and reveal themselves as a fence of levelled firelocks four deep The flints click in a multitude the pans flash, and volley after volley is poured into the bear-skinned figures of the massed French, who kill COLONEL D OYLEY in returning the fire

WELLINGTON

Now drive the fellows in ! They will not stand

ADAM'S brigade including the Fifty-second under COLONEL COLBORNE, attacks the French guard

COLBORNE (shouting)

Forward ! Right shoulders forward, Fifty-second !

WELLINGTON

Ha, Colborne—you say well ! Go on, go on !

You'll do it now !

COLBORNE converges on the French guard with the Fifty-second and the former splits into two as the climax comes ADAM, MAITLAND and COLBORNE pursue their advantage The Imperial columns are broken and their confusion is increased by grape-shot from BOLTON'S battery

Campbell, this order next

Vivian's hussars are to support, and bear
Against the cavalry towards Belle Alliance
Go—let him know

Sir C CAMPBELL departs with the order Soon VIVIAN'S and VANDELEUR'S light horse are seen advancing, and in due time the French cavalry are rolled back

WELLINGTON goes in the direction of the hussars with UXBRIDGE A cannon-shot hisses past

UXBRIDGE (starting)

I have lost my leg, by God !

WELLINGTON

By God, and have you ! Ay—the wind o' the shot
 Blew past the witheis of my Copenhagen
 Like the foul sweeping of a witch's bloom —
 Aha—they are giving way !

While U\BRIDGE is being helped to the rear WELLINGTON makes a sign
 to SALTOUN, Colonel of the First Footguards

SALTOUN (shouting)

Boys, now's your time ,
 Forward and win !

FRENCH VOICES

The Guard gives way—we are beaten !

They recede down the hill, carrying confusion into NAPOLÉON's centre
 just as the Prussians press forward at a right angle from the other side of the
 field NAPOLÉON is seen standing in the hollow beyond La Haye Sainte,
 alone, except for the presence of COUNT FLAHAULT, his aide-de-camp
 His lips move with a sudden exclamation

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

*He says "Now all is lost ! The clocks of the world
 Strike my last empery-hour"*

Towards La Haye Sainte the French of DONZELOT and ALLIX, who are
 fighting KEMPT, PACK, KRUSE, and LAMBERT, seeing what has happened
 to the Old and Middle Guard, lose heart and recede likewise, so that the
 whole French line rolls back like a tide Simultaneously the Prussians are
 pressing forward at Papelote and La Haye The retreat of the French
 grows into a panic

FRENCH VOICES (despairingly)

We are betrayed !

WELLINGTON rides at a gallop to the most salient point of the English
 position, halts, and waves his hat as a signal to all the army The sign is
 answered by a cheer along the length of the line

WELLINGTON

No cheering yet, my lads , but bear ahead,
 Before the inflamed face of the west out there
 Dons blackness So you'll round your victory !

The few aides that are left unhurt dart hither and thither with this message,
 and the whole English host and its allies advance in an ordered mass down
 the hill except some of the artillery, who cannot get their wheels over the

bank of corpses in front Trumpets, drums, and bugles resound with the advance

The streams of French fugitives as they run are cut down and shot by their pursuers, whose clothes and contracted features are blackened by smoke and cartridge biting, and soiled with loam and blood. Some French blow out their own brains as they fly. The sun drops below the horizon while the slaughter goes on

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

*Is this the last Esdraelon of a moil
For mortal man's effacement ?*

SPIRIT IRONIC

*Warfare mere,
Plod by the Managed for the Managers,
To wit by frenzied folks who profit nought
For those who profit all !*

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

*Between the jaws
Of these who live, I hear uplift and move
The bones of those who placidly have lain
Within the sacred garths of yon grey fanes—
Nivelles, and Plancenoit, and Braine l'Alleud—
Beneath unmemoried mounds through deedless years
Their dry jaws quake "What Sabaoth is this,
That shakes us in our unobtrusive shrouds,
As though our tissues did not yet abhor
The severed feats of life ?"*

SPIRIT IRONIC

*Merely fancy's feints !
How know the confined what comes after them,
Even though it whirl them to the Pleiades ?—
Turn to the real*

SPIRIT OF RUMOUR

*That hatless, smoke-smurched shape
There in the vale, is still the living Ney,
His sabre broken in his hand, his clothes
Slitten with ploughing ball and bayonet,
One epaulette shorn away. He calls out "Follow !
And a devoted handful follow him
Once more into the carnage. Hear his voice*

NEY (calling afar)

My friends, see how a Marshal of France can die !

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

*Alas, not here in battle, something hints,
But elsewhere ! Who's the sworded brother-chief
Swept past him in the tumult ?*

SPIRIT OF RUMOUR

D'Erlon he

Ney cries to him

NEY

Be sure of this, my friend
If we don't perish here at English hands,
Nothing is left us but the halter-noose
The Bourbons will provide !

SPIRIT IRONIC

*A caustic wit,
And apt, to those who deal in adumbrations !*

The brave remnant of the Imperial Guard repulses for a time the English cavalry under Vivian in which MAJOR HOWARD and LIEUTENANT GUNNING of the Tenth Hussars are shot. But the war weary French cannot cope with the pursuing infantry, helped by grape shot from the batteries.

NAPOLÉON endeavours to rally them. It is his last effort as a warrior, and the rally ends feebly.

NAPOLÉON

They are crushed ! So it has ever been since Crécy !

He is thrown violently off his horse, and bids his page bring another, which he mounts, and is lost to sight.

SPIRIT OF RUMOUR

He loses his last chance of dying well !

The three or four heroic battalions of the Old and Middle Guard fall back step by step, halting to reform in square when they get badly broken and shrunk. At last they are surrounded by the English Guards and other foot, who keep firing on them and smiting them to smaller and smaller numbers. GENERAL CAMBRONNE is inside the square.

COLONEL HUGH HALKETT (shouting)

Surrender ! And preserve those heroes' lives !

CAMBRONNE (with exasperation)

Mer-r-r-rde ! You've to deal with desperates, man,
to-day
Life is a byword here !

Hollow laughter, as from people in hell, comes approvingly from the remains of the Old Guard. The English proceed with their massacre, the devoted band thins and thins, and a ball strikes CAMBRONNE, who falls, and is trampled over.

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

*Observe that all wide sight and self-command
Desert these throngs now driven to demonry
By the Immanent Unrecking Nought remains
But vindictiveness here amid the strong,
And there amid the weak an impotent rage*

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

Why prompts the Will so senseless-shaped a doing ?

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

*I have told thee that It works unwittingly,
As one possessed, not judging*

SEMICHORUS I OF IRONIC SPIRITS (aerial music)

*Of Its doings if It knew,
What It does It would not do !*

SEMICHORUS II

*Since It knows not, what far sense
Speeds Its spinings in the Immense ?*

SEMICHORUS I

*None, a fixed foresightless dream
Is Its whole philosopheme*

SEMICHORUS II

*Just so, an unconscious planning,
Like a potter rapidly panning !*

CHORUS

*Are then, Love and Light Its aim—
Good Its glory, Bad Its blame ?*

*Nay, to alter evermore
Things from what they were before*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

*Your knowings of the Unknowable declared,
Let the last pictures of the Play be bared*

Enter, fighting, more English and Prussians against the French NEY is caught by the throng and borne ahead RULLIERF hides an eagle beneath his coat and follows NEY NAPOLEON is involved none knows where in the crowd of fugitives

WELLINGTON and BLUCHER come severally to the view They meet in the dusk and salute warmly The Prussian bands strike up "God save the King" as the two shake hands From his gestures of assent it can be seen that WELLINGTON accepts BLUCHER'S offer to pursue

The reds disappear from the sky, and the dusk grows deeper The action of the battle degenerates to a hunt, and recedes further and further into the distance southward When the tramlings and shouts of the combatants have dwindled the lower sounds are noticeable that come from the wounded hopeless appeals, cries for water, elaborate blasphemies, and impotent execrations of Heaven and hell In the vast and dusky shambles black slouching shapes begin to move, the plunderers of the dead and dying

The night grows clear and beautiful, and the moon shines musingly down But instead of the sweet smell of green herbs and dewy rye as at her last beaming upon these fields, there is now the stench of gunpowder and a muddy stew of crushed crops and gore

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

*So hath the Urging Immanence used to-day
Its inadvertent might to field this fray,
And Europe's won my dynasties rerobe
Themselves in their old guilt, to dazzle anew the globe!*

The scene is curtained by a night-mist ¹

SCENE IX

THE WOOD OF BOSSU

It is midnight NAPOLEON enters a glade of the wood, a solitary figure on a jaded horse, The shadows of the boughs travel over his listless form as he moves along The horse chooses its own path, comes to a standstill, and feeds The tramp of BERTRAND, SOULT, DROUOT, and LOBAU'S horses, gone forward in hope to find a way of retreat, is heard receding over the hill

¹ One of the many Waterloo men known to the writer in his youth, John Bentley of the Fusileer Guards, used to declare that he lay down on the ground in such weariness that when food was brought him he could not eat it, and slept till next morning on an empty stomach He died at Chelsea Hospital, 187-, aged eighty six

NAPOLÉON (to himself, languidly)

Here should have been some troops of Gerard's corps,
Left to protect the passage of the convoys,
Yet they, too, fail I have nothing more to lose,
But life !

Flocks of fugitive soldiers pass along the adjoining road without seeing him. NAPOLÉON'S head droops lower and lower as he sits listless in the saddle, and he falls into a fitful sleep. The moon shines upon his face, which is drawn and waxy.

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

*"Sic dñs immortalibus placet,"—
"Thus is it pleasing to the immortal gods,"
As earthlings used to say. Thus, to this last,
The Will in thee has moved thee, Bonaparte,
As we say now*

NAPOLÉON (starting)

Whose rigid tones are those,
Breaking upon my lurid loneliness
So busquely? Yet, 'tis true, I have ever known
That such a Will I passively obeyed !
[He drowns again

SPIRIT IRONIC

*Nothing care I for these high-doctrined dreams,
And shape the case in quite a common way,
So I would ask, Ajaccian Bonaparte,
Has all this been worth while ?*

NAPOLÉON

O hideous hour,
Why am I stung by spectral questionings ?
Did not my clouded soul incline to match
Those of the corpses yonder, thou should'st rue
Thy saying, Fiend, whoever thou may'st be !
Why did the death-drops fail to bite me close
I took at Fontainebleau ? Had I then ceased,
This deep had been unplumbed, had they but worked,
I had thrown threefold the glow of Hannibal
Down History's dusky lanes !—Is it too late ?
Yes. Self-sought death would smoke but damply here !
If but a Kremlin cannon-shot had met me

My greatness would have stood I should have scored
 A vast repute, scarce paralleled in time
 As it did not, the fates had served me best
 If in the thick and thunder of to-day,
 Like Nelson, Harold, Hector, Cylus, Saul
 I had been shifted from this jail of flesh,
 To wander as a greatedened ghost elsewhere
 —Yes, a good death, to have died on yonder field,
 But never a ball came passing down my way !

So, as it is, a miss-mark they will dub me,
 And yet—I found the crown of France in the mine,
 And with the point of my prevailing sword
 I picked it up ! But for all this and this
 I shall be nothing
 To shoulder Christ from out the topmost niche
 In human fame, as once I fondly felt,
 Was not for me I came too late in time
 To assume the prophet or the demi-god,
 A part past playing now My only course
 To make good showance to posterity
 Was to implant my line upon the throne
 And how shape that, if now extinction nears ?
 Great men are meteors that consume themselves
 To light the earth This is my burnt-out hou

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

*Thou sayest well Thy full meridian-shine
 Was in the glory of the Dresden days,
 When well-nigh every monarch throned in Europe
 Bent at thy footstool*

NAPOLÉON

Saving always England's—
 Rightly dost say “well-nigh”—Not England's,—she
 Whose tough, enisled, self centred, kindless craft
 Has tracked me, sprunged me, thumbd me by the throat,
 And made herself the means of mangling me !

SPIRIT IRONIC

*Yea, the dull peoples and the Dynasts both,
 Those counter-castes not oft adjustable,
 Interests antagonistic, proud and poor,*

*Have for the nonce been bonded by a wish
To overthrow thee*

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

*Peace His loaded heart
Bears weight enough for one bruised, blistered while'*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

*Worthless these kneadings of thy narrow thought,
Napoleon, gone thy opportunity !
Such men as thou, who wade across the world
To make an epoch, bless, confuse, appal,
Are in the elemental ages' chart
Like meanest insects on obscurest leaves
But incidents and grooves of Earth's unfolding,
Or as the brazen rod that stirs the fire
Because it must*

The moon sinks, and darkness blots out NAPOLEON and the scene

AFTER SCENE

THE OVERWORLD

Enter the Spirit and Chorus of the Years the Spirit and Chorus of the Pities the Shade of the Earth, the Spirits Smister and Ironie with their Choruses, Rumours, Spirit messengers and Recording Angels

Europe has now sunk netherward to its far-off position as in the Fore Scene, and it is beheld again as a prone and emaciated figure of which the Alps form the vertebrae, and the branching mountain chains the ribs, the Spanish Peninsula shaping the head of the écorche The lowlands look like a grey green garment half-thrown off, and the sea around like a disturbed bed on which the figure lies

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

*Thus doth the Great Foresightless mechanize
In blank entrancement now as evermore
Its ceaseless artificries in Circumstance
Of curious stuff and braid, as just forthshown
Yet but one flimsy riband of Its web*

*Have we here watched in weaving—web Enorm,
 Whose furthest hem and selvage may extend
 To where the roars and plashings of the flames
 Of earth-invisible suns swell noisily,
 And onwards into ghastly gulfs of sky,
 Where hideous presences churn through the dark—
 Monsters of magnitude without a shape,
 Hanging amid deep wells of nothingness
 Yet seems this vast and singular confection
 Wherein our scenery glints of scantest size,
 Inutile all—so far as reasonings tell*

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

*Thou arguest still the Inadvertent Mind—
 But, even so, shall blankness be for aye?
 Men gained cognition with the flux of time,
 And wherefore not the Forie informing them,
 When far-ranged axons past all fathoming
 Shall have swung by, and stand as backward years*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

*What wouldst have hoped and had the Will to be?
 How wouldst have pœined It, if what hadst dreamed
 Thereof were truth, and all my showings dream?*

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

*The Will that fed my hope was far from thine,
 One I would thus have hymned eternally —*

SEMICHORUS I OF THE PITIES (aerial music)

*To Thee whose eye all Nature owns,
 Who hurlest Dynasts from their thrones,¹
 And liftest those of low estate
 We sing, with Her men consecrate!*

SEMICHORUS II

*Yea, Great and Good, Thee, Thee we hail,
 Who shak'st the strong, Who shield'st the frail
 Who hadst not shaped such souls as we
 If tendermercy lacked in Thee!*

¹ καθεῖλε ΔΥΝΑΣΤΑΣ ἀπο θρονῶν —Magnificat

SEMICHORUS I

*Though times be when the mortal moan
Seems unascending to Thy throne,
Though seers do not as yet explain
Why Suffering sobs to Thee in vain,*

SEMICHORUS II

*We hold that Thy unscanted scope
Affords a food for final Hope,
That mild-eyed Prescience ponders nigh
Life's loom, to lull it by-and-by*

SEMICHORUS I

*Therefore we quire to highest height
The Wellwiller, the kindly Might
That balances the Vast for weal,
That purges as by wounds to heal*

SEMICHORUS II

*The systemed suns the skies enscroll
Obey Thee in their rhythmic roll,
Ride radiantly at Thy command,
Are darkened by Thy Masterhand '*

SEMICHORUS I

*And these pale panting multitudes
Seen surging here, their moods, their moods,
All shall "fulfil their joy" in Thee
In Thee abide eternally '*

SEMICHORUS II

*Exultant adoration give
The Alone, through Whom all living live,
The Alone, in Whom all dying die,
Whose means the End shall justify ' Amer*

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

*So did we evermore sublimely sing,
So would we now, despite thy forthshowing '*

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

*Something of difference animates your quiring,
 O half-convinced Compassionates and fond,
 From choirs consistent with our spectacle¹
 You almost charm my long philosophy
 Out of my strong-built thought, and bear me back
 To when I thanksgave thus Ay, start not, Shades,
 In the Foregone I knew what dreaming was,
 And could let raptures rule¹ But not so now
 Yea, I psalmed thus and thus But not so now*

SEMICHORUS I OF THE YEARS (aerial music)

*O Immanence, That reasonest not
 In putting forth all things begot,
 Thou build'st Thy house in space—for what?*

SEMICHORUS II

*O Loveless, Hateless¹—past the sense
 Of kindly eyed benevolence,
 To what tune danceth this Immense?*

SPIRIT IRONIC

*For one I cannot answer But I know
 'Tis handsome of our Pities so to sing
 The praises of the dreaming, dark, dumb Thing
 That turns the handle of this idle Show¹
 As once a Greek asked¹ I would fain ask too,
 Who knows if all the Spectacle be true,
 Or an illusion of the gods (the Will,
 To wit) some hocus-pocus to fulfil?*

SEMICHORUS I OF THE YEARS (aerial music)

*Last as first the question rings
 Of the Will's long travailsings,
 Why the All-mover,
 Why the All-prover
 Ever urges on and measures out the chordless chime of Things²*

SEMICHORUS II

*Heaving dumbly
 As we deem,*

¹ Aeschylus *Agamemnon* 478

² Horace *Epistles* 1. 12

*Moulding numbly
As in dream,
Apprehending not how fare the sentient subjects of Its scheme*

SEMICHORUS I OF THE PITIES

*Nay,—shall not Its blindness break ?
Yea, must not Its heart awake,
Promptly tending
To Its mending
In a genial germinating purpose, and for loving kindness' sake ?*

SEMICHORUS II

*Should It never
Curb or cure
Aught whatever
Those endure
Whom It quickens, let them darkle to extinction swift and sure*

CHORUS

*But—a stirring thrills the air
Like to sounds of joyance there
That the rages
Of the ages
Shall be cancelled, and deliverance offered from the darts that
were,
Consciousness the Will informing, till It fashion all things
fair !*

THE END OF "THE DYNASTS"

September 25, 1907

THE FAMOUS TRAGEDY
OF THE
QUEEN OF CORNWALL
AT TINTAGEL IN LYONNESSE

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STORY ARRANGED
AS A PLAY FOR MUMMERS, IN ONE ACT,
REQUIRING NO THEATRE OR SCENERY

"Isot ma drue, Isot m'amie,
En vos ma mort, en vos ma vie !

(?) THE MONK THOMAS, *circa* 1200 A D

IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE
OF THOSE WITH WHOM I FORMERLY SPENT
MANY HOURS AT
THE SCENE OF THE TRADITION,
WHO HAVE NOW ALL PASSED AWAY

SAVE ONE

E L H

C H

H C H

F E H

CHARACTERS

MARK, KING OF CORNWALL

SIR TRISTRAM

SIR ANDRET

Other Knights

Squires

Messenger

Herald

Watchman

Retainers, Musicians, etc

ISEULT THE FAIR, QUEEN OF CORNWALL.

ISEULT THE WHITEHANDED

DAME BRANGWAIN

Damsel


The Queen's Attendants, Bowerwomen, etc

SHADES OF DEAD OLD CORNISH MEN } *Chanters*
SHADES OF DEAD CORNISH WOMEN }

MERLIN

The Time covered by the events is about the Time
of representation

The Stage is any large room, round or at the end of which the audience sits. It is assumed to be the interior of the Great Hall of Tintagel Castle that the floor is strewn with rushes that there is an arch in the back-centre (a doorway or other opening may counterfeite this) through which the Atlantis is visible across an outer ward and over the ramparts of the stronghold that a door is on the left, and one on the right (curtains, screens or chairs may denote these) that a settle spread with skins is among the moveables that above at the back is a gallery (which may be represented by ~~any~~ an elevated piece of furniture on which two actors can stand, in a corner of the room screened off)

 *Should the performance take place in an ordinary theatre, the aforesaid imaginary surroundings may be supplied by imitative scenery*

The costumes of the players are the conventional ones of bright linen fabrics, trimmed with ribbon, as in the old mumming shows, though on a constructed stage they may be more realistic

PROLOGUE

Enter MERLIN, a phantasmal figure with a white wand The room is
darkened a blue light may be thrown on Merlin

MERLIN

I come, at your persuasive call,
To raise up in this modern hall
A tragedy of dire duress
That vexed the land of Lyonesse —
Scenes, with their passions, hopes, and fears
Sunk into shade these thousand years,
To set, in ghostly grave array,
 Their blitheness, blood, and tears,
Feats, ardours, as if rife to-day
 Before men's eyes and ears

The tale has travelled far and wide —
Yea, that King Mark, to fetch his bride,
Sent Tristram, then that he and she
Quaffed a love-potion witlessly
While homeward bound Hence that the King
 Wedded one heart, aflame
For Tristram ! He, in dark despair,
Roved recklessly, and wived elsewhere
 One of his mistress' name

I saw these times I represent,
Watched, gauged them as they came and went,
Being ageless, deathless ! And those two
Fair women—namesakes—well I knew †

Judge them not haishly in a love
 Whose hold on them was strong,
 Sorrow therein they tasted of,
 And deeply, and too long !

[Exit

SCENE I

SHADES OF DEAD OLD	}	CHANTERS	(Right and left in Front)
CORNISH MEN			
SHADES OF DEAD			
CORNISH WOMEN			

CHANTERS MEN (in recitative)

Tristram a captive of King Mark,
 Racked was the Queen with qualm and cark,
 Till reached her hand a written line,
 That quickened her to deft design

CHANTERS WOMEN

Then, Tristram out, and Mark shut in,
 The Queen and Tristram winged to win
 Gard Castle, where, without annoy,
 Monthswile they lodged in matchless joy !

CHANTERS MEN

Anon, when Queen Iseult had homed,
 Brittany-wards Sir Tristram roamed
 To greet his waiting wife,
 White-handed Iseult, whom the Queen
 Had recked not of But soon, in teen
 And troublous inner strife,
 She Tristram of her soul besought
 By winging letters rapid-wrought
 (The King gone hunting, knowing nought)
 To come again to her
 Even at the cost—such was her whim—
 Of bringing Whitehands back with him
 In wifely character

CHANTERS WOMEN

There was no answer Rest she could not,
Then we missed her, days We would not
Think where she might have been
And having sailed, maybe, twice ten
Long leagues, here came she back again,
And sad and listless—just as when
She went—abides her mien !

CHANTERS M AND W

Hist ! Lo, there by the nether gate
New comers hail ! O who should wait
The postern door to enter by,
The bridge being clearly seen ?
The King returned ?—But that way, why ?
Would he try trap his Queen ?

WATCHMAN (crossing without the archway)

The King's arriving ! Ho !

Enter HERALD Sounds a trumpet
Enter BRANGWAIN

SCENE II

HERALD, BRANGWAIN, AND CHANTERS

HERALD

The King's at hand !

BRANGWAIN

God's grace, she's home, either from far or near !

HERALD

Whither plied she ? Many would like to hear !

CHANTERS M AND W

We do not know We will not know
She took a ship from the shore below
And was gone many days

By fuending winds she's back before him
 Extol God should she and adole Him
 For covering up her ways¹

Enter KING MARK with SIR ANDRET and other Knights, Retinue and rude music of ram's-horns, crouds, and humstrums, BRANGWAIN standing aside

SCENE III

KING MARK, KNIGHTS, RETINUE, ETC., BRANGWAIN,
 AND CHANTERS

K MARK

Where is the Queen?

Drinks from a gold flagon¹ which has been standing on the hearth on a brandise Retinue drink after him from the same

BRANGWAIN (advancing)

Sir King, the Queen attires
 To meet your Majesty, and now comes down
 (Aside) Haply he will not know

Enter QUEEN ISEULT THE FAIR attended, and followed by the hound HOUDAIN

SCENE IV

QUEEN ISEULT, KING MARK, KNIGHTS, BRANGWAIN, ETC.,
 AND CHANTERS

(Q ISEULT has dark hair, and wears a crimson robe, and tiara or circlet MARK smacks the QUEEN on her shoulders in rough greeting

K MARK

Why is this brachet in the hall again?

Q ISEULT

I know not how she came here

¹ A vessel of hammered gold, considered to date from Arthurian times, was found in Cornwall in 1837

K MARK

Nay, my wife,
Thou dost know well—as I know women well—
And know her owner more than well, I reckon,
And that he left the beast to your regard
He kicks the dog away

SIR ANDRET (aside to K MARK)

Aye, aye, great King, thou speakest wisely on't
This time as ever Wives dost thrud all through '
[Exeunt severally KNIGHTS, RETINUE, ETC., and BRANGWAIN]

SCENE V

KING MARK, QUEEN ISEULT, AND CHANTERS

Q ISEULT

I've not beheld of late the man you mean,
Maybe, my lord, you have shut him in the dungeon,
As you did formerly '

K MARK

You spell me better '
And know he has felt full liberty for long,
And that you would have seen him, and much more,
Had not debarred you one o' those crosses which,
Happily, dash unlawful lovers' schemes
No less than sanct intents If that good knight
Dalhes in Brittany with his good wife—
So finger-white—to cheer her as he ought,
'Tis clear he can't be here

Q ISEULT (with slight sarcasm)

'Tis clear You plead
Somewhat in waste to prove as much But, faith,
(petulantly) 'Twas she, times tireless, quirked and called to
him
Or he would not have gone '

K MARK

Ah, know'st thou that !
Leave her alone, a woman lets all out !
Well, I may know things too I slipped in sly
When I came home by now, and lit on this
That while I've sued the chase you followed him,
Vanishing on a voyage of some days,
Which you'd fain cloak from me, and have confessed
To no one, either, of my people here

Q ISEULT (evasively)

I chose to take the air, being qualmed to death
Surely a queen is dowered with such degree
Of queenship, or what is't to be a queen ?
No foot, I swear, set I in Brittany,
Or upon soil of any neighbour shore,
'Twixt putting from the cove below these walls
And my return hereto

K MARK

Protests—no more !
You sailed off somewhere—(so a sea-nath¹ hints me
That heeds the tidings every troubled billow
Wails to the Beeny-Sisters from Pen-Tyre)—
At risk, too, of your life, the ship being small,
And trickful tempests lurking in the skies
A woman does not raise a mast for nought
On a cockle-shell, even be the sea-signs fau
But I have scorned to ask the mariners
The course you kept—or north, or south, or what—
It might have been to Brittany, it might not !

Q ISEULT

I have not seen him

K MARK

Well, you might have done't
Each sunrise, noon, or eve, for all the joy

¹ *nath*, a puffin (Cornish)

You show in my return, or gladness wont
 To a queen shore-reached in safety—so they tell me—
 Since you crept cat-like home

Q ISEULT (indignantly)

I saw him not !

You stifle speech in me, or I'd have launched,
 Ere this, the tidings rife See him no more
 Shall I, or you He's gone Death darkens him !

K MARK (starting)

So much the better, if true—for us and him ! (She weeps)
 But no He has died too many, many times
 For that report to hold ! In tilts, in frays,
 Through slits and loops, louvres and battlements,
 Has he been pierced and arrowed to the heart,
 Then risen up again to trouble me !
 Sir Andret told, ere Tristram shunned Tintagel,
 How he espied you dallying—you and he—
 Near the shot-window southward And I went
 With glaive in hand to smite him Would I had !
 Yea, and I should have done it, limbed him sunder,
 Had I been boldly backed, but not a knight
 Was near to second me —Where are they now ?
 Whence comes this quietude ?—I'll call a council
 What's best to do with him I'll learn thereat,
 And then we'll keep a feast A council ! Ho !

[Exit KING MARK

SCENE VI

QUEEN ISEULT AND CHANTERS

The Queen sits in dejection

CHANTERS MFN

Why did Heaven warrant, in its whim,
 A twain mismated should bedim
 The courts of their encompassment
 With bleeding loves and discontent !

Who would not feel God favoured them,
 Past wish, in throne and diadem ?
 And that for all His plaisance they would praise
 Him upon earth throughout their deeds and days !

CHANTERS WOMEN

Instead, see King and Queen more curst
 Than beggars upon holt or huist —
 A queen ! One who each night and morn
 Sighs for Sir Tristram, him, gloom-born
 In his mother's death, and reared mid vows
 Of poison by a later spouse
 In love Fate-haunted, doomed to drink
 Charmed philtres, melting every link
 Of purposed faith ! Why wedded he
 King Howel's lass of Brittany ?
 Why should the wave have washed him to her shore—
 Him, prone to love our Queen here more and more ?

CHANTERS M AND W

In last misfortune did he well-nigh slay
 Unknowingly in battle Arthur ! Ay,
 Our stainless Over-king of Counties—he
 Made Dux Belloium for his valiancy !—
 If now, indeed, Tristram be chilled in death,
 Will she, the Queen, care aught for further breath ?

Q ISEULT (musing)

How little he knows, does Maik ! And yet, how much ?
 Can there be any groundage for his thought
 That Tristram's not a ghost ? O, no such hope !
 My Tristram, yet not mine ! Could it be deemed
 Thou shouldst have loved me less in many years
 Hadst thou enjoyed them ? If in Christland now
 Do you look down on *her* most, or on *me* ?
 Why should the King have grudged so fleet a life
 Its pleasure, grinned with gall at its renown,
 Yapped you away for too great love of me,
 Spied on thee through his myrmidons—aye, encloaked
 And peeped to frustrate thee, and sent the word

To kill thee who should meet thee ' O sweet Lord,
Thou hast made him hated , yet he still has life ,
While Tristram Why said Mark he doubtless lived ?
—But he was ever a mocker, was King Mark,
And not far from a cowaïd

Enter BRANGWAIN

SCENE VII

QUEEN ISEULT, BRANGWAIN, AND CHANTERS

Q ISEULT (distractedly)

Brangwain, he hard denies I did not see him !
But he is dead ' Perhaps not Can it be ?

BRANGWAIN

Who doth deny, my Queen ? Who is not dead ?
Your words are blank to me , your manner strange

Q ISEULT

One bleeds no more on earth for a full-fledged sin
Than for a callow ! The King has found out now
My sailing the south water in his absence,
And weens the worst Forsooth, it's always so !
He will not credit I'd no cause to land
For the black reason—it is no excuse—
That Tristram, knight, had died !—Landed had I,
Aye, fifty times, could he have still been there,
Even there with her —My Love, my own lost Love !
(She bends down)

BRANGWAIN

You did not land in Brittany, O Queen ?

Q ISEULT

I did not land, Brangwain, although so near (She pauses)
—He had been long with his White-handed one,
And had fallen sick of fever nigh to death ,
Till she grew fearful for him , sent for me,

Yea, ch^oicelessly, at his light-headed calls
 And midnight repetitions of my name
 Yes, sent for me in a despairing hope
 To save him at all cost

BRANGWAIN

She must, methinks,
 Have loved him much !

Q ISEULT (impatiently)

Don't speak, Brangwain, but hear me
 Yes women are so For me, I could not bear
 To lose him thus Love, others' freakful dainty,
 Is my starved, all-day meal ! And favouring chance,
 That of the King's apt absence, tempted me ,
 And hence I sailed, despite the storm-strid air
 What did I care about myself, or aught ?
 —She'd told the mariner her messenger
 To hoist his canvas white if he bore me
 On the backward journey, black if he did not,
 That, so, heart-ease should reach the knight full quick—
 Even ere I landed—quick as I hove in sight
 Yes, in his peril so profound, she sent
 The message, though against her Women are so !

BRANGWAIN

Some are, my lady Queen some may not be

Q ISEULT

Brangwain, I would you did not argue so —
 While we were yet a two-hours' toss from port
 I bade them show the sheet, as had been asked,
 The which they did But when we touched the quay
 She ran down thither, beating both her hands,
 And saying Tristram died an hour before

BRANGWAIN

But O, dear Queen, didst fully credit her ?

Q ISEULT

Aye ! Sudden-shaken souls guess not at guile —
I fell into a faint at the very words —
Thereon they lifted me into the cabin,
Saying “ She shall not foot this deadly land ! ”
When I again knew life I was distraught,
And sick with the rough writhing of the bark —
They had determined they would steer me home,
Had turned the prow, and toiled a long league back,
Strange that, no sooner had they put about,
The weather worsed, as if they'd angered God
By doing what they had done to sever me
Even from my Love's dead limbs ! No gleam glowed more,
And the seas sloped like houseroofs all the way
We were blown north along the shore to Wales,
Where they made port and nursed me, till, next day,
The blinding gale abated we returned,
And reached by shifts at last the cove below
The King, whose queries I had feared so much,
Had not come back, came only at my heels,
Yet he has learnt, somehow, that I've been missed,
And doubtless I shall suffer—he's begun it !
Much I lament I bent astern so soon
I should have landed, and have gained his corpse

BRANGWAIN

She is his wife, and you could not have claimed it

Q ISEULT

But could I not have seen him ? How know you ?

BRANGWAIN

Nay she might not have let you even see him
He is her own, dear Queen, and in her land
You had no sway to make her cede him up
I doubt his death You took her word for it,
And she was desperate at the sight of you
Sick unto death he may have been But—dead ?

(Chokes her head)

Corpses aie many man lives half-amort ,
But rumour makes them more when they run short !

Q ISEULT

If he be not ! O I would even condone
His bringing her, would he not come without ,
I've said it ever since I've known of her
Could he but live yes, could he live for me !

Q ISEULT sings sadly to herself BRANGWAIN having gone to the back of the hall

Could he but live for me
A day, yea, even an hour,
Its petty span would be
Steeped in felicity
Passing the price of Heaven's held-dearest dower
Could he but live, could *he*
But live for me !

Could he but come to me
Amid these murks that lour,
My hollow life would be
So brimmed with ecstasy
As heart-dry honeysuck by summer shower
Could he but come, could he
But come to me !

[Exit Q ISEULT, followed by BRANGWAIN

CHANTERS WOMEN

Maybe, indeed, he did not die !
Our sex, shame on't, is over prone
To ill conceits that amplify
Maybe he did not die—that one,
The Whitepalmed, may in strategy
Have but avowed it ! Weak are we,
And foil and fence too often seek,
Aye, even by guile, if fear so speak !

CHANTERS MEN

Wounded in Ireland, life he fetched,
In charge of the King's daughter there,

Who healed him, loved him, primed him fair
For the great tournament, when he stretched
Sir Palomides low

CHANTERS WOMEN

Yet slight
Was King Mark's love for him, despite !
Mark sent him thither as to gain
Iseult, but, truly, to be slain !

CHANTERS MEN

Quite else her father, who on sight
Was fair for Tristram as his son,
Not Mark But woe, his word was won !
Alas, should vow so wrongful stand as right ?

CHANTERS WOMEN

And what Dame Brangwain did to mend,
Enlarged the mischief ! Best have penned
That love-drink close, since 'twas to be
Iseult should wed where promised wretched she !

CHANTERS M AND W

Yet, haply, Tristram lives Quick heals are his !
He rose revived from that why not from this ?

WATCHMAN (without)

One comes with tidings !—(to the comer) Bear them to the hall

Enter a Messenger (at back) pausing and looking round QUEEN
ISEULT, attended, re-enters (at front) and seats herself

•
SCENE VIII

QUEEN ISEULT, ATTENDANT-LADIES, MESSENGER,
AND CHANTERS

•
MESSENGER (coming forward)

Where is Iseult the Queen ?

Q ISEULT

Here, chuil I'm she

MESSENGER (abashed)

I'm sent here to deliver tidings, Queen,
To your high ear alone

[Exit Attendants]

Q ISEULT (in stung-up tones)

Then voice them forth
A halter for thee if I find them false !

MESSENGER

Knight Tristram of the sorry birth is yet
Enrolled among the living, having crept
Out of the very vaults of death and doom !
—His heavy ails bedimmed him numb as night,
And men conceived him wrapt in wakeless rest,
But he strove back Hither, on swifter keel
He has followed you, and even now is nigh

(QUEEN ISEULT leans back and covers her eyes)

Iseult the Pale-palmed, in her jealousy,
With false deliverance feigned your sail was black,
And made him pray for death in his extreme,
Till sank he to a drowse grey death they thought it,
And bells were bidden toll the churches through,
And thereupon you came Scared at her crime
She deemed that it had dealt him death indeed,
And knew her not at fault till you had gone
—When he aroused, and learnt she had sent you back,
It angered him to hot extremity,
And brings him here upon my very stern,
If he, forsooth, have haleness for the adventure

[Exit Messenger]

Q ISEULT

O it o'erturns ! "Black" told she ! Cheat unmatchable !

TRISTRAM heard off, singing and harping in the distance

Enter BRANGWAIN

SCENE IX

QUEEN ISEULT, BRANGWAIN, AND CHANTERS
THEN KING MARK AND SIR ANDRET

BRANGWAIN

There stands a strange old harper down below,
Who does not look Sir Tristram, yet recalls him

KING MARK crosses the ward outside the arch

KING MARK

(speaking off, and shading his eyes)

What traveller's that, slow mounting to the wall,
Scanning its strength, with curious halting crawl,
As knowing not Tintagel's Towers at all?

WATCHMAN (crossing without)

'Tis but a minstrel from afar, Sir King,
Harping for alms, or aught that chance may bring

Q ISEULT (starting up)

It must be he!

SIR TRISTRAM'S steps heard approaching He enters, disguised as a harper

KING MARK

(glancing back casually at SIR TRISTRAM in going off)

Dole him his alms in Christ's name, if ye must,
And irk me not while setting to bowse with these

Exit KING MARK from the outside to the banqueting hall, followed across the back of the arch by Knights, etc., including SIR ANDRET

SIR ANDRET (to himself as he goes)

That harper struck me oddly! In his gait—
Well till the beakers have gone round I'll wait

[Exit behind the others

Q

SCENE X

QUEEN ISEULT, TRISTRAM, BRANGWAIN, AND CHANTERS

TRISTRAM

My Queen and best belov'd ! At last again !

(He throws off the cloak that disguises him)

—Know I was duped by her who dons your name ,
 She swore the bellied sheeting of your ship
 Blotted the wind-wafts like a sable swan ,
 And being so weak from my long lying there
 I sank to senselessness at the wisht words—
 So contrary to hope ! Whilst I was thus
 She sallied out, and sent you home forthwith !
 Anon I poured my anger on her head,
 Till, in high fear of me, she quivered white
 —I mended swiftly, stung by circumstance,
 And rose and left her there, and followed you
 Sir Kay lent aidance, and has come with me

BRANGWAIN

I'll out and watch the while Sir Tristram's here

[Exit BRANGWAIN

SCENE XI

QUEEN ISEULT, TRISTRAM, AND CHANTERS

Q ISEULT

You've come again, you've come again, dear Love !

TRISTRAM

To be once more with my Iseult the Fair,

(He embraces the Queen)

Though not yet what I was in strength and stay
 Yet told have I been by Sir Launcelot
 To ware me of King Mark ! King Fox he calls him—
 Whom I'd have pitied, though he would not yield thee,
 Nor let you loose on learning our dire need
 Of freedom for our bliss, which came to us
 Not of fore-aim or falseness, but by spell
 Of love-dank, ministered by hand unseen !

Q ISEULT

Knowing as much, he swore he would not slay thee,
But Launcelot told him no man could believe him,
Whereat he answered "Anyhow she's mine!"

TRISTRAM

It's true, I fear He cannot be believed

Q ISEULT

Yet, Tristram, would my husband were but all!
Had you not wedded her my namesake, Oh,
We could have steered around this other rock—
Trust me we could! Why did you do it, why!
Triumph did he when first I learnt of that,
And lewdly laughed to see me shaken so

TRISTRAM

You have heard the tale of my so mating her
Twice told, and yet anew! Must I again?
It was her sire King Howel brought it round
In brunt of battle, when I saved his lands
He said to me "Thou hast done generously
I crave to make thee recompense! My daughter,
The last best bloom of Western Monarchy—
Iseult of the White Hand the people call her—
Is thine I give thee her O take her then,
The chief of all things priceless unto me!"
Overcome was I by the fiery fray,
Arrested by her name—so kin to yours—
His ardour, zeal I thought "Maybe her spouse,
By now, has haled my Iseult's heart from me,"
And took the other blindly That is all

Q ISEULT

A woman's heart has room for one alone,
A man's for two or three!

TRISTRAM

Sweet, 'twas but chance!

Q ISEULT (sighing)

Yet there may lie our doom ! I had nerved myself
To bid you come, and bring your wife with you
But that I did not mean It was too much ,
And yet I said it !

TRISTRAM

Lean ye down, my Love
I'll touch to thee my very own old tune
I came in harper-guise, unweeting what
The hazardry of our divided days
Might have brought foith for us !

He takes the harp QUEEN ISEULT reclines

TRISTRAM (singing)

Let's meet again to night, my Fan,
Let's meet unseen of all,
The day-god labours to his lair,
And then the evenfall !

O living lute, O lily-rose,
O form of fantasie,
When torches waste and warders doze
Steal to the stars will we !

While nodding knights carouse at meat
And shepherds shamble home,
We'll cleave in close embracements—sweet
As honey in the comb !

Till crawls the dawn from Condol's crown,
And over Neitan's Ki²ve,
As grimly ghosts we conjure down
And hopes still weave and weave !

WATCHMAN (crossing without)

A ship sheers round, and brings up in the bay !

Re-enter BRANGWAIN

SCENE XII

QUEEN ISEULT, TRISTRAM, BRANGWAIN, AND CHANTERS

BRANGWAIN

My Queen, the shingle shaves another keel,
And who the comer is we fail to guess
Its build bespeaks it from the Breton coasts,
And those upon it shape of the Breton sort,
And the figure near the prow is white-attired

Q ISEULT

What manner of farer does the figure show ?

BRANGWAIN

My Lady, when I cast eye waterwards
From the arrow-loop, just as the keel ground in
Against the popplestones, it seemed a woman's,
But she was wimpled close

Q ISEULT

I'll out and see

QUEEN ISEULT opens the door to the banqueting-hall, and stands in the doorway still visible to the audience. Through the door comes the noise of trenchers, platters, cups, drunken voices, songs, etc., from the adjoining apartment, where KING MARK is dining with Knights and Retainers

VOICE OF K MARK (in liquor)

Queen, whither goest thou ? Pray plague me not
While keeping table. Hath the old knave left,
He with his balladry we heard by now
Strum up to thee ?

Q ISEULT

I go to the pleasance only,
Across your feasting-hall for shortness' sake,
Returning hither soon

VOICE OF K MARK

Yea, have thy way,
As women will !

VOICE OF SIR ANDRET

Aye, hence the need to spy them !

Exeunt QUEEN ISEULT and BRANGWAIN through banqueting-hall to the
outside of the Castle

VOICE OF K MARK

Faith, yes Shp forth and see what may be toward
With her and her lays of love and tinkling strings !

VOICE OF SIR ANDRET

I'll go, Sir King, wilt give me licence first
To see the bottom of another cup

Noise of cups, trenchers, drunken voices, songs etc , resumed till the
door shuts, when it is heard in subdued tones

SCENE XIII

TRISTRAM AND CHANTERS

TRISTRAM

(going and looking seaward through arch)

A woman's shape in white Can it be she ?
Would she in sooth, then, risk to follow me ?

CHANTERS MEN

O Tristram, thou art not to find
Such solace for a shaken mind
As seemed to wait thee here !

CHANTERS WOMEN

One seised of right to trace thy track
Hath crossed the sea to win thee back
In love and faith and fear !

CHANTERS M AND W

From this newcomer wis we pain
Ere thou canst know sweet spells again,
O knight of little cheer !

TRISTRAM

I cannot halt here, nerve-stretched like a lute-string ,
I must fain storm the truth ! [Exit TRISTRAM

Enter SIR ANDRET (looking about him)

SCENE XIV

SIR ANDRET AND CHANTERS

THEN ISEULT THE WHITEHANDED

SIR ANDRET

She's scheming nothing here that I discern,
But things are schemed without a man's discerning !

Enter ISEULT THE WHITEHANDED She has corn brown hair, and wears
a white robe She starts at seeing SIR ANDRET and speaks confusedly

ISEULT THE WHITE H

I saw them coming down to learn my errand,
And crept up by the rear-path, to avoid them
Till I'd disclosed to Tristram

SIR ANDRET

Who may you be, good lady ? feather-shaken
Like a far bird stray-blown And what's your lack ?
Why, you are verily——

ISEULT THE WHITE H

I come to learn if Tristram, that good Knight,
Is held within these bold embastioned walls
I'm his much sorrowed wife—Iseult of Brittany

SIR ANDRET

Ah, Tristram, then, is here ? I shrewdly guessed it !

ISEULT THE WHITE H

I deem I scarce should tell Yet, as I think,
You are his friend ?

SIR ANDRET (dully)

In a true sense I am ,
 Friend for his good I leave you here to wait
 (Aside) It *was* he, then !—The King shall be let know
 A short while onward, when he's plumply pimed !

[Exit SIR ANDRET]

SCENE XV

ISEULT THE WHITEHANDED AND CHANTERS
 THEN TRISTRAM

ISEULT THE WHITE H

Have I done mischief? Maybe so, alas,
 To one I would not harm the littlest jot !

Re-enter TRISTRAM

I could not help it, O my husband ! Yea
 I have dogged you close , I could not bear your rage ,
 And Heaven has favoured me ! The sea smiled smooth
 The whole way over, and the sun shone kind
 Your sail was eyesome fair in front of me,
 And I steered just behind, all stealthfully !
 —Forgive me that I spoke untruly to you,
 And then to her, in my bruised brain's turmoil
 But, in a way of saying, you were dead ,
 You seemed so—in a dead drowse when she came
 And I did send for her at your entreaty ,
 But flesh is frail Centied is woman's love,
 And knows no breadth I could not let her land,
 I could not let her come !

TRISTRAM

Your speech is nought,
 O evil woman, who didst nearly witch
 The death of this Queen, saying such of me !

ISEULT THE WHITE H

Forgive me, do forgive, my lord, my husband !
 I love, have loved you so imperfably ,
 Not with fleet flame at times, as some do use !
 Had I once been unfaithful, even perverse,
 I would have held some coldness fitly won ,

But I have ever met you wryest whim
With ready-wrought acceptance, matched your moods,
Clasped hands, touched lips, and smiled devotedly,
So how should this have grown up unaware ?

Enter QUEEN ISEULT and BRANGWAIN in the Gallery above, unperceived

SCENE XVI

QUEEN ISEULT, BRANGWAIN, ISEULT THE WHITEHANDED,
TRISTRAM, AND CHANTERS

Q ISEULT

What do they say ? And who is she, Brangwain ?
Not my suspicion hardened into mould
Of flesh and blood indeed ?

BRANGWAIN

I cannot hear

TRISTRAM

I have no more to say or do with thee,
I'd fade your face to strangeness in mine eyes !
Your father dealt me illest turn in this,
Your name, too, being the match of his ! Yea, thus
I was coerced I never more can be
Your bed-mate—never again

ISEULT THE WHITE H

How, Tristram mine ?

What meaning mete you out by that to me ?
You only say it, do you ? You are not,
Cannot be, in true earnest—that I know !
I hope you are not in earnest ?—Surely I,
This time as always, do belong to you,
And you are going to keep me always yours ?
I thought you loved my name for me myself,
Not for another, or at the very least
For sake of some dear sister or mother dead,
And not, not—
(She breaks down)

IRISIRAM

I spoke too lawly, maybe, mouthed what I
 Ought only to have thought But do you dream
 I for a leastness longer could abide
 Such dire disastrous lying?—Back to your ship,
 Get into it, return by the aptest wind
 And mate with another man when thou canst find him,
 Never uncovering how you cozened me,
 His temper might be tried thereby, as mine!

ISEULT THE WHITE H

No, no! I won't be any other's wife!
 How can a thing so monstrous ever be?

TRISTRAM

If I had batted in Brittany with thee—

ISEULT THE WHITE H

But you don't *mean* you'll live away from me,
 Leave me, and henceforth be unknown to me,
 O you don't surely? I could not help coming,
 Don't send me away—do not, do not, do so!

(Q ISEULT above moves restlessly)

Forgive your Iseult for appearing here,
 Untoward seem it! For I love you so
 Your sudden setting out was death to me
 When I discerned the cause Your sail smalled down
 I should have died had I not followed you
 Only, my Tristram, let me be with thee,
 And see thy face I do not sue for more!

Q ISEULT (above)

She has no claim to importune like that,
 And gloss her hardihood in tracking him!

TRISTRAM

Thou canst not haunt another woman's house!

ISEULT THE WHITE H

O yes I can, if there's no other way !
 I have heard she does not mind I'd rather be
 Her bondwench, if I am not good enough
 To be your wife, than not stay here at all,—
 Aye, I, the child of kings and governors,
 As luminous in ancestral line as she,
 Say this, so utter my abasement now !
 —Something will happen if I go away
 Of import dark to you (no matter what
 To me), and we two should not greet again !
 —Could you but be the woman, I the man,
 I would not fly from you or banish you
 For fault so small as mine O do not think
 It was so vile a thing I wish—how much !—
 You could have told me twenty such untruths,
 That I might then have shown you I would not
 Rate them as faults, but be much joyed to have you
 In spite of all If you but through and through
 Could spell me, know how staunch I have stood, and am,
 You'd love me just the same Come, say you do,
 And let us not be severed so again

Q ISEULT (above)

I can't bear this !

ISEULT THE WHITE H

All the long hours and days
 And heavy gnawing nights, and you not there,
 But gone because you hate me ! 'Tis past what
 A woman can endure !

TRISTRAM (more gently)

Not hate you, Iseult
 But, hate or love, lodge here you cannot now
 It's out of thinking (Drunk revellers heard)
 ~ Know you, that in that room
 Just joining this, King Mark is holding feast,
 And may burst in with all his wassailers,
 And that the Queen—

Q ISEULT (above)

He's softening to her Come !
Let us go down, and face this agony !

(QUEEN ISEULT and BRANGWAIN descend from the Gallery)

ISEULT THE WHITE H

O, I suppose I must not ! And I am tired,
Tired, tired ! And now my once-dear Brittany home
Is but a desert to me

(Q ISEULT and BRANGWAIN come forward)

—Oh, the Queen !

Can I—so weak—encounter—

Q ISEULT

Ah—as I thought,

Quite as I thought It is my namesake, sue !

(ISEULT THE WHITE H faints Indecision BRANGWAIN goes to her)

Take her away The blow that bruises her
Is her own dealing Better she had known
The self-sown pangs of prying ere she sailed !

BRANGWAIN carries her out, TRISTRAM suddenly assisting at the last moment as far as the door

CHANTERS MEN (as she is carried)

Fluttering with fear,
Out-tasked her strength has she !
Loss of her Dear
Threatening too clear,
Gone to this length has she !
Strain too severe !

SCENE XVII

QUEEN ISEULT, TRISTRAM, AND CHANTERS

Q ISEULT

(after restlessly watching TRISTRAM render aid and return)

So, after all, am I to share you, then,
With another, Tristram ? who, I count, comes here
To take the Castle as it were her own !

TRISTRAM

Sweet Queen, you said you'd let her come one day !
 However, back she's going to Brittany,
 Which she should not have left Think kindly of her,
 A weaker one than you !

Q ISEULT

What, Tristram, what !
 O this from you to me, who have sacrificed
 Honour and name for you so long, so long !
 Why, she and I are oil and water here
 Other than disunite we cannot be
 She weaker ? Nay, I stand in jeopardy
 This very hour— (Noise of MARK and revellers)

Listen to him within !
 His stare will pierce your cloak ere long—or would
 Were he but sober—and then where am I ?
 Better for us that I do yield you to her,
 And you depart ! Hardly can I do else
 In the eyes of men she has all claim to thee
 And I have none Yes, she possesses you !—
 (Turning and speaking in a murmur)
 —Th'other Iseult possesses him, indeed,
 And it was I who set it in his soul
 To seek her out !—my namesake, whom I felt
 A kindness for—alas, I know not why ! (Sobs silently)

CHANTERS WOMEN

White-Hands did this,
 Desperate to win again
 Back to her kiss
 One she would miss !
 Yea, from his sin again
 Win, for her bliss !

CHANTERS M AND W

Dreams of the Queen
 Always possessing him

Racked her yestreen
 Cruelly and keen—
 Him, once professing him
 Hers through Life's scene !
 Re-enter BRANGWAIN

SCENE XVIII

TRISTRAM, QUEEN ISEULT, BRANGWAIN, AND CHANTERS

BRANGWAIN stands silent a few moments till Q ISEULT turns
 and looks demandingly at her

BRANGWAIN

The lady from the other coast now mends

Q ISEULT (haughtily)

Give her good rest (Bitterly) Yes, yes, in sooth I said
 That she might come Put her in mine own bed
 I'll sleep upon the floor !

[Exit BRANGWAIN

TRISTRAM

'Tis in your bitterness,
 My own sweet Queen, that you speak thus and thus !
 Enter KING MARK with SIR ANDRET to the Gallery, unperceived

SCENE XIX

KING MARK AND SIR ANDRET (above)
 QUEEN ISEULT, TRISTRAM, AND CHANTERS

SIR ANDRET (to K MARK)

See, here they are God's 'ounds, sure, it was he,
 That harper I misdoubted once or twice,
 But straight forgot again till I beheld
 His wife awaiting him below in tears,
 Who split the plot against your husbandhood
 While you have been at toss-cup with your knights,
 No mischief dreaming !

TRISTRAM

But, my best beloved,
Forgo these frets, and think of Joyous Gard !
(Approaches her)

Q ISEULT (drawing back)

Nay, no more claspings ! And if it should be
That these new meetings operate on me
(You well know what I am touching on in this)
Mayhap by th'vear's end I'll not be alive,
The which I almost pray for—

K MARK (above)

Yea, 'tis so !
Their dalliances are in full gush again,
Though I had deemed them hindered by his stay,
And vastly talked-of ties, in Brittany

SIR ANDRET

Such is betokened, certes, by their words,
If we but wit them straight

TRISTRAM

O Queen my Love,
Pray sun away this cloud, and shine again,
Throw into your ripe voice and burning soul
The music that they held in our aforesetime
We shall outweather this !

(Enter DAMSEL with a letter)

Who jars us now ?

SCENE XX

QUEEN ISEULT, TRISTRAM, DAMSEL, KING MARK,
SIR ANDRET, AND CHANTERS

DAMSEL (humbly)

This letter, brought at peril, noble Knight,
King Mark has writ to our great Over-King—

Aye, Arthur—I the bearer And I said,
 “All that I *can* do for the brave Sir Tristram
 That do will I!” So I unscreen this scroll
 (A power that chances through a friendly clerk)
 In it he pens that as his baneful foe
 He holds Sir Tristram, and will wreak revenge
 Thrice through his loins and scale his heart from him
 As soon as hap may serve

KING MARK descends from Gallery and stands in the background, SIR
 ANDRET remaining above

Q ISEULT

(aside to TRISTRAM with misgivings)

These threats of Mark against you quail my heart,
 And daunt my sore resentment at your wounds
 And slights of late! O Tristram, save thyself,
 And think no more of me!

TRISTRAM

Forget you—never!
 (Softly) Rather the sunflower may forget the sun!
 (To DAMSEL) Wimple your face anew, wench go unseen,
 Re-seal the sheet, which I care not to con,
 And send it on as bid

[Exit DAMSEL

SCENE XXI

QUEEN ISEULT, TRISTRAM, KING MARK, SIR ANDRET,
 AND CHANTERS

TRISTRAM

Sure, Mark was drunk
 When writing such! Late he fed heavily,
 And has, I judge, roved out with his boon knightage
 Till evenfall shall bring him in to roost

Q ISEULT

I wonder! (nestling closer) I’ve forebodings, Tristram
 dear,
 But, your death’s mine, Love!

TRISTRAM

And yours mine, Sweet Heart !

—Now that the hall is lulled, and none seems near,
I'll keep up my old minstrel character
And sing to you, ere I by stealth depart
To wait an hour more opportune for love —
I could, an if I would, sing jeeringly
Of the King , I mean the song Sir Dinadan
Made up about him He was mighty wroth
To hear it

Q ISEULT

Nay, Love , sadness suits you best
Sad, sad are we we will not jeer at him
Such darkness overdraws us, it may overwhelm
Us even with him my master ' Sing of love
(TRISTRAM harps a prelude)
I hope he may not heel back home and hear !

TRISTRAM (singing and playing)

I

Yea, Love, true is it sadness suits me best !
Sad, sad we are , sad, sad shall ever be
What shall deliver us from Love's unrest,
And bonds we did not forecast, did not see !

II

If, Love, the night fall on us, dark of hope,
Let us be true, whatever else may be ,
Let us be strong, and without waver cope
With heavy dooms, dooms we could not foresee !

Q ISEULT

Yea, who will dole us, in these chains that chafe,
Bare pity !—O were ye my King—not he !
(She weeps, and he embraces her awhile Scene darkens)

TRISTRAM (thoughtfully)

Where is King Mark ? I must be soon away !
(Scene darkens more)
KING MARK, having drawn his dagger, creeps up behind TRISTRAM

R

K MARK (in a thick voice)

He's in his own house, where he ought to be,
Aye, here ' where thou'lt be not much longer, man !

He runs TRISTRAM through the back with his dagger QUEEN ISEULT shrieks TRISTRAM falls, QUEEN ISEULT sinking down by him with clasped hands SIR ANDRET descends quickly from the Gallery Sea heard without Attendants enter and surround the Queen and Tristram

TRISTRAM (weakly)

From you '—against whom never have I sinned
But under sorcery unwittingly,
By draining deep the love-compelling vial
In my sick thirst, as innocently did she !

(Turning to Q ISEULT)

My one clear light, my lady and my all,
Faithful to death and dim infinity

(Kisses her)

(Turning again to K MARK)

This, when of late you sent for me, before
I went to Brittany, to come and help you !
“Fair nephew,” said you, “here upswarm our foes,
They are stark at hand, and must be strongly met
Sans tarrance, or they'll uproot my realm”
“My power,” said I, “is all at your command”
I came I neared in night-time to the gate,
Where the hot host of Sessones clung encamped,
Killed them at th'entrance, and got in to you,
Who welcomed me with joy I forth'd again,
Again slew more, and saved the stronghold's fame !
Yet you (weaker) requite me thus ! You might—have fought me !
(K MARK droops his head in silence)

SIR ANDRET

O fie upon thee, traitor, pleading thus !
It profits naught To-day here sees thee die !

TRISTRAM

O Andret, Andret, this from thee to me—
Thee, whom I onetime held my fastest friend,
Wert thou as I, I would not treat thee so !

(SIR ANDRET turns aside and looks down)

(Weaker) Fair Knights, bethink ye what I've done for
 Cornwall,—
 Its fate was on my shoulder—and I saved it !—
 Yea, thick in jeopardies I've thrust myself
 To fame your knighthood !—daily stretched my arm
 For—the weal—of you—all ! [TRISTRAM dies

Q ISEULT

(springing up, the King standing dazed)
 O murderer, husband called !—possest of me
 Against my nature and my pleading tears,
 When all my heart was Tristram's—his past wording,
 To your own knowledge Now this mute red mouth
 You've gored in my Belovéd, bids me act
 Act do I then So out you—follow him !

She snatches KING MARK'S dagger from his belt and stabs him with it
 KING MARK falls and dies

Q ISEULT

Thus Done ! My last deed—save my very last—
 To null myself, as if I never had been !
 O living years, what sharp entrancements, tears,
 Are yours—who are yet but Death with Tristram gone
 —I have lived ! I have loved ! O I have loved indeed
 Not Heaven itself could size my vast of love !

(She rushes out)

SIR ANDRET stooping and finding the King dead, follows after the
 Queen A few moments pause during which the sea and sky darken yet
 more, and the wind rises, distant thunder murmuring Torches are moving
 about in the shadows at the back of the scene Enter WATCHMAN, next
 BRANGWAIN

SCENE XXII

WATCHMAN AND CHANTERS, WITH THE DEAD KING
 AND TRISTRAM, THEN BRANGWAIN

WATCHMAN

She's glode off like a ghost, with deathly mien,
 It seems toward the sea—yes, she—the Queen !

They turn and look QUEEN ISEULT'S form is seen in the gloom to be
 mounting the parapet Standing on it she turns, and waves her arm towards
 the Castle, as though bidding it farewell She then faces the Atlantic, and
 leaps over A cry of dismay comes from all

BRANGWAIN (entering hurriedly)

She's swallowed up, and Tristram's biachet with her !
What have we here ? Sir Tristram's body ? O !

CHANTERS MEN

(BRANGWAIN standing and gradually drooping during their chant)

Alas, for this wroth day !
She's leapt the ledge and fallen
Into the loud black bay,
Whose waters, loosed and swollen,
Are spirting into spray !
She's vanished from the world,
Over the blind rock hurled ,
And the little hound her friend
Has made with her its end !

CHANTERS WOMEN

Alas, for this wroth day !
Our Tristram, noble knight,
A match for Arthur's might,
Lies here as quaking clay
This is no falsehood fell,
But very truth indeed
That we too surely read !
Would that we had to tell
But pleasant truth away !

BRANGWAIN

(arousing and gazing round in the semi-darkness)

Here's more of this same stuff of death Look down—
What see I lying there ? King Mark, too, slain ?
The sea's dark noise last night, the sky's vast yawn
Of hollow bloodshot cloud, meant murder, then,
As I divined !

Enter ISEULT THE WHITEHANDED, Queen's Ladies, Retainers,
Bowerwomen, and others

SCENE XXIII

ISEULT THE WHITEHANDED, BRANGWAIN,
QUEEN'S LADIES, ETC., AND CHANTERS

ISEULT THE WHITE H

I heard her cry I saw her leap ! How fair
She was ! What wonder that my brother Kay
Should pine for love of her O she should not
Have done it to herself ! Nor life nor death
Is worth a special quest

(She sees TRISTRAM's body)

What's this—my husband ?

My Tristram dead likewise ? *He* one with *her* ?

(She sinks and clasps TRISTRAM)

CHANTERS M AND W

Slain by King Mark unseen, in evil vow,
Who never loved him ! Pierced in the back—aye, now,
By sleight no codes of chivalry allow !

ISEULT THE WHITE H

And she beholding ! *That* the cause wherefor
She went and took her life ? He was not hers
Yet did she love him true, if wickedly !

Re enter SIR ANDRET, with other Knights, Squires, Herald, etc

SCENE XXIV

ISEULT THE WHITEHANDED, BRANGWAIN, SIR ANDRET, ETC.,
AND CHANTERS

SIR ANDRET (saturninely)

Nor sight nor sound of her ! A Queen 'Od's blood,
Her flaws in life get mended by her death,
And she and Tristram sport re-burnished fangs !

ISEULT THE WHITE^WH (regarding MARK's body)

And the King also dead My Tristram's slayer
Yet strange to me Then even had I not come
Across the southern water recklessly
This would have shaped the same—the very same

(Turning again to TRISTRAM)

Tristram, dear husband ! O !

(She rocks herself over him)

What a rare beauteous knight has perished here
By this most cruel craft ! Could not King Mark
If wronged, have chid him—minded him of me,
And not done this, done this ! Well, well , she's lost him,
Even as have I —This stronghold moans with woes,
And jibbering voices join with winds and waves
To make a dolorous din ! (They lift her)

Aye, I will rise—

Betake me to my own dear Brittany—
Dearer in that our days there were so sweet,
Before I knew what pended me elsewhere !
These halls are hateful to me ! May my eyes
Meet them no more !

(She turns to go)

BRANGWAIN

I will attend you, Madam

Exit ISEULT THE WHITEHANDED, assisted by BRANGWAIN and Bower-
women Knights, Retainers etc , lift the bodies and carry them out A
Dirge by the Chanters

EPILOGUE

Re-enter MERLIN

Thus from the past, the throes and themes
Whereof I spake—now dead as dreams—

Have been re-shaped and drawn
In feinted deed and word, as though
Our shadowy and phantasmal show
Were very movements to and fro
Of forms so far-off gone

These warriors and dear women, whom
I've called, as bidden, from the tomb,

May not have failed to raise
An antique spell at moments here ?
—They were, in their long-faded sphere,
As you are now who muse thereat ,
Their mirth, crimes, fear and love begat

Your own, though thwart their ways ,
And may some pleasant thoughts outshape
From this my conjuring to undrape
Such ghosts of distant days !

Begun 1916 resumed and finished 1923